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# SOUTH SEA SILHOUETTES

BY  
E. L. MORRILL  
(*SLIGHTLY*)

OF PEOPLE'S CHURCH  
St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.

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ELL L. MORRILL,  
Illustrator and  
Photographer

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**Metropolitan  
Music Co.**

Edward R. Dyer, Pres. & Mgr.

# **SOUTH SEA**

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# **SILHOUETTES**

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BY  
**G. L. MORRILL**  
*("GOLIGHTLY")*  
PASTOR OF PEOPLE'S CHURCH,  
Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

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LOWELL L. MORRILL,  
Illustrator and  
Photographer

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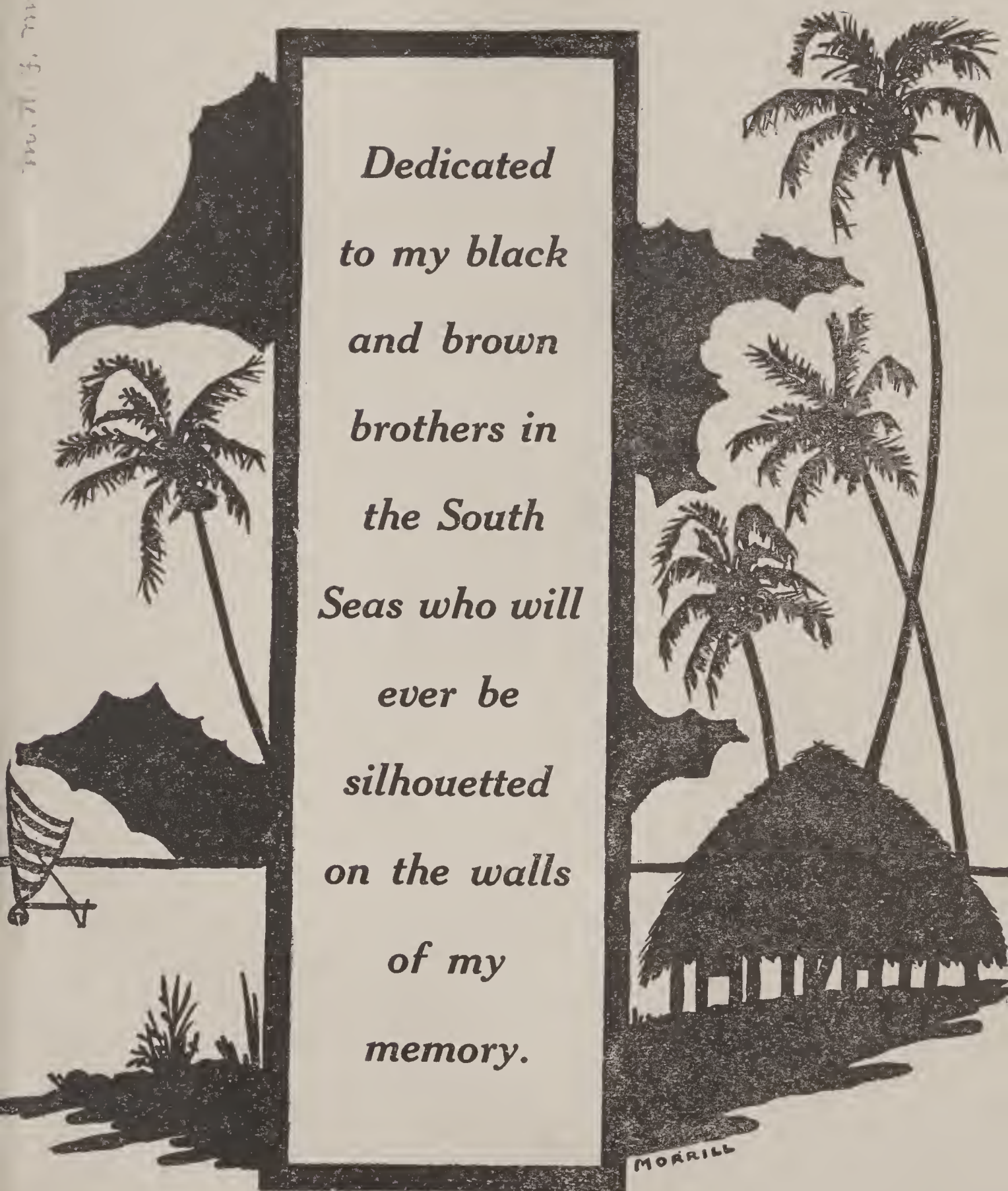
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*Dedicated  
to my black  
and brown  
brothers in  
the South  
Seas who will  
ever be  
silhouetted  
on the walls  
of my  
memory.*



# BOOKS BY G. L. MORRILL

*TO HELL AND BACK—SOUTH AMERICA*

*GOLIGHTLY 'ROUND THE GLOBE*

*TRACKS OF A TENDERFOOT*

*PARSON'S PILGRIMAGE*

*A MUSICAL MINISTER*

*FIRESIDE FANCIES*

*HERE AND THERE*

*PEOPLE'S PULPIT*

*EASTER ECHOES*

*THE MORALIST*

*UPPER CUTS*

*DRIFTWOOD*

*MUSINGS*



## PROLOGUE

I sailed to the South Seas to see about the only part of the world I had not already visited, and not because I was sick, sleepy or sentimental. As a "sky-pilot" I made the following travel "log."

—G. L. MORRILL



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# HAWAII



# HAWAII

## DIRTY WEATHER



Y Uncle Sam would not let me go to the war-troubled waters of the South Seas, until he put my picture on the passport to prove I was a good American, and kept one as a fond remembrance for fear I might never return.

There's something in a name, for my sleeper to California was called "Malvolio." My baggage was lost; the noisy, frozen steam-pipes made me "hot" by day and night; an old farmer, who had not been off the farm for forty years, made the adjacent section look like a barnyard; and floods in California drowned out its sunshine and delayed the train. At Los Angeles we swam across the street in search of a hotel and just escaped being run in by a patrol wagon that was making a raid on the dives. To escape the deluge we grabbed the first car to Newport beach. During the night the Pacific ocean tore the sidewalk away and undermined our porch. I rose early Sunday morning and leaving the illustrated scripture of this house built on the sand and not on the rock, fled to 'Frisco and was met at the station by the worst storm in twenty years. Undaunted by the thought that it meant a rough passage, we went to the boat office and learned that our ship "Marama" had ripped her bottom on the rocks of Golden Gate and was in dry-dock hospital with slow convalescence and a doctor bill of \$100,000. However, I could sail on the "Sierra" that afternoon at two o'clock for Honolulu. I reversed the trip and on leaving the hotel received a phone call saying the weather was too "dirty" and that the sailing was postponed till 10 o'clock next morning.

For fear she would be blown away without us we went aboard that night. The ship advertised as 10,000 tons was only 6,000, but she could make 17 knots an hour, which was 10 knots

slower than some of our fast party could go. You see we had a theatrical musical comedy troupe on board and that night in port they began their high jinks of singing and dancing. I could play the piano religiously but not raggedly, so when I left, the leader took the piano and tossed the waves of melody up and down the key-board shore while the girls practised the steps they were to do at Honolulu. One of them insisted I should accompany her with my feet if not my hands, and the way she pulled me around was a good preparation for the sailor's hornpipe old Neptune was to furnish next day.

Morning came, the visitors went ashore, friends cried, sang "Aloha," threw confetti and said bon voyage, which translated meant "bum voyage," for we were no sooner outside the Gate than the "Sierra" took a head dive into the sea as if she wanted to reach Honolulu by the submarine route.

"Shiver my timbers," and the waves did, of the ship and every saint and sinner aboard. "All inside," shouted the captain, and as we crossed the bar on beam's end a big whisky bottle bowled across the saloon and struck my foot. It was empty and of no value except to place a message in and send afloat if we were added to the many wrecks in the history of this coast.

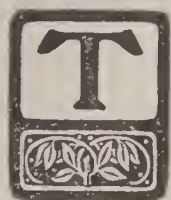
Only six of our sixty souls came to dinner, the rest with the "Baby Doll" singers and dancers were leaning over the rail singing the Abt chorus, "When the swallows homeward fly." For six days we had a big head wind that hurled heavy seas over the bridge and decks. It was rough and tough, so were some of the men who played poker and swore for good luck. We slowed down to ten knots and less and one day stopped with just enough steam to steer. Officer Johnson said the waves were twenty-five feet high, but they looked a mile above the trough of the sea and their volume, force and color would have furnished papa Haydn with another "Creation" for his children. At night there was no sleep in the cradle of the deep. In my bunk I was banged from side to side till I lay flat on my back and wedged myself with pillows. The "Sierra" must have been named after the Rocky mountains for she was "rocky" and the waves were mountainous.

Sunday was warmer and the waves more quiet. The captain asked me to preach, but my stomach was so far from

"peace be still" that I lay in a steamer chair, with my Bible open to David's eulogy of the sea, which I was in no position to appreciate.

I am always seasick but never sick of the sea. Not by feasting or fasting, formula of pagan philosophy or Christian Science have I ever been able to sail unaccompanied by Mal de Mer. Old Neptune is a rough but good nurse. He jolts you up and down until he gets all the bile out of your system and makes you a good liver so that you forget every trouble of body, mind or soul.

## SMUGGLERS



HERE'S a land that is fairer than day," I sang out as the morning sun flashed on Diamond Head. Unlike our former visit we were not met in the harbor with "Alohas" and leis but by several custom officers who looked at us with suspicious eyes. On the "Sierra's" former trip the first cook was caught smuggling opium and punished with a four month's jail sentence. They were on the right trail now, for they arrested two of our engineers who were trying to smuggle thirteen tins of opium in the lining of their vests. It was an unlucky number and a poor "investment," although worth \$1,500, for they were pinched and imprisoned. If you want to be sure of a warm reception at Honolulu just bring over a few cans of poppy juice. It works wonders and you will be received with open arms, a billy and a pair of hand-cuffs. This deadly dope, which they try to smuggle over in table-legs and balcony rails, makes devils of the Chinese and Hawaiians. It is prohibited with severe penalties but nearly every ship tries to slip some in. Here's some "dope" on the subject I hope will not put you to sleep.

## DOPE



NE morning the Devil called at Eve's ear and doped her to believe that poison was pleasure and that the fruit of death was the flower of life. Ever since then, abuse has made food poison, drink disease and dope death.

I have seen Hindus intoxicated with the hashish of their hemp fields; visited the great opium factory and dens in Macao, China; and recently traveled with native Indians across the Andes who chewed coca leaves for stimulation until they became sullen and sodden. In the homes and hospitals of our own cities I have found men and women who were physical, mental and moral slaves of opium, laudanum, morphine, and other opiates.

Dope has degraded genius which too often has claimed exemption from the laws of man and God and looked down on common people. What would cast a poor man out of society or throw him in jail has elevated some literary high-brows.

Coleridge was an anodyne dreamer and his genius sailing to heaven was wrecked in the mists of opium. De Quincey was a dope-fiend whose pleasures were "like poppies spread" and gave way to pain. Heine slumbered in the arms of morphine but woke up to pray that sleep's twin-brother Death would take his soul. Baudelaire enriched his imagination with hashish until his "Flowers of Evil" had the odor of his early grave, so that what lifted him to literary heights dragged him down to ruin.

M. D. too often means much dope.

While science has put into the hands of the conscientious surgeon the anaesthetic that dulls his knife and deadens pain until we willingly place the discoverer of the soothing drug in the highest class of humanity's saints and saviours, there have been far too many avaricious and conscienceless doctors who have prescribed opiates without cause, and criminal druggists who have sold them without prescription and in violation of the law until our cities have thousands of wrecks who have snuffed, smoked, injected and drunk themselves into diseased and demented dope-fiends.

The world has had its various ages and stages—this is the Dope one. From cradle to coffin there is dope, poison and adulteration before, behind, above, beneath and around us.

Food—Bread and meat have been bleached and preserved to hide the fraud of their poor material.

Drink—Wines, teas and coffees are colored by poisons strong enough to eat the bottom out of a copper kettle.

Homes are erected with rotten stone, plaster and plank which put the builder in the profession of coffin-makers and undertakers.

Clothing is made of shoddy, dyed in slow colors that fast run out.

Drugs are doped until they are as dangerous as dynamite.

Art crams us full with crazy cubists and fanatic futurists.

Music, written by artists who were dippy or drunk at the time, we must applaud or be called "ignorant."

Literature with its rotten realism and puerile poetry is the weekly and monthly dose of the hour.

Newspapers issue extras of inane editorials, soporific news and subsidized advertisements.

Drama with its drivel and dirt puts to sleep our mental and moral faculties.

Education, top-heavy, one-sided or lop-sided, impractically classical or impersonally utilitarian, is the student's daily dose.

Politics jabbers with oratorical bunkum until the wily candidate drugs the listener and robs him of his vote.

Religion snores. An opium sky showers soporific scripture, song and sermon on the heads of sleepy sinners who journey towards eternity with doped conscience and closed eyes, directed by the D. D. Doctors of Dope.

We are all Jekylls and Hydes. Too often we let the animal ride the angel till flesh throws down the spirit and tramples it underfoot in the mire. Man becomes a monster and the divine becomes devilish.

The saddest words are not those which describe a plague, a battle, quake or storm but the lives of those whom the dope-fiend hath made mad.

We were guests of Mrs. Luella Emmans at her home on the beach at Waikiki. Beneath the royal palms and next to the royal estate she entertained us in a royal way. We took her to a Samoan dance that night and it was so active, amorous and attractive we easily persuaded her to see some mo' Samoa. We left her to get ready while we went to the island of Hawaii to call on Madame Pele, the native goddess, the tourist's warmest sister in the islands.

The steamer "Mauna Kea" left at 10 A. M. for Hilo, situated on the island of Hawaii 200 miles distant. We soon passed Diamond Head, the extinct volcano, more deadly and dangerous now, with fortifications and guns, than when she shot out stones and lava.

## LEPERS



ELANCHOLY Molokai we saw next, the island of living death, the leper's lazar-house, the home of Dante's hopeless souls. None but lepers and tainted government officials can go ashore. Visitors are not allowed. I couldn't land though Governor Pinkham gave me a card of introduction to the M. D. head of the bureau. I wondered why, if the patients were well cared for and the politicians who supervised the island were uncorrupted. I was unable to take a picture or get a postcard of the people, but Mr. Bonine, the official photographer, showed me some of his taken years ago. The only information received was second-hand. I want to believe the best is done and that I was denied permission to land and look for myself because the government is anxious to keep the prospective tourist to Hawaii ignorant of the fact that there is any leprosy in the islands.

Leprosy is a dirt disease and is said to have been brought here by the Chinese. The victims are quarantined at one end of the island of Molokai. The town they live in is anything but dead. They have churches, schools, picture shows and bands. They are permitted to intermarry among themselves and their children are allowed to leave the island if they show no signs of the disease. But it seems to me that somebody is taking an awful chance.

As we sailed by, my head and heart ached for these sad captives doomed to a living death, rotting away in a prison island, their fingers sloughing off, hair crawling like serpents and faces growing like toad-skins. God pity them in their garden of Gethsemane grief! The only way out is the gate to the cemetery. As we left the island the sun braided the rain into a glorious arch and I hope the lepers saw it and looked above to the land where the inhabitants no more complain or say "I am sick."

## THE SUN'S HOUSE



MAUI is a little island with one of the best sugar plantations, and the biggest extinct volcano in the world. At sunset we saw Haleakala, "House of the Sun." Here Sol has a large, fine residence. The side walls reach ten thousand feet above the sea into the clouds and the re-

ception room is ten miles square. He keeps open house, for there is no roof. The traveler, moon and stars look down on a deserted banquet hall now, but the fun must have been fast and furious when wind and steam furnished the music, falling stones kept time and live lava couples swept by in waves of maddest merriment.

## ON TO THE VOLCANO



THE morning gave us a pretty picture of Hilo, with its crescent bay, sandy beach, palm-fringed Cocoanut Island and Mount Mauna Kea, 14,000 feet high, blushing like a June bride.

On the way to Kilauea we autoed to Rainbow Falls, saw the falls without the rainbow, and went to the Boiling Pots, which play pool by running water underground from one pool to another and bubbling up like water in a kettle.

At the Volcano Stables we hired a fiery, smoky, sulphureous auto and were driven thirty miles to the Volcano House by climbing, winding road and through scenery varied and beautiful. Out from town there were Japanese gardens, sugar-cane flumes, many strange tropical ferns, trees, fruits and flowers, but strangest of all a water wagon with the word POISON painted in big letters on its side. It is hard enough for some people to get on and stay on the water wagon without frightening them by a big barrel of "poison" when they only take it in small glassfuls. I climbed up to investigate and learned it was poisoned water to be sprinkled in the field and fence corners to kill the bugs which fed on the sugar-cane.

After a 4,000-foot ascension we stopped at the Volcano House on the rim of the crater. Demosthenes Lycurgus, a handsome, affable Greek, was there to meet me. When he learned I had visited Athens he became as eloquent as the countrymen whose distinguished names he bore. He was as warm-handed and hearted as Pele. I told him he must be a good man to live so near a literal hell, but he smilingly informed me he was used to it, that the devil was a good friend of his and he would introduce me to him that night. He gave us the tower room that looked over the rim of the outer crater upon a black lava desert that had been raked by a hurricane of fire. It was a panorama of perdition, nearly five miles square, and from the

center fire, steam and smoke were issuing. Perhaps Vulcan was working overtime in his subterranean smithy, making arms and ammunition for Europe.

## HELL ON EARTH



**A**FTER lunch we started for the "House of Everlasting Fire," Halemaumau. "L" could only remember the name by saying, "hell wi' mama." Facilis descensus Averno, especially in an auto on a narrow road for seven miles through a jungle of tree and fern. We stopped at a lava cavern and left our cards, gazed into extinct crater pits 1000 feet deep, all covered with scrubby green growth, and sped along till we slowed and halted at the front porch of the "House of Everlasting Fire." I didn't care to go in.

Nature is more accommodating with her volcanoes here than anywhere else in the world for everything seems easily arranged for the tourist. 500 feet below me lay a lava lake of smoke, sulphur, roar and heat that writers and painters have compared to everything that Dante said or Doré sketched. Literally, it looked like hell and was a hell of a place. The lava flows across and strikes the crater sides, making a noise like the roar of a ship ploughing through the sea, or like the surf breaking on the shore. If you can't think what to write home about it, go to the Volcano House register and read what a thousand visiting writers have written, including Mark Twain and myself. Much of it is so bad that it ought to be in the volcano.

We trailed around the pit from the auto corral to the observation station; saw lava formations many and curious; roasted in the Devil's Kitchen; were photoed and hung in the Devil's Picture Frame; and took a hot bath in Pele's Bathroom, "lava" tory as it should be called, where I found some of Pele's hair made of hot lava blown out and spun by the wind into thin wisps, yellow, green and brittle as glass. I occupied the Devil's Pulpit as on some other occasions. Whether you see the volcano or not the main thing is to toast post cards. The recipe for these "post toasties" is to get a post card, place it on a forked stick, hold it over a sulphur crack until it is golden brown on both sides, then stamp it, serve it to your friends with the address on one side and the word "volcano" on the other. After cooking fifty cards here I found it was easier



BRINK OF KILAUEA VOLCANO

HAWAII



THE DEVIL'S PULPIT

HAWAII

that night to take a pack at a time, put them in the ashes before the big grate fire at the Volcano House and toast their sides and edges in a few seconds while sitting comfortably in a chair. Walking around for several hours we discovered that purgatory was here and not hereafter, for our "soles" were disinfected by the sulphur cracks. I imagine there are smells like this in perdition. A volcano is a grand place to wear out shoes, and a veritable abode of lost soles.

The guide took us there again at night. It was a wild ride with the auto light in front, the stars and moon overhead and the red glow of the volcano over all. This was the place to stage Dante's *Inferno* I thought as I looked down into the howling, hissing hell of surging lava, and to torment the nations which forget God. We drove back to the hotel in silence. The room was chilly, my teeth were chattering with cold and I wondered why Demosthenes had not made some arrangement with Mephistopheles to have the steam heat piped to the bed rooms. I presume in fifty years the traveler will stop at a new Volcano House with appointments of direct steam heat and sulphur baths, lava beds with Pele hair mattresses, Lucifer sulphur matches, volcano gas light and elevator service, asbestos launch trips across the burning lake and a hot time day and night. That night I pulled the bed over by the window, looked at the red cloud pillar of smoke and fire and fell asleep dreaming that the Judgment Day had come and the wicked had been cast into Halemaumau with "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth."

The poet would never have written "Nothing walks with aimless feet," if he had seen a tenderfoot like "L" or me who went miles along a strange road to find the ladies of our party who had gone out for a short walk. We arrested them in their mad flight and met a convict who wanted me to speak at the jail to a gang of prisoners who were making a new road. I trust they were improving their "ways." On our return we passed through a forest of ferns and koa trees. Ferns with us are pretty and small, a home for a bug. Here we were Lilliputians among ferns that grew like trees way overhead.

It was Lincoln's birthday and after some patriotic remarks at dinner, my Greek friend said we would celebrate by going to Pele. Legend and history tell of sacrifices and offerings of the sacred ohelo berries to appease her eruptive anger. But

Kapiolani freed her people from the slavery of fear, defied the priests, ate the berries and threw stones in the crater. I too would make an offering for Pele was rather coy and veiled her awful beauty. I took my card on which I wrote the names of our party, pinned an American flag on it, repeated Webster's tribute, tied it to a lava stone and threw it in the crater. Instantly there was a roar, the clouds of steam and smoke separated and I looked down into a heart of flame and heat as great as the emancipator's.

### A JOY-RIDE



WITH regret to leave this world's wonder, we went back to Hilo through tropical forests, towns and cane plantations. Everything was so beautiful we wanted to see more and took the scenic railway for a trip to Paauilo through Hamakua district. The fare is ten cents a mile, but cheap when you know the road is up hill, over gulch and valley, through mountain and over trestle, and in places cost half a million dollars a mile. There is scenery and the road was built to see it. Running along the edge of the bluff we had the Pacific blue and white to our right with a sail or ship. On the left were thousands of acres of cane plantations with settlements, natives at work, sluiceways and mills. Before and beneath were deep green gulches over which we swung on steel spider-like trestles that furnished a fill of sights and thrills.

It rained as usual but the cloud curtain lifted and there was no question about the scenery. It was full of exclamation points—a trip of tumbling torrents, terrifying trestles, tunnels, tropical trees and tiny towns. The conductor called our special attention to the Onomea arch, Akaka falls, the lovely little town of Laupahoehoe and took as much delight in pronouncing the names as we did in seeing the places.

At one station two Hawaiians were having a fist fight. I thought they were wrestling until one knocked the other out and carried him off on his shoulders. I tried to get a picture of it but one of the victim's friends kept moving in front of the camera until I might have had a fight with him if the train had not signaled all aboard.

After our dinner at the Paauilo hotel I remembered how Captain Cook was killed on this island by the natives and I was sorry our cook had not fallen into their hands before we did into his. The eggs were more fit for footlights than food. There was some satisfaction in the Portuguese keeper's pretty daughter who waited on us, but even she can not make me forget how I ran out in the rain to "snap" a big fish and left my umbrella. I had carried it globe-trotting for years. It fitted my hand and had not only sheltered me from sun and rain but shielded me from vicious dog attacks. It was like losing an old friend. It had been recovered several times but now was utterly lost. Next to your health down here an umbrella is the worst thing you can lose for you need it all the time.

There was a big sugar mill and the managers were kind and sweet and showed us the full process from the cane coming in until it went out as sugar bagged for export.

The work in the sugar plantations and mills is carried on by Japanese, Portuguese and Russian laborers. They have their little settlements, churches and schools and are well taken care of by the planters.

### A WET TOWN



BACK to Hilo and the Hotel Demosthenes where we ate, drank and rested as peacefully as if we were in Athens. Sunday morning we went to Hawaiian churches and a Japanese temple. Hearing some music in a hall I entered and found the Salvation Army holding Sunday School service with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Hawaiian children. There was a big American flag as well as a Bible that made me feel at home, and when the leader asked me to speak I did, in a way that made them laugh and feel I was their big brother.

The only grass house in Hawaii is the Hilo postoffice, with private box windows on the outside and the roof covered with green growing grass that had been uncut for some time. Hilo is the rain-maker's paradise. Here the Pacific Shower Co. runs a big water works for all the islands. The main game is pool and is played with galoshes, umbrellas and oiled coats. Nature

should have made the Hiloites web-footed. Sunday afternoon Mooheau park near the beach was the center of attraction. We saw a ball game between Japs and Hawaiians, listened to a fine band concert by the natives while lovers strolled and a Chink sold them peanuts from a Rockefeller oil can, and watched Japanese laborers shovel the sand from the railroad track a baby tidal wave had piled up the night before. That evening we went to church and heard a lecture on Charles Dickens and after this day of rest were ready to sleep.

In the morning we buzzed to Hakalau where the cane is sluiced and flumed into the big mill that lies at the mouth of a deep wide gulch where robbers roosted centuries ago. Returning, we rode through cane fields and watched the natives cut the cane down with machetes and load it on sleds which mules hauled to the sluice-way. I cut some souvenir canes which we ate instead of using as walking sticks. We got another glimpse of Laupahoehoe that looked as if it had been washed up by the sea. It is a sacred city in Hawaiian history and full of legend and folk lore.

Leaving Hilo I was sure its five thousand citizens enjoy their city and surroundings of green cliff, waterfalls and pretty bay, and are especially proud of Mokuola, the Cocoanut Island, pictured on post cards and the subject of a fishy legend that would delight the world's most famous angler.

The tidal wave kept our boat from docking for a long while but she finally came in, swung to and fro, let down the gang, the gang crowded in, the boat pulled out and soon the island of Hawaii with its Hilo and mountains faded from sight and were things of the past to be ever present in mind.

## ROYAL FELLOWS



It is said if you drink of the Trevi fountain at Rome you will return. If you have once drunk in the delight of Honolulu you will come back again. So here I was. I had called on the governor, had seen ex-Queen Liliuokalani and it was only fair and fitting that I should call on the Prince. Though three hundred years old, he is one of the most active and remarkable inhabitants of the island. He was in the family of Kamehameha and has outlived



“RAZING” CANE

HAWAII



AN HAWAIIAN "PRINCE"

HONOLULU

them all. He bears his years well, is so strong that I stood on his back, and is of such a retiring nature that he withdrew his head modestly within his shell, being a tortoise. Thrones and rulers have come and gone but he remains thrown up by the ocean of the past on the shores of time.

There is another prince of a good fellow, not at all slow, and they call him "Cap" Riley. I knew "Hal" when as a boy I went to Sunday school with him at Alton. I guess he doesn't go to church very much now, but no matter how much he swings with the tide of affairs I am sure he is anchored by that early instruction and a mother's devotion. He introduced me to Captain Foster, the harbor-master, who told me how he used to "blackbird" in the South Seas and showed me curios, charts and old photographs, telling me stories about them that opened my eyes with wider amazement than when I read Oliver Optic.

At the Immigration Office I met Halsey, my old theological chum, once an eloquent preacher, a successful missionary to Japan and now the head and heart of the institution. He believes in the divine Fatherhood and Brotherhood, but doesn't respect a heathen now until he has inspected and disinfected him. He took me over the buildings and showed me what was done from the time a man came ashore until he was accepted or sent back. There is a record of his nativity, religion, business, mentality and condition inside and out. In the ladies' quarters I saw some "picture-bride" Japanese girls who were waiting for husbands. Personally I shouldn't think they would have to wait very long, they were so pretty, but if their lovers failed to appear and make good, for fear of "bad" results the girls were to be sent back. Of course it's a shame, but better the shame than the sin. Lack of restriction has almost made Uncle Sam profanely say, "O God, the heathen have come into thine inheritance." Immigration must be restricted to the mentally, morally and physically fit or we are ruined. Honolulu must be a garden and not a garbage heap.

This city is always entertaining in what it is and does. Editor Farrington invited me to speak at Young's Hotel for the Advertising Club. I complimented the members on their spirit of happy hustle. The lunch was fine and I did it justice

and my subject too, I guess, for a Chinese member asked me to speak for his Alliance of young Chinese people that night who were to have music and a play. China always attracted me, whether it was the marbles I played, the rare pieces in my mother's cupboard or the flowery kingdom I had visited. I went and spoke and was delighted with my reception. On leaving I met some drunken, swearing United States soldiers and wondered who was the "heathen," the Confucian Chinaman or Christian American. This bad exhibition prepared me for a punk wrestling match held at the Armory. Scientifically it was one of the worst things possible. The men looked like consumptives and acted like paralytics.

"Sunny Jim" McCandless never hides his light under a bushel but shines in the business, Masonic and social world and never more so than when he shows a visitor his loved Honolulu. He toted us in his wife's new car to every pretty place from Pearl harbor to the Pali. I took pictures, but the one I most wanted I couldn't get when he was guiding my wife around the Pali point and the wind was blowing a gale that mingled his coat-tails with her skirts, making impromptu balloons and wings which I feared might end in an elopement. Scandalous, McCandless!

### MID-PACIFIC CARNIVAL



THE Mid-Pacific Carnival is Honolulu's annual big show. Soldiers filled the streets in which there was to be a "Pageant, 100 Years of Peace" between England and America. The rain drowned it out but Old Glory and Union Jack were "fast" friendly colors that never ran. However, this water was good for the aquatic sports in the harbor where strong boys and shapely girls made a good exhibit of limbs that could dive, swim and float. Everybody was happy, even the German sailors who came from the Prinz Waldemar that lay interned nearby. But you should have seen the floats at night. The Japanese lantern parade was bigger, brighter and better than anything I had seen in Japan in point of artistry and artisanship.

The "Parade of Queens" was in front of the palace that blazed with thousands of electric lights the pouring rain could

not put out. Queen "Lil" graciously received the two queens of the carnival and as she sat with the light falling on her furrowed face I wondered what thoughts went through her mind and heart when she remembered how she had been queen indeed, the palace her throne room and the natives her devoted subjects. The falling rain took the style and starch out of slippers, suits and dresses, but did not dampen the ardor of the dancers. The different dances of the nations were given. Some were slow and solemn, others lively and gay. Water ankle-deep could not stop the fantastic steps. Soon unofficially and infectious everybody was doing it. People who wouldn't go to church Sunday if it sprinkled for fear they might take cold, danced and splashed for hours. It was a good night for ducks and dancers. Beauty was benighted and bedraggled and the shorter the hose, the longer the rubber as these water-nymphs out-pranced the official dancers of Neptune's court.

The Army and Navy ball at the Armory was a struggle for existence whether you tried to get in, danced, or got out. The brave deserved the fair and got it. Boys smelled powder on fair cheeks and were willing with unblanched faces to have their death-warrant written in powder black and blood-red.

Sunday was a sun day, a bridal of earth and sky. I went to the native church, built of coral bricks taken from the sea. The worshippers were young and old and dressed in simple holokus or French silks. One old Uncle Tom was loaded with badges. I liked the singing but cut the sermon for services at several other churches. Later at Waikiki I heard the military band whose waves of melody mingled with those of the surf, and at night listened to patriotic addresses on peace and war at the opera house where Nordica sang for the last time before she entered the "Choir Invisible."

February 22nd! Hurrah for G. W., whose initials grow bigger and brighter every year. Mrs. Emmans served us with Washington Crisps on Washington china. Down town the military parade was an honor to the time, place and occasion and told more eloquently than words what your Uncle Sam could do on short notice if he had to. It was an honor to Washington who gave us liberty, and to Lincoln who made Union possible. Old and new Glory in banners and bunting was everywhere, and mingled with the native decoration of green

and yellow, while patriotic citizens in yellow peaked hats, leis, ribbons and badges bombarded each other with confetti and hurrahed themselves hoarse.

The chef d'œuvre was the Hawaiian pageant representing the conquest of Kamehameha and the "Dawn of the New Era." It was staged *al fresco* on Oahu College grounds. The different islands were represented by stones in map form on the green grass. The history of the islands was illustrated by trained natives in native dress. Peaceful occupation, cultivation, religion, pleasure, love, hate, war and conquest all passed in review. Old Hawaiians looked on in sad reverie, youth was pleased, maturer years were thoughtful and the visitor delighted.

### THE HULA-HULA



MADE the tour of every island taking many pictures of the many groups, ceremonies and dances. To some the hula dance was the most interesting chapter of this history lesson. It was danced by selected dancers dressed in nothing much but grass skirts and leis. There was a dance on every island and every little movement had a meaning all its own. The old time hula-hula was an illustrated edition of "Poems of Passion," but is now so expurgated that it is little more than a ladies' seminary hand-book on the poetry of motion. The old hula is as extinct as the Dodo bird. The expectant tourist may hunt, but he won't find it, not even on a post card. The missionaries told the natives such a Bacchanalian rite was wrong. Often the new is worse than the old and the traveler who wants to drown himself or throw himself over the cliff because he can't find this naked native dance, need not despair for there are modern dances just as suggestive and demoralizing. The day closed with some grand fireworks at Moilili Park and Washington was present in a set piece. When the last candle shot, powder burned and rocket soared towards the envious stars, the glorified spirit of the man still first in the hearts of his countrymen seemed to say, "Bless you, my children."

## FRIENDS



WE were hero-worshippers but next day I met a bare-footed, lean, sad-faced man who for twenty years had gone daily to the big statue of Kamehameha and worshipped it like an idol. People say he's crazy but he knew enough to take a quarter tip and I enough to take his picture. His eyes rolled, his hands moved, his lips trembled but I clutched and held him long enough to get him.

Of course I drank Honolulu's health in pineapple juice at the big factory; looked with open-mouthed wonder at the marvellously shaped and colored fishes of the Aquarium; yelled savagely as I came in on the crest of a wave in an outrigger canoe; splashed and floundered on a surf-board; went on board the "Great Northern" which was the first passenger ship to come through the Panama Canal, and to the "Ad" Club where a luncheon was given to the captain and young Walter Hill who sat at my left. He made a good reply to Farrington's toast and I followed, complimenting his father and referring to St. Paul as a city set upon the "Jim" Hill that could not be hid.

## FOES



US has thousands of soldiers here to protect her possessions but the soldiers need protection. Something good must be done for our boys or the enemy of disease and debauchery will destroy them before they ever reach the front. One night I visited the "Evilay," the segregated district, with its different nationalities of frail femininity, and it looked like the barracks, so many soldiers were there. What a fine example to set the natives who have been degenerating and fast dying out ever since Captain Cook's sailors introduced syphilis in the Hawaiian Islands. The beach-comber, exploiter and trader have taught them vices instead of virtues, while the missionary taught the men to put away idols and the women to put on a holoku—a Mother Hubbard—that covers everything and fits nothing like many of the theories advanced for their mental and moral improvement. I am neither a canting nor criticizing citizen or Christian, but aside from race or religion, color or creed, think all the good people of Hawaii

should see that the best pictures, music, library and gymnasium should offset vice and make it easy for our brave boys to be good.

## HEAVEN ON EARTH



**T**HAT Hawaii will I have no doubt, because she is up-to-date in everything else. She has table d'hôte, not poi; champagne and soda, not kava; Texas Tommies, not hula-hulas; New York dress and not grass skirts; Chicago shoes and not bare feet; Panama hats and not bare heads; Young palatial hotels and not old grass houses; and autos and street cars instead of wagons and horses. Honolulu is just itself in climate and wonder. It means life not death, business as well as pleasure, happiness and hope. It is the world's happy hunting ground for those hunting pleasure. A man who couldn't be happy here would find something to grumble at in heaven. But while entrance to heaven is without money and price it costs something to get here and live after you land.

You may sail all over the South Seas and then come back to your own Hawaiian Islands to find the best of every big, bright and beautiful thing. Here is the climate of an Eden, the fragrance of a garden, the beauty of a rainbow, the home of plenty and hospitality unparalleled. The old lady was not far from right when she asked me if I was going again to Hallelujah, meaning Honolulu.

Happy Hawaii! where Old Glory floats in the fairest of skies, sun-lit or star-strewn. If you don't believe all I have said or the folders advertise, ask the opinion of the three greatest travelers—the sun, wind and wave. The sun does not roast it, wind wreck it or wave flood it.



## SAILING "DARK"

**T**HE English ship "Niagara," sailing from Vancouver to Sydney, is a fine large vessel and since the war she had been like the wind coming and going at her own sweet will. On the previous trip she had cut out the stops at Honolulu and Fiji and it was almost necessary for us to camp at the wharf to be ready to board her, for she was sailing "dark" and kept the public and her passengers in the dark about her when and whereabouts.

At last she came and we went on with leis around our necks, music in our ears, alohas on our lips and a regret in our hearts that we could not stay in Honolulu forever and a day. I strolled out on deck to see the sunset on the canvas of the sky and found myself battened in with canvas on all sides. When it grew dark, deck lights were out, port holes covered and I went up on deck to get a view of the full moon and a breath of fresh air. "Who goes there?" yelled a voice. "A first-class pass-

enger," I replied. Instead of asking me to advance to give the password and sign he made a sign with his hand, pointed to the lower deck and said, "No admittance, except on business. I'm the only one who has any right here." I was shaved and fairly well dressed, looked peaceful and my harmless spyglass didn't appear very suspicious, but he was the wireless guard and there was only one thing to do, obey. I went down and took vengeance on the grand piano, smiting the ivories as if the keys were an enemy.

It was torrid long before we reached the Equator. The dining saloon port holes were closed and papered, the decks were nearly hermetically sealed, yet the proper thing for the English passengers was to appear in full dress. As I happened to be an American I took the liberty of being independent, leaving my tuxedo buried in my trunk. They squirmed and stuffed, mopped their high brows and seasoned their soup with pepper and perspiration. "Toad-in-the-Hole" and "Bubble-and-Squeak" were some of the strange items on the bill of fare. As we neared cannibal country the "h"-dropping Englishman, true to his tongue, offered the menu "Peasant breasts."

### KILLING TIME



TWO dollars and a half was what each man put up for sport prizes. It is an old custom, more honored in the breach than the observance, to help the ship-barber make his living, since men use safety razors now, by collecting about fifty dollars for prizes. You then go to the barber shop and buy a lot of glass, tin and leather junk worth about \$5 and give it with a big speech to some little man or woman who has been proudly victorious in a potato race or pillow fight. It did seem wicked to spend so much for so little to buy luxuries, when the war made widows and orphans beg for necessities, and we voted that only fifty cents of the \$2.50 should go to the barber and the rest be turned into the patriotic fund.

My friends thought I was foolish to make the long Pacific journey in war time, but I was willing to risk it. Day and night the officers were on special watch and peeked through the canvas to get a glimpse of the "Dresden," which lucky for us was

then thousands of miles away. The nearest thing we saw to fights were some shooting stars by night and deck sports by day. Merlon Emmans had carried off most of the prizes and when he found himself face to face in a pillow fight with Lord Somebody or Nobody, who had snubbed him, he soaked his royal nibs fore, aft and mid-ships in true Hawaiian fashion.

We crossed the Equator. It had been worn so smooth by the many ships that had gone over it that I didn't notice the bump, yet I did feel a breeze, for my room, which had been like a stoker's hold, suddenly became as cool as the man you ask for a loan of five dollars. As it was Sunday, Captain Rowls conducted service a la Church of England. It was impressive with a Union Jack draped pulpit, scripture and prayers for the success of the English soldiers and songs of thanks for deliverance from perils of the deep. It is bad to "play on Sunday," applied to the band. Too bad, the men needed a brakeman more than a conductor.

Sighted Horn island, the first land in a week. The natives and their cocoanuts belong to great Britain. We soon lost sight of the island and next day lost a day. Where did it go? Science tells plainly, but it is a problem just the same. We often lose a day's study or a night's rest and here was a whole day at once. "Strange" some said, yet they did little else than plan how to kill time.

### FIJIANS



AT last far-off, ferocious Fiji appeared. We sailed by wreck on coral reef, past palmy islands with leper and Indian settlements and entered Suva harbor. Around about were jagged hills and mountains that looked like teeth, just the kind and shape for cannibal islands. One hill looked like a Giant Thumb pointing upwards to the place the natives had sent so many missionaries.

We slipped by the British gun-boat "Encounter" to the wharf where we saw strange sights. Giant swarthy natives, shiny with cocoanut oil, showed their white teeth in grinning welcome. Some were bare-legged, armed and breasted, others had on an undershirt and all wore a bright colored sulu or loin cloth, artistically draped from hip to knee. Their hair stood up six inches from their forehead and was frizzled, matted, bushed and jungled. The Fijian has a hypsistenocephalic head

although it isn't his fault, unless you blame him for the high stack of hair he piles on his head. The hair was black unless it had been colored red and yellow with lime. They wore a red hibiscus flower over one ear, a cigaret over the other and offered to sell us fruits, mats, shells and coral and to carry our baggage to the hotel.

Two grinning Goliaths now appeared on the wharf pushing the red Royal mail car belonging to His Majesty. It looked like a cold storage meat box on wheels and was guarded as carefully as if it were a modern Ark of the Covenant.

### SUN-BAKED SUVA



SUVA was a very Vesuvius, a red hot town with red iron roofs, red flowers and sun. The thermometer blew out a cylinder head and I feared I could not reach the shade before my "too sordid flesh" melted. Shades of the lost in Tophet! But there was no shade in our walk from the boat to the hotel and we were roasted. We gasped for breath and even Mrs. "M's" hand-bag gaped open. The roll of American Express checks fell on the wharf and almost through the cracks into the sea as if wanting a swim. None of us saw it except a Fijian named Naphtali, who picked it up and radiant with smiles and redolent with cocoanut oil handed it to my wife. This was our first introduction to a Fijian and his happy honesty was a sign of more to follow.

It was growing hotter, so were we, without lifting a finger, respiration was difficult, perspiration profuse. A custom officer had his eye on our luggage, but we made it easy for the baggage to slip through and were soon under the protecting porch of the McDonald Hotel. Jack London had been here before me and occupied room No. 4, where he dictated "The Wolf" to his wife. This was my room so there was a literary air even if there was no atmosphere. I had a fine view of the bay and mountains and could overlook the Victoria Parade with park, stores and government buildings.

The Victoria parade is a passing show. Here come autos and carriages with white diplomats, merchants and society folks; Chinese storekeepers, Samoan laundrymen and Solomon Islanders on their way to the plantation; Fijian soldier-guard, with

their prisoners going to work; Fijians with fish and fruit; Hindu coolies rigged up in a rag bag; Indian women, small and slender, with the colored livery of a sunset and loaded with enough jewelery around waist, ankles, neck, and in ears and nose, to break their back and their husband's bank account.

## CANNIBALS



OUR appetites brought us to the dinner table and our food was served by Fijians and Solomon Islanders who wore red sulus and white duck jackets. The napkins they carried were not used so much to brush the flies off the dishes and food as to keep the mosquitoes off their legs and ankles. Later from the balcony we watched the moving picture of the natives going to the movies. I knew it was a good picture from their yells and howls of delight. It made me wonder how they would carry on and shout if they were real cannibals and I was to furnish them with 200 pounds of amusement. That night there was no ease in our inn. The only cannibals who survive are the blood-thirsty mosquitoes that feast on you all night, and in the most sensitive places, because the heat makes it impossible for you to wear much clothing. It's no use to use lurid language, they are used to it. They club and bite you, suck your blood, keep up a savage dance and sing a war chant until you are exhausted and they are full. Rats made friendly calls at all hours of day and night and held Olympian contests of jumping in the rooms and at night danced all the latest steps on the tin roof garden.

Morning brought us a sunrise on hill, mountain and bay that made a nature picture too beautiful for brush or pen to describe. In the cool of the early day the natives shuffled by in their bare feet, and a barge was towed out of the harbor with a Hindu crew squatting on the deck and chanting a weird song. Just opposite, on a bench under the rain-trees, sat two Fijians. One was sick and the other was trying to charm away the ache by clapping his hands, laying them on the sick man's head three times and then striking the wood bench as if for good luck.

## KAVA



APTAIN FOSTER'S letter of introduction to his old South Sea pal, Collins, was the sesame that opened his hand, heart, store and home. I met him in his pearl-shell store where Fijians sat among sacks of shells and sorted them out to be shipped to Japan for buttons. He gave us a drink of Tansan, the famous "Yours for health" Japanese mineral water, and for good luck a fist full of "cat's-eyes" that you look for in a pyramid-shaped shell on the coral reef. They are used for ornaments and pins and make you feel stuck up. He had lived long enough in Suva to know everybody and everything and was just the man to take me through town to the dry-goods stores for native hats and sulus, and to wet goods kava saloons, where I learned to drink and like the national beverage.

Kava tastes like soap-suds seasoned with a little salt and pepper. It is made of the root of the yangona bush, and the natives dig the root, grind it up or chew it, mix it with water and then strain and drink it. This so-called saloon had a bare, boarded floor filled with benches on which sat Fijians. The hostess occupied the center and stood before a big wooden kava bowl, large enough to do the family washing in. She took a cocoanut shell cup, dipped it into the whitish fluid, stirred it up and gave it to me. I was in for it, for to refuse or fail to drink the full contents, would have been a breach of kava etiquette. As she clapped her hands, I poured the stuff down without pausing to take a breath. She and her associates liked my style, clapped their hands and offered me some more. No thanks, that was enough for the first time but it wasn't the last. I learned to like it, chewed the dry root, carried pieces in my pocket and never there or elsewhere refused a drink. It is unfermented, never makes you tipsy, though the natives who drink barrels of it for years, get wobbly and have red eyes and kava legs instead of milk legs. Later I drank it according to tribe rule with those who acted as if the big wood bowl and cocoanuts were cut glass and the drink a most refined punch.

The market was full of kava, taro, yams, bananas, mangoes, native fruits and Fiji tea for the fidgety. I heard a queer sound, looked around and saw a Fijian blowing on a shell. He was

standing in front of a little coop that looked like a band-stand. Here were turtles flipping on their backs, strings of clams, piles of odd-shaped fish and a native was cutting up a big shark. Nearby a Hindu sat on his haunches with a coil of red-brown tobacco rope before him which he cut in pieces with a knife to suit the purse of the buyer. It was pure, native leaf tobacco so the natives fingered it, smelled it, tasted it and like white folks took it home to smoke or chew.

## HANDS ACROSS THE SEA



AS we walked about in the sun, Mr. Collins pointed out the island of Bega in the distance, the fire-walkers' home. He was sorry I couldn't see them walk with their bare feet on red-hot stones that could boil water or cook flesh. I told him it wasn't necessary to go to the island for every bare-footed native who trod the sidewalks of Suva was a fire-walker.

Returning to the hotel our talk was interrupted by "That sounds American," and a gentleman came forward, put out his hand, rushed me across the street to his building, led me up stairs and set me down in an easy chair in his office. It was Mr. Johnson, an American, who had invested his time and money in Fiji to big financial advantage. He said he was glad to meet a Yankee whereupon I gave him a flag, and the friendship formed in his concrete building was as firm as two Master Masons could make it. As I looked from his office window across the harbor he told me of their recent war-scare. For fear the German fleet would steam in and do what it did to Papeete, he had thrown up and sand-bagged a small mound on the water-front side of his building. He made it ready to mount a small gun with which he and a few brave souls were to demolish the German fleet while the women, children and natives fled to the hills for safety.

## SIGHT-SEEING



HERE is a good drive along the harbor front with its shipping and fort, and a jail where we saw short and long term convicts working on the roads. Stopping at a Fiji cemetery on a hill we noticed the graves were covered with tapa cloth, white-washed and decorated in

other rude ways that proved the dead were still kindly remembered. When a Fijian wants good luck in turtle-fishing he weeds his ancestor's or relative's grave and drapes it with tapa and wreaths. I suggest this plan to some poor fishermen friends of mine who have had luck and come home low-spirited though they started out with a quart bottle of whisky. Passing fishing craft and fish corral fences, we crossed a bridge and came to a native village. The Fijians were drying nets and copra by their thatched houses. They wore sulus, many of the little folks were naked and everyone was smiling and friendly and willing to be kodaked for a six-pence. It was the simple life of huts embowered in palms, love in a cottage and peace and quiet only forty-five minutes from Suva's Broadway.

We drove through narrow streets with pretty houses and flowers, up to Flagstaff the signal station, and then down through Hindu villages with red corrugated iron roofs. Women and children in gold ornaments and silks sat lazily around while the men were at work in the banana patch. On we went with the beach on one side and the jungle and cocoanut palms on the other, until rounding a point we saw a sublime sunset scene on hill and harbor painted in purple, red and gold.

Every night is movie night but Sunday, and this Friday night everybody and his girl went. The seats were thirty-five cents for whites in the gallery, who feel themselves above the natives, and from six to twelve cents on the ground floor. It was a silly American film. The hero was a fool fat man whose antics filled the natives with howling delight. Barefoot boys with cheeks of tan passed ice-cream around to cool us off while the orchestra made us "hot." It consisted of two pieces, a man and a girl, who tortured a violin and piano for two hours and never once played the same thing in time or tune.

### UP THE REWA RIVER



ATURDAY morning found us on board a small steamer for a trip up the roily Rewa river with Captain Cuthbert. Gliding over the reef with its clear blue water, we touched at the island of Nukulau used as a quarantine station for the coolies who come over to work on the Fiji plantations. Like the river's whim our boat wound between narrow shores and low banks fringed



BLACK BEAUTIES

FIJI




REWA RIVER SCENERY

FIJI

with the green of mangoes, bananas, sugar-cane and palms. Every turn of the river was like turning the page of a picture-book. Birds flew across our bow, and along the bank women were washing clothes while children looked on with nothing on. Frequently we tied up at a little town to land passengers, food-stuffs and lumber. Half a dozen natives lent a hand to unload, while old women and girls stood by full dressed in a bath towel or less watching us as we watched them. One girl's arm was covered with a tattooed name, for the Fijian lover instead of carving the name of his lady-love on the trees, tattoos his name on her hips and arms. We must have appeared very prosy to them while they looked as poetic as Eve and her daughters.

The captain knew every bend of the river and fish in it. He zig-zagged in a thousand wriggles in a channel that changed its bed as often as a bug-bitten tourist. Now and then a poled raft, rude sail boat outrigger, or dug-out canoe drifted by loaded with bananas on the way to Suva. Across the river from Nausori we dropped a few passengers. The little dock was packed with visitors and traders while the wharf slip was full of canoes and boats laden with fish and fruit.

### NATIVE TOWNS

T Nausori we climbed the hill steps, saw the Colonial Sugar Company's plant and hiked along the main road to the old town. There was an old church that a recent hurricane had shoved from pillar to post, unmindful of the injunction, "Remove not the ancient landmarks." Its efficiency had been only crippled and not killed, for on entering we found it was still used for day school and Sunday service. There was an absence of beach-bathing censorship. I stood on the trunk of a tree that bridged a rivulet, and looking down the bank saw some Fiji females disporting in the water, their scant clothes hanging on hibiscus limbs which were covered while theirs were bare.

Our attention was diverted from this beauty show by the sound of a band. Looking up we saw a cloud of dust and hastened to where some Hindus were celebrating their New Year's with a naughty nautch dance. Their white turbans and robes were splashed with a red stain. They looked like bloody

butchers and there is a story that the dance commemorates a long ago outrage in a royal family.

At Naililili we tied up two hours to wait for the tide. Here the French sisters told us of their work and showed us the cathedral with its two towers and an audience room so big that its few worshippers look like a fly in a pan of milk. Luckily we met a Hindu, Sing by name, who could talk English and was well acquainted with the natives in the place. He took us down a royal road between rows of big shade trees and well-kept gardens to the deserted capital where the big chiefs had lived before they moved to Bau. A revolutionary hurricane had torn down the royal buildings and all that was left were the skeleton ruins of the old temple and palace. They looked like vaulting posts and parallel bars of some giant gymnasium and would make a fine roosting place for some prehistoric bird or chicken.

Things are quiet in Fiji for eight months while the people rest up from the hurricane that makes a breezy call between the months of December and April. With the regularity of the boat call is the call of the hurricane. He is an unwelcome visitor but makes a tour of the islands without fail. Coming with a blowout announcement the people try to shut him out with shutters, doors and windows, but unabashed he comes on and in, taking homes, churches and trees as mementoes, sinking ships and half drowning the protesting inhabitants. He is a persona non grata. At Suva they were expecting him, kept watching the barometer that was to herald his approach, and were getting ready to receive him. Like death or a thief in the night he comes suddenly.

### PADDY CONNOR



PADDY CONNOR was one of the South Wales convicts who settled at Rewa and Bau. These fugitives came loaded with deviltry and firearms, helped the native chiefs in their wars and received for pay whatever they demanded. Some of the men were more savage and depraved than the cannibals and were loathed by everybody. One by one they were killed in war, or in fighting against each other, until in 1840 no one but Paddy Connor remained, and

he stood high with the chief king of Rewa. The Fijians were so afraid of him that all he asked of life or wife was given him. If trouble followed the king arranged to avenge any real or fancied wrong done Mr. Connor, and would proceed to condemn his enemy and ask him to prepare to meet his doom in the bake-oven. After the king died Paddy dropped to his proper level and left Rewa. He was so desperate and depraved, so much the hell of all vile villianies that the white, decent settlers drove him off the island. He lived and died like a dirty dog. All he planned and talked of before he died was how he might raise pigs and chickens and bring up the size of his family from 48 to 50 children.

### AN INFORMAL CALL



ANOTHER road led through a live native village that offered us the best display of Fiji gardens, houses and people we had so far seen. A score of boys were bathing and when they saw us, ran to their huts, put on their sulus and came to look at us. Entering a big thatched house I found its head asleep on a mat. His wife came to the door to greet us, dressed in a tapa towel around her waist, only this and nothing more. We had so long ceased to be shocked that we walked right in and felt at home and were so much taken with the house that we took all we could carry away as souvenirs. I bought her short grass skirt made of knotted seaweed. It encircles the wearer as much as a society girl's bathing suit and is just as transparent. A war-club cane that would give a shillalah fits took my fancy and I never rested until I took her pillow made of a piece of bamboo a foot long that stood on two five-inch blocks at each end. It looked like a trestle over which the train of thought runs into Dreamland. There were mats, kava bowls and cups, but I couldn't get her to break up housekeeping just to please me. I begged to take her picture since I had taken so much else. She was willing and began at once to cover herself from head to foot. I said, "No, just as you are," and tried to have her look like a white lady at a ball. But she was modest and objected. It was a good tribute to the missionary's influence but made a bad picture from the artist's point of view.

The old Fiji church resembled a haystack. We stepped over a log, entered the door and then stepped down to a floor covered with mats which the worshippers used for prayer-rugs. Supporting the roof were tree logs bound together with thongs of cocoanut fiber. The pulpit stood on a cocoanut mat and the platform was decorated with flags. I opened the Bible at random, found something I couldn't make out, as I had in my own Bible many times at home, and reverently closed with a prayer for the success of the Word in every language and tongue.

### SAVAGE LETTERS AND LIFE



THE missions have established schools in every village and the natives are able to read and write their own language.

The missionaries invented an orthography to express Fiji words and gave the natives a written language. These are some of the linguistic snags the tourist runs against. He must sound "b" with "m" before it, and buy a ticket, not for Bau but Mbau. As eggs are either soft or hard so the letter "g" is pronounced as soft "ng," "q" as hard "ng," a distinction that seems "N. G." to the puzzled learner. "D" equals "nd" and "c" is soft "th," so that instead of referring to Cakabau's monument you say Thakombau.

The missionary's solemn sermons are very funny to the natives some times when by mistake he asks God to curse and not bless them, or says "vuku" instead of "vuka," not asking God to make them "wise" but to "fly."

Fijians as a rule have more black hair on the tops of their heads than grey matter underneath. Literary taste is limited. Some traditional poetry has been handed down by father to son, and there is dialogue description of ancient heroes and "meke" pantomimes of mythology and historical scenes. Art sense, like their clothes, is scanty.

The tender passion is sometimes transcribed. The man writes, "If you love me I love you, but if you love me not, never mind, neither do I love you; only let us have certainties." These are good words and well-pronounced. Thisbe writes to



A KAVA PARTY

FIJI



LALI DRUM CALL TO CHURCH

SUVA, FIJI

her Pyramus, "Be gentle like the dove, and patient like the chicken, and when you have read this, my letter, throw it down the drain."

The South Sea islands are shut out by oceans of space from the big mad world and the natives work on simple quiet lines of their own. The native often needs less culture and more agriculture, for his mind has been educated at the expense of his body. It's a mistake to make a man walk a century in a step.

The Fijian will not work and is not compelled to, for Nature gives him clothes, board and lodging free. The Fijian has a minimum of dress and a maximum of hair. Yet he dresses more modestly than the Melanesians and is better in morals than the Polynesians.

Once the Fijian regarded himself as well-dressed in his smooth-oiled skin, with mop of hair, murky face, thick lips, broad nose, bright eyes and beautiful white teeth. Fashions have changed. He swings a cane instead of a war-club, wears a linen collar and bow tie around his neck instead of whale's teeth or boar's tusks, and in lieu of a slit in his ear filled with a piece of wood, carries a cigaret or flower.

On the way to the boat I met Rev. Brown, a white pastor, who spoke of the hopeful conditions of church work in general and introduced me to the native pastor of the church we had just visited. We sailed away with high ideals of Fiji's historic Rewa town, blew the boat whistle as we wound down the narrow stream, waved to a boat load of Fiji excursionists, who were out for a lark at the different towns, skirted shores which seemed to crawl with crabs, passed mango thickets the tide had left high dry, swung into Lancola bay and docked at Suva. Thus ended the day's excursion and exertion. There were many pleasant memories of places, people and bugs—one of them a kissing-bug that "Cousin Mary" and the captain could tell all about if they wanted to.

### DRUMMING UP A CROWD



SUNDAY was a day of bliss and blisters and mountain and sea were preaching the power of peace and heaven. I heard strange sounds like the beating of an empty beer barrel minus its bung. It was the call to church and I followed the native procession up hill to the

Wesleyan meeting house. There under a tree stood two boys beating "lalis," or native drums, made of logs of tavola wood hollowed out in the center like a canoe. They took turns in keeping time with club-like drum sticks, giving a stroke now heavy or light, then long or short, producing a tone sweet and sonorous. This call to service should be adopted by some American churches which begin the day's worship with an ungodly racket of bells that deprives the saint and sinner of spiritual and physical rest.

The Salvation Army could do good work in Suva, but it is not allowed for fear if it went out with its big drums and flags the natives would desert the churches and all go marching as to war. What a fine show they would make, and how they would beat the drums. Perhaps it is a wise precaution because "blood and fire" might inflame them and the sound of cymbal and base drum recall the war club and cannibal time of their ancestors. Maybe they need piano and not forte, the soft pedal instead of the big drum-major stick. They love their lali drum. It is made of a log of wood, boat-shaped and very resonant. When the lali is beaten by two strenuous youths as if they were pounding the devil out of the wood, it is a cheerful sight and sound.

## CHURCH SERVICES



WE entered the church, sat by the door and watched the natives as they came up the street and climbed the steps. There were gray-haired old men in sulus and undershirts; middle-aged men in sulu, shirt and duck coat; dandies with sulu, shirt, pongee coat, pants, collars, fancy ties and canes, their oiled hair dyed red, brown or yellow. The men all sat on the right side of the church. On the left were the women, bare-legged and footed, dressed in pink or white holokus, silk or linen skirts, blouses and wrappers. Some wore ferns and flowers in their hair, while others wore hats that would do for an American Easter service. While they were all sitting in reverent silence, the native police entered in blue blouses and red trimmings and white skirts vandyked around the edges.

Rev. Small, the white pastor, with two native assistants came in and knelt within the pulpit rail. As they rose, the organist struck the key, an old woman lifted the tune and there rose a volume of melody that would make an ordinary church choir choke to death with envy. Feminine treble mingled with masculine baritone and bass, combining a harmony of head and heart. Whether it was Scripture set to music, Moody or Sankey hymns, "Lead Kindly Light," or "Open Wide the Door," there was a fitting setting, for the sky was cloudless and I looked through the open door over the city roofs and trees to the bay and hill in the distance.

They listened to the preacher as if they were there to be saved and did not show off and stare at every late comer. We left to look in the cathedral, kodak the police force, as they stood in front of their station, and attend the Presbyterian church on Goodenough street. That seems a good enough name for the church and its members, although it was named after a man who had a bad enough chapter in his life. It appears that this Captain G——— stole the notable Christian woman Tapairu-ariki and a number of native women from Rarotonga and left them at Aitutaki. When missionary Williams visited the island he saw this fair young girl and took her to her native land. Captain G——— had been afraid that his vile abduction would be found out and so refrained from announcing the discovery of the island. We sat by the side door looking out on flowers and vines. There was an earnest sermon followed by the Communion service. What a change in fifty years! Then a human feast of flesh and blood, now the symbolic one of bread and wine from Him who died that all might live.

You can get all the leading brands of Christianity at Suva, but I was taken up with one that some had branded as a fake. It was the Seaman's Mission held over a store in a hall, and there were books, papers and innocent games for the sailors on shore. As a South Sea sailor, I entered and approaching the platform, and was met by Mr. Page, who was conducting the work at his own charge. He explained a big Bible map hanging over the platform, gave me samples of Scripture literature which he handed out with his free gospel, and among the leaflets was one published in Minneapolis. He seemed very

sincere and offered me a photo of his chapel and congregation. I was told he wasn't exactly "orthodox," but hell is full of orthodox believers who say "Lord, Lord," and do not the things He has commanded. Always and everywhere what does good, is good, whether it carries the official church imprimatur or not.

## SUNDAY OBSERVATIONS



AFTER dinner Mr. Collins sent up his American red racing auto for a spin, and the beauty of the scenery was a commentary on the sermon we heard in the morning. It was up and down hill, through Hindu settlements with natives under the trees, by native bush and forest and the Experimental Station where the government is experimenting with trees and plants to see how best they may grow. I suggest they add a cool weather branch. We stopped at a Fijian village and at a Solomon Islander chief's hut. It was a zig-zag of black and white straw decoration. I looked in the door and found him wrapped up in a mat, snoring and sound asleep, with other mats piled on his head and feet to keep the flies off. The heat was 115 degrees and hot enough to dry up the bark of a dog and curl its tail. But the chief slept. He was a wise Solomon to keep comfortable that way.

At Rewa, visited by boat the day before, we had a cool drink with the proprietor Ives and were sorry he could not make it an ice-cream. On our return, rounding a curve, we had a close call with an auto driven by a woman who took the wrong side of the road. Many women can run their husband, but not a car, and when they do, it is often like their talk and thought, on the wrong side of the question. Crocker was our crack chauffeur. He raced us around the town, through the parks, up the hills and by Lorillard's mansion where our Old Glory flew red, white and blue against the tropical sky.

The roads here are very bad, but the inroads of disease very good. In 1875 General Measles wiped out 40,000 of the inhabitants. The natives journey to the grave along the routes of tuberculosis, yaws, skin diseases, croup, rheumatism, elephantiasis, dysentery and lepers form one per cent.

While more sensitive to cold and hunger than a European,

the Fijian has greater physical endurance. He doesn't care to work and lets the coolie take his place, but when there is any real feat of strength to be accomplished, he can lift a heavier load, throw a weight or hurl a spear farther than a white. There is a record of a native whose canoe was capsized in mid-channel and he survived, although he was in the water 48 hours without support, with nothing to eat or drink, blistered by the sun, in danger of sharks and his face raw with brushing the salt water from his eyes.

There was no time for lally-gagging after supper for the lalis sounded again for church. I followed the crowd and sat down by the door to keep cool. But that seat was reserved for the Fijians who have caste feeling towards the whites, so that in a way I was a castaway and was ushered up to the choir. A sailor came in and sat in the chief's seat but was coolly ushered next to me where he could see and be seen.

There was more good music after which Dr. Small talked on "night prowlers" showing how one Fijian sinner could destroy much good, respect and influence if he took it into his head to steal someone's watch, wife or daughter. There was an impromptu baby baptism after the sermon. The father was a big policeman named Saul and the little dark mother who stood by his side held her baby as proudly as if it were a princess. The Scripture and prayer were given and the little Fijian piece of femininity was christened, "Anna Jane." My part in the service was limited to kissing the baby with a "God bless you," and a hand-shake to the parents.

## RUBBER TREES AND NECKS



THROUGH Johnson's introduction to his friend Powell, we "rubber-necks" were invited to visit a rubber plantation. The planter sent his steam launch with Hindu native boatman, and after early breakfast we started for Wiando, fifteen miles distant. Over clearest water and coral and by picturesque islands, we entered the Wiando river, banked by thicket, overarched by jungle and vine and unlike any Florida or other stream I had ever sailed. Landing at the Hindu settlement, we proceeded to the rubber factory in Indian file, the natives leading with our luggage of solid and liquid

provision on their shoulders. The plant was in full blast. Coolies were carrying buckets of milk-white rubber and emptying them in pans where it soon hardened. It looked good enough to drink and recalled the early time on the farm when I used to sneak in the dairy and stick my fingers in the sweet cream and cat-like lick it off. When I stuck my bare hand in this, the rubber hardened, and I pulled it out with a rubber glove on. The sap soon gets thick and hard and is taken from the pan like a piece of Johnny cake, pressed dry between rollers, and hung up in the smoke house like ham. After it is cured, it is packed in boxes for London. Mr. Powell gave me several sheets of rubber and they were so clean and of such high grade that I wished my auto was there to have a set of real rubber tires made for it. He took us over his plantation, told us how the ground was cultivated and the trees set out and cared for. A native cuts a "V" mark in the tree, inserts the tin gutter tube and the white "milk" drips into a little cup. Afterwards he collects it very carefully in a bucket and takes it to the factory. The worst thing in this splendid plantation was the government road to Suva, a dense grass jungle, six feet high, thick and impenetrable, the only "high" grade improvements for which \$15,000 had been spent. Even way out in heathen here there was an illustration of graft, misuse and abuse of public funds.

Powell was a kind of chief to these indentured Hindus who came over under contract to work five years for the privilege of returning or remaining longer. He employs Hindu help because the native Fijian won't work. His authority was unlimited and he had the right to marry, doctor, divorce, beat or bury his help. The Hindus are hard workers and there is little trouble so long as they are sober and not jealous of each other's women. The coolie makes about a shilling a day, but there are some other compensations. The English immigration law allows one woman to three or four men and there is always strife to get her. The overseer plays his trump card by promising the woman to the man who does the most work. In this way he gets a wife for a day or week as he pleases.

As it was near noon and necessary for us to return before the low tide left us high and dry, Powell said we would have a little lunch. We climbed into a row boat, were poled across

the river and climbed up the bank to a spreading mango tree where there was a spread fit for the gods. Mats were laid over the brush and banana leaves to sit on. Though it was no savage Fijian feast, there were five kinds of drink, as many meats, and bread, cheese, cake and fruit enough to stock a store. Alexander had a feast and Dryden wrote a poem of praise on it, but he should have seen ours. Only Homer or some great epic or epicurean poet could describe it. Every one of us did it poetic justice. Just think of being in the heart of Fiji and quietly eating instead of being savagely eaten. It was all so good that we couldn't hurry and so found an illustration of the truth, "time and tide wait for no man." Before we could enter Suva harbor our boat keel grated on the coral reefs, we had to change positions and our sailors were forced to jump overboard to lighten the boat and push and drag us over.

### CARNEGIE AND CURS



UVA is literary. She reads cables, papers and each other's character, and what I thought was an auto garage proved to be the Carnegie Library. The lady attendant said there were 500 volumes for whites and half castes. Some of the books must have been unusually musty and dry for the last hurricane took off the roof and soaked the shelves. I saw the high water mark of literature and took a folder that looked like a leaf from the "Tempest." Nearby was a neat building with square and compass, a sure sign that when it comes to a "square deal" there are many of the brethren worthy and well-qualified to exert the same helpful influence here for God, home and native land that has girdled the world with Masonic love, light and law.

### DOGS



UVA, next to Constantinople, leads a dog's life. The poor curs would gladly flee the flies or fly from the fleas, but they can't and are kept busy scratching, licking their sores and remembering they are dogs. While the auto honks them, driver lashes them and pedestrian curses them, the native children love them. I saw one little

fellow of seven, naked but for the shirt which came down to his brown hips, holding a poor little white dog in his arms and as he pattered along he sang, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." He had the music but slipped on Leicester Square, yet his little heart got there.

## CLUBS



FIJI is the home of the war-club, the original "big stick." The war club is no longer popular, but the society club is and wields a crushing influence. Suva is the snob's paradise and social life is only pleasant if you belong to certain cliques and clubs. Some of the best people in the world are here and some of the worst. Thackeray could have found material for another chapter on "snobs." One of our party went to the tennis grounds and sat alone for several hours. He was a good player and could have been used, but was not invited. I suppose he had been spotted as an "American" when he did not pronounce the word glass "glaws" and banana "bahnahnah."

Mr. Foy, a dignified banker from New Zealand, not related to Eddie Foy, the comedian, took us up a hill to a club house where there was a fine view of the sea, city, hills and hundreds of trees and flowers. There were books and pictures, a cool breeze and a drink of something, not kava, that left a pleasant taste in the mouth and memory. "My word," it was fine. What? "Well, rather."

## BOOZERS



SAW his excellency of Bau, "big chief Sour Bread." He was taking a strong drink at the hotel bar, though none of his tribe are permitted the same pleasure. This is the chief's chief delight, the law wisely restricting the Fiji native to kava, water, tea and coffee. Perhaps it was for his moral good, but probably because the white man wants most of the liquor himself. The bars are full of booze and of men just as full, and clubs and hotel circles are much the same. They must begin and end the day with a

whisky and soda. Maybe they think they are men of iron constitution who can't drink water for fear they will rust. And now abideth billiards, cricket and booze, but the greatest of these is booze.

Saturday, not Sunday, "is day of all the week the best," for its half holiday is religiously devoted to playing cricket and drinking tea. I watched the game from the grandstand, the only grand thing to me about it, except for the playing of Collins, the veteran and victor. Some Fijians were in the game and I thought how long the distance from cannibalism to cricket, yet both pastimes wielded the club and were "killing" to a novice. Our party sat half asleep and for fear we might fall off the bench and break it, or our necks, Mr. Johnson adjourned to the Grand Pacific where we all took tea and revived our drooping spirits. I know there is no accounting for tastes and sadly confess my preference for baseball. I am glad Dickens wrote about "Cricket on the Hearth" and not on the green.

The day's work for the white clubman here is small. His ambition is to see how much whisky he can hold and still carry a billiard cue or cricket bat. In this merry-go-round of days and drinks, the only one who works and hustles is the Hindu.

## MERMAIDS



THE Fijians are charter members of the I. W. W.—"I won't work" society. However lazy they may be, their women are workers. She is the daily and nightly drudge, to nurse her lord or baby, cook, make tapa or fish with nets. One rainy day, when their husbands were under the hotel veranda keeping their hair dry, I saw some native women in the bay. At first I thought they were swimming and splashing water on each other. On looking closer I saw them string a net in a semi-circle. One held it down in the middle and one at each end. Then two walked from the ends beating and splashing the water and driving the fish into the nets which they drew up on the shore. As the fish flopped, the women skilfully caught them, bit off their heads, if they were small, and threw them into a basket which hung at their waist.

## RELICS



R. BARKER, editor of the "West Pacific Herald," runs a good paper and has a very large collection of books on South Sea travel. He gave me a memorial edition of his paper printed on tapa cloth and when he learned I was interested in curios took me to his father-in-law's, a Mr. Turner, who has one of the finest private collections of Fijian, South Sea curios and antiquities. There was a model of a big war-canoe under a shed, and while I sat on the porch looking towards the sea, I thought of the Fijian bravery that compared so well with modern navy valor. "Paddle your own canoe," and they did for love and hate to visit or to wreak vengeance.

The Museum is a wonder and delight to the tourist, citizen and native Fijian. It is the best illustrated history on Fiji I found in town. Professor Colman Wall has done so much to collect the material and knows so much about it I hope he may live to get new building walls and write a volume we may all have in our libraries. He told me the native folklore and learnedly discussed the history, habits and religion of the Fijians and spoke of the work of the Fijian Society as he led me through the rooms.

## FACTS



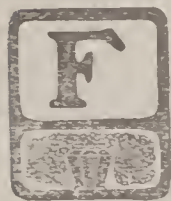
FIJI was discovered by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, in 1643; visited by Captain Cook in 1769; settled by missionaries in 1835; offered to Great Britain by the native king Thakombau in 1859 and was refused; English settlers set up a constitutional government under the king in 1871 and Great Britain took over the islands in 1874.

Great Britain got the Fiji islands, but her G. B. has been variously interpreted as "grab bag" and "grand bounce." Thakombau claimed to be chief of all the Fiji islands. He was chief of Rewa, yet he handed over the independent Colo people and when they naturally objected they were suppressed with "killing" kindness.

It is a Crown colony governed by the governor and legislative councilor; has an area of 7,400 square miles, and population of nearly 130,000. In Suva, the capital, the population

is approximately 1,300 whites, 3,500 Indians and 1,800 Fijians and Pacific islanders. The climate is moist and tropical and the chief products are copra, bananas, pineapples and maize.

### FAITH



FROM cradle mat to grave pit the Fijian's religion was a worship of water, fire and shark gods. They worked out their innate ideas of salvation as their wild surroundings permitted.

He believed in ghosts, wizards, fairies, evil eyes, seers and priests, in apparitions of slain men, fallen women and those who had died in labor. Bachelors had no show in heaven where they were pursued by a great woman who caught them and dashed them to pieces on a stone. Women who had not been tattooed were chased by their own sex who tore and cut them with shells or scraped and made them into bread for the gods.

The ancient Fijians were not idolators. They were familiar with the idea of deity and gave Him names which indicated his character and habits. They built their temples on a site where a chief had been killed. They revered some stones as shrines of the gods and I saw a stone at the Suva museum which suggested phallic worship.

When they went into the Delphic oracle business, they divined the good or bad of the future by the leg which trembled first, whether a man sneezed from his right or left nostril, by chewing a leaf or observing which way a drop of water ran.

The priest's religious tabu was a source of social and political graft. He worked the old gag of appealing to the superstition of the natives. He could pray good or bad luck on them, and for a consideration catch the devil or evil spirit, place him under a pile of stones and hold him there. If the natives failed to dig up, he dug up the stones and let the devil loose on them.

### WOMEN'S MORALS



THE Fijians believed women were made to work and men to fight, and both were kept busy. Women were very cheap. You could get a good one for a gun, and for a few extra bullets they would throw in an extra girl for good measure. A native wanted a musket and offered

two hogs for it, but one of the hogs ran away, so he put his wife in its place. An old man of sixty often comforted his declining days by living with one or two girls who were not one-fourth of his age. Jealous rival wives amused themselves by biting and cutting off each other's noses.

Tribal conscience and not the Ten Commandments was the standard of morality. To be or not be immoral was a question of race rather than law or religion. The Fijians were not naturally hot-blooded or lascivious, but when their native innocent pleasures were prohibited by the missionaries, so few and unsatisfactory substitutes were offered that lax morality ensued.

Before the missionary came to Fiji the sexes were separated and slept in different huts. He taught them the idea of "family life" and it was so novel and interesting that it often resulted in unlawful loves. The church so stigmatized free love that the poor unfortunate girls resorted to the "wise women," professional abortionists, who with reed instrument, massage or deadly drug committed the crime of infanticide so common in our cities.

Fiji women are proud of their locks which they comb up into a stunning pompadour. One often sees them wearing little pigtail braids of hair on one or both sides of the face. This is a sign that the wearer is a Simon pure virgin. Yet signs are not always infallible nor are the wearers. So many carry the sign without the sanctity that a number of indignant citizens upbraided these braided beauties, hustled them to one side and with cruel, virtuous shears committed a "Rape of the Lock."

## CANNIBALISM



PROFESSOR WALL showed me canoes, paddles, spears, war-clubs, dress, ornaments, mats, fans, sinnet, utensils, cannibal dishes, forks and ware. It was impossible to buy or beg souvenirs, but he kindly allowed me to take pictures of what I wanted for my book and lectures. That I might enter into the spirit of the cannibal, I put on a Fijian wig and dress, held a cannibal fork in one hand and a platter in the other that contained a Solomon islander's carved head.



CANNIBAL FORK AND PLATTER

SUVA, FIJI



EX-CANNIBAL CHIEF

FIJI

I can't begin to tell how horrible it all seemed. A friend had told me to be sure and eat a nice fat Fijian girl baby, to get and make a new sensation. This was the nearest approach and it was enough. What savage thoughts had been under that hair-wig? What missionary heart and lungs had found a resting place in that wooden platter? What giblets or devilled kidney of some early globe-trotter had dangled from that wooden fork? Was it stew, ragout, baked, roasted, boiled or fried?

A little more than half a century ago the history of Fiji was more blood-curdling and hair-raising, than any Wild West dime novel. The country was blacker than darkest Africa, and Jesse James was a saint compared to the bloody natives. The whole group of 250 islands was a branch hell on earth and its cannibal chiefs could have done justice to Satan's position if they had been needed down there. If the Devil had ever gone on a vacation he could have substituted any one of them and the "lost" would not have known the difference.

The Fijians were rivals with the other islanders in sin and took the prize. The doctrine of original sin must have come from Fiji, for its fine arts were to steal, lie and murder. In the pleasures of polygamous practice they preceded the Mormons. Their women were a necessary evil—sodden slaves and damned from their first breath. When her brutal husband had exhausted his deviltry and died the poor wife, instead of being permitted to live in peace was strangled, and that his soul might still nag hers after death, her dead body was used as a lining to his grave to make his old carcass rest easier.

Forlorn and ship-wrecked sailors were always in demand. A man became his own dentist, saying his "black tooth" ached and went out on the war path with a club and brought home some dead man or woman. This cannibal coroner always found somebody whom he fixed with a proper verdict.

Nature had spread a big bounteous table of fruits and vegetables, but like old Israel they longed for the flesh-pots. They were not vegetarians, and since there was little beef and mutton to be had, they ate each other, although showing a preference for the white meat shipped to them by the Missionary Societies. Instead of eating him alive they cooked him alive in their hot stone bake-ovens.

The cannibals liked Captain Cook's pigs very much, but "long pig" better. A man was called "long pig" in contrast to "real pig." He was never eaten raw but cut up, baked or boiled with some fine herbs as savoury stuffing to prevent indigestion. The anthropophagi guys are gone now, but the plant of that name remains. We observe a pure food law, but they painted his face, made him look alive and set him up in a sitting position. A prominent man stood by his side, acted smart and said bitter things he hadn't dared to when his victim was alive. After this verbal roast he handed the body over to the chief's chef who peppered, salted and fixed it up a la very fine Fiji, and shoved it in the earth, having filled the body with hot stones so it would be thoroughly cooked.

The Fijian couldn't love his neighbor, but loved to hate him. He was a true Ishmaelite and his hand, with a war-club in it, was raised against every man. The "death lali's" funeral march was a favorite tune. Little streams were often filled with canoes bearing such friendly gifts from one chief to another as a dozen whole dead men, or rib-roasts, bloody joints, arms and legs all freshly torn from the victim's body and nicely wrapped up in clean fresh leaves to serve as the last course to some big banquet.

Cannibalism was a chief institution, regarded as good form in Fijian society and looked upon as a refinement. There were drink offerings of pig, turtle and human blood. Sometimes a woman was cut up alive and kept in a big dish so as to lose no blood. Dead men were set up, covered with black powder, and with wigs on their heads were paraded around as if alive. Torture was taxed to its utmost and parts of the living victim were cut off and eaten before his eyes. Sometimes they were generous and offered him his own cooked flesh to eat. Later his skull was made into a drinking bowl and his shin-bones pared for sail-needles.

The chief cook and carver had different ways of preparing and serving "bokolo," human flesh. When it was to be boiled he cut the flesh from the bones; when it was to be folded in leaves and placed in the oven, he took his butcher knife of slit bamboo, gashed down the abdomen, sliced the neck down to the bone and twisted off the head.

The epicures of the tribes preferred the arm above the elbow, thigh and heart. Those who were very dainty, in absence of ancient cheese and cold-storage fowls, opened graves and partook of the putrescent flesh. These savages displayed some good taste in their table manners because instead of eating the human hash with their fingers they used a wooden four-tine fork.

From the time of Lucullus men have been great gormandizers and have gloried in their shame. I have heard men boast of the number of cigars they could smoke, glasses of beer they could drink and regular meals and side lunches they could stow away in a day. Of such it is said, "Whose God is their belly, whose end is destruction." One of the big men in their history, an omnivorous, carnivorous "bokolo"-eater, had a name as long as his bill of fare, Ra Undreundre of Rakiraki. During his life he had eaten 900 bodies all by himself and commemorated and kept count of his human feasts by erecting a stone for each man eaten.

A fighting game always gave them a good appetite, and after they had eaten a few of their enemies they took the rest home, put ropes around their necks and dragged them to the "bure" or temple where they were offered to the gods, after which they were cooked and divided among the people. Among the men the Friar Tuck priests came in for a large share. Piles of whitened bones showed how many bodies had been offered the gods. An enemy's body was treated with every indignity, lay naked outside the temple and the orgies were celebrated beggared decent description.

As the women came out to welcome the Hebrew warriors with song and dance, the Fijian women greeted the victors with words, gestures and dances vilely obscene. Virgins offered unspeakable insult to the dead bodies and Plato's black horse of passion ran wildly with unbridled lust. Frequently the victim was tied up alive and thrown into the oven. It was thought a natural death spoiled the flavor and made the body unfit to eat. The common people were not invited to the "bokolo" feasts unless there was a big spread, and even then had to be satisfied with tough hands and heads. Women did not grace the festal board except when they were dead and brought there to be eaten. They were believed to be more ten-

der and sweet in death than life, especially when they were well-cooked. The men would say, "Please pass me a little more of Mary's arm or Anna's thigh." The expression, "It is good as bokolo" applied to anything signified it was first-class.

## BAU



AT Bau there was a kind of amphitheater with stone seats for the spectators. In front was a large braining stone. The victim was carried by his arms and legs at awful speed and hurled headfirst against the stone. As his bones broke, his blood spilled and his brains splashed, the delighted spectators uttered yells of delight such as are heard at football games, prize and bull fights.

## HORRIBLE DEATHS



IT was thought the king's house would sink and fall in unless there was some one to hold it up. To prevent such an appalling catastrophe strong and healthy men were buried alive, stuck into the post holes to clasp them in position, reversing the Samson process of holding the pillars up. If you asked them how that could do it when the men were dead, it was replied their virtuous sacrifice made the gods feel kindly and they would take a hand when the dead man lost his grip. Naturally the poor victim objected, whereupon he was told it was a great honor to have been born into the world for this special occasion.

Infanticide put the Fijians in the class of Herod's slaughter of the innocents. Children who had escaped retaliated, so that when the father and mother grew old and sick, instead of caring for them, they strangled and clubbed them, left them to die of exposure or buried them alive.

If one did not die from disease, treachery or old age, they made him a friendly visit and said he was all in, 'twas time to die, he could prepare to meet his gods and the family was ready to go in deep mourning for him. If a young man had a hurt that failed to heal quickly, or a young girl was troubled with some slow disease, they were both informed that they must die sooner or later, that it was only a question of time, that

now was a good time, and they must hurry up and be murdered for the grave was ready to receive them. So they were cracked on the "coco" with a cocoanut club.

When a big or little chief was about to die, a grave was dug according to his size, and the number of victims to be buried with him. We put grass on our graves, but the grass the old chief wanted was "all flesh is grass," and his dear wives who had kept him warm in bed were to line his grave or be a kind of easy mattress for him to lie on. Often his wives were strangled before he was quite dead that he might be dead sure he would have plenty of company. And would you believe it, these women wanted to go, not because they loved him, were tired of bearing children, poulticing his stone bruises or killing the creatures in his hair, but because of the living death and curse which they would suffer if they survived him. Since she who was strangled here was to be one of his first and best wives in the future Fiji state of felicity, she told her children she was ready for the hangman's noose and strangler's knot. They were dressed in their Sunday best, were choked to death, greased with oil, painted red and hustled to the grave.

As to the old chief he was next, even though he pleaded to live in peace since his wives were dead. His face was blacked as if it were a pair of boots; his hair already on end with fright, was curled up a little higher; his ivory ornaments were hung about him; the best piece of tapa was wrapped around him; and then when he was dressed fit to kill they shuffled off his mortal coil, wrapped him in mats, and with weeping and wailing, he was gently placed on the new mown human "grass" and the dust was piled on him. Tears were shed for weeks, forests were made "tabu" for his departed spirit and bushels of fingers were cut off little children's hands and stuck all about the dead chief's house as a mark of respect.

Everything of importance was begun with a sacrifice. Blood was the grease to make it go, but it must be human and not animal blood. We christen a warship with a bottle of champagne. If a chief had a new canoe and wanted to give it a good send-off dedication, he killed ten men and baptized it with their blood. If a new canoe was to be launched, instead of using trees as rollers, he placed live men face downwards and slid the boat over their bruised and bleeding bodies. It

is fact, not fiction, that when Tanoa returned from a good war hunt his canoe cargo was composed of dead enemies. They were to be eaten on the regular bill of fare, and for delicacies and side dishes nice fat baby boys and girls, whom he had taken as tribute or killed, were strung up on the masts and oars. These are not Munchausen tales, but things which occurred as late as 1840 and were reported by such authority as Wilkes, Mauray, Dana, Pickering and Williams.

### CIVILIZED SAVAGES

**A**LL this seems horribly untrue and we thank God it has ceased, but Phariseeism is bad business. While we rejoice that we are not as these poor Publican Fijians were, how much better are we in comparison now? Did they murder and mutilate in war? That was ping-pong compared with the things cultured, civilized, Christian armies are doing in Europe. They killed their unborn children. What of the crime of infanticide in so-called respectable society today? They slaughtered people to eat, we commit gluttonous suicide. They stole, but it was petty larceny viewed in the light of trust dealings. They lied for pleasure, we for a profession. They were licentious, we run assignation boats, trains and hotels. They danced barbarously, we beastly. They wore few clothes, but where they were necessary, and were more modest in life than some of us in look. They drank kava. It was mother's milk compared with the poison we pour down that is strong enough to eat up a copper-bottom jar. If a child cried at a chief's kava party it was strangled. We fill up on dope at a wine-supper and then pump two or three full of lead. They ate up their dead enemies. We let them rot and fester on the ground to spread pestilence.

### A MODERN MIRACLE

**W**HAT a change God hath wrought through the "foolishness of preaching." In 1835 two Wesleyan missionaries landed at Lekemba willing to die if needs be to tell the simple Gospel story of love. A magic change followed. Within 35 years the Fijians substituted God

for gore, Bible for bones, church for carnage, Sabbath for slaughter and Christ for cannibalism. Today they set a good example to many white Christians who profess more and possess less. They go to church, Sunday school and prayer meetings, will not dance or bargain on Sunday and have the form and spirit of true godliness. In spite of white traders, fugitives from justice, "black birders" and others, who have set them bad examples, they are kind, generous, hospitable and honest.

It's a long way from cannibalism to Christianity, but the modern missionary was a miracle-worker and did much in a few years. Standing by Thakombau's monument in Suva I remembered that this great chief, who was king of the cannibal islands, began his bloody reign by grabbing his own mother by the throat and strangling her to death, and that at the end of his career he was converted to Christianity and lived and died a repentant follower of the Redeemer. A Wesleyan church now stands where the heathen temple stood, and the great stone which was so often stained with brains and blood has been converted into a baptismal font.

Today one is safer in the Fiji islands than in some parts of our big cities. I heard that a woman with guide attendant had made a long interior island trip, and was free from insult or harm. Now, instead of going to war the native goes to movies; paddles bananas on a raft instead of dead human bodies in a canoe; eats marmalade, not missionaries; wears an artistic sulu and not a savage smile; beats lali drums to call to church instead of cannibal feasts and beats time to hymns with his foot and not war-beats on his enemy's head with a club, and loves to be a soldier and play cricket.

## RAIN AND REEF



WOULD have left Suva with the wrong impression if it hadn't rained. They told me of a rainfall of thirty-two inches in four hours, but that was like the flood long ago. So the rain began and it rained every day and night. Our hotel was a "Bleak House." One evening I heard a sound like a waterfall or coming carriage, but looking out could see nothing. Nearer and nearer it came, two blocks away, then one and I saw it turn the corner, cross to the right

and left and sweep by. It was the rain. It does this for a week at a time and everything is wet but the Fijian's head and hair. He will allow the water to splash to his knees and pour over his oiled shoulders but he will put a handkerchief over his head or wrap his coat over his crop of hair. It wouldn't hurt to wash it now and then, but each hair must be in order. The glory of a woman and a Fijian is in their hair. He would make a good "headliner" in American vaudeville. He raises bananas, sugar-cane and hair and thinks more of the last crop than all the others. Speaking from bald-headed experience I think they have much to be proud of and I would feel the same if I had half as much.

A coral reef is a dread to the sea-captain, a delight to the scientist, a source of income to the shell merchant and slug collector and a fine subject for an artist and poet. One morning Mr. Collins took us in his boat and his two Fijians rowed us two miles out to the coral reef where we men rolled up our pants and waded while the ladies were carried in the bronze arms of the boatmen. Once there we explored the coral caverns and crannies where blue fish darted and crawfish crawled in the clearest water. We picked up live coral, bright shells, breathing anemones, purple star-fish, slugs or sea worms which are Chinese delicacies, and one of the Fijians thrust his hand behind a rock and pulled out a fish that resembled a slice of rainbow. The rainbow lives here in the curve of the coral isle, its sand and surrounding waters. The water colors are violet, green, forget-me-not blue and the lapis lazuli lagoons are a dream. It was hard for us to walk over the sharp and rough coral in our shoes, but our barefooted boatmen moved as easily as if they were on a sidewalk. A live coral cut or scratch is bad, and the cut of a fresh dead coral is poisonous and causes the foot and leg to swell.

All of us had been so long and intensely interested we took no notice of the tide and when we started for the boats, the water that had barely covered our ankles was waist deep. We men waded, holding up our coats, umbrellas and kodaks. The women were as willing to be carried by the big husky Fijians as the natives were anxious to carry them. So climbing up and sitting pig-a-back on their shiny brown shoulders these "old women of the sea" were bobbingly carried to the boat.

It was great sport for us and offered a chance for some good pictures had it not begun to rain and pour so that our boat was a welcome ark of safety though it had no roof.

Approaching the shore we met a raft of Fijians. They yelled, swallowed raindrops, pushed each other overboard, came up with hands full of mud which they daubed over each other's body, pasted hair and faces so they had to jump overboard and wash off. They acted like a lot of school boys in a swimming hole and though grown up showed how simple and childish the natives are.

We, too, had a jolly time in this new and never to be forgotten experience and when we landed and marched up to the hotel furnished more amusement to the town people than the "rafters" had to us. We looked like beachcombers, drowned rats or shipwrecked survivors. Our shoes, clothes and hats were spoiled, but we had a good time and it was worth all it cost, and when the crowd laughed at us we echoed it back.

### A CLOSE CALL



SIR BICKHAM SWEET ESCOTT, K. C. M. G., etc., has his headquarters in Suva. I phoned his Excellency's secretary for an interview to pay my respects as an American citizen and visitor, and after unrolling a ball of red tape he made the appointment. Next morning "L" and I started afoot to see him, not in auto or carriage, but in white duck suit instead of function dress. As we walked in the grounds the sentry-box was vacant. The big Fijian guard was on the hillside watching some prisoners gardening for the Governor. As we approached he saw us and started for us with gun and fixed bayonet, motioning us out. I tried to explain I had an important engagement with the Governor, but he couldn't understand and the more I said the more sceptical he became. My passport and blue-ribboned, gold-sealed papers which I might have flashed in his face had been left at the hotel. All I could show was a red face and wilted clothes from a mile's hot walk. I started ahead anyway and he pointed the sticker of his gun at me again. With a two-handed gesture and emphatic remark I had been sent for and would surely come, I ran up the hill road to the royal residence. On arrival

we found the native had taken a short cut across the lawn and was waiting for us at the veranda entrance. When the secretary saw him he wondered what was up, but when he saw us and I told him who we were, he said, "O yes," and dismissing the faithful Fijian he invited us into the waiting room while he went up stairs to tell the Governor the American gentlemen had come. Soon he returned and said we were welcome. However, as if suspicious of the kodaks and the glasses, which might be infernal machines, he disarmed us and then led us up to see the Governor, saying in passing his Excellency could give us but five minutes. We were not surprised at our treatment thus far, our call was so unusual and informal and I imagine we looked like spies bent on killing his honor and wrecking the royal apartments.

As we entered and were introduced his Excellency rose from the desk piled with busy papers and gave a smile, pleasant word and hand-shake. I told him who we were and what we wanted, that I was an American minister and not a spy or reporter, that I had been in Suva two weeks and couldn't think of leaving without saying hello and good-bye. At once he informed me that in 500 years America's vitality and enthusiasm would be exhausted; that we had forgotten what Dewey said at the close of the Spanish war, that every American would shed his blood to help England in a tight place; that the U. S. was sending contraband articles to Europe and should not do it; that he hoped it might not be necessary for England and America to go to war; that the Monroe Doctrine was too indefinite and ridiculous; that Mr. Wilson was a scholarly and good man but Mr. Roosevelt would have done things very differently.

He had the reputation for being a great talker and I was told it would be very difficult to get a word in edgeways. It was just as well I couldn't under the circumstances, and with the valor of unusual silent discretion I let him proceed, simply remarking from time to time, "Yes," "No," "Surely," "Perhaps," "I hope so," "Not at all." The five-minute limit interview had already run to half an hour, and when I rose to leave and thank him, he went over to the wall, and pointing to a world map showed me that America was on it, but England

had nailed down most of the countries and islands for herself, and that of these 100 islands in the South Seas he was the general governor and governor general. After this lesson in government, political economy, the rights and duties of nations in war and peace, history and geography, it was noon, school was out, and much relieved "L" and I were dismissed.

The following day I told of the pleasant call on the governor and was gently chided by a G. B. subject, who said I should have gone in a more formal and functionary way befitting his Honor. I replied his Excellency couldn't have been kinder if I had called with a coach and six, that the apparel oft proclaims a man to be a fop or fool, that form and ceremony were dry husk-eating, that titles were very empty things sometimes, and did not always prove the possessor to be a man of letters. Knowing the governor's title, Sir Bickham Sweet Escott, K. C. M. G., High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, I remembered the story of an American who was playing bridge with an English official. He signed his name on the hotel register with most of the letters of the alphabet. The blunt Yankee said he should have added four more, D. P. B. P. "What for?" said his Honor. "Because you are a d—— poor bridge player."

After this official undress call in the morning it was fitting I should wear my tuxedo in accepting Mr. Johnson's invitation to dine at the Grand Pacific. He was the host and made a host of good friends in our party, who voted then and there that Suva ought to have an American consul and that Mr. Johnson was the man. From the time he heard our broad pronunciation and knew we were tramps abroad from his old glorious land, he spent time, money and energy in giving us a good time. Of course an American consul's salary isn't very much, but Johnson is independent of that and could spend it in hoisting the flag, boosting for the U. S. and entertaining visiting Americans. I was in the habit of addressing him as the "American consul" and hope that what I said in jest may soon come true in earnest.

Our ship "Atua," which was to cruise us through the South Sea Islands, came in at last. When we went down to meet her, we met Rev. Small and some Papuans who had just come off

the boat and were held at the customs and immigration bureau. They were from New Guinea, had been wrecked off the Australian coast, picked up and brought here. They needed a Christian friend, brother and interpreter and Small was all that in one, for he had been here and through the Fiji islands many years. On the way to call on him next day I lost my way and splashed through rain and mud for an hour till I met a Samoan and Fijian who knew where he lived. For years Dr. Small has not only been diplomat, with marked executive ability, but a spiritual power, while personally he is "big white chief" to the natives. In his office, separate from the house, surrounded by books and papers, he talked to me for three hours on Fiji, past, present and future. When I left him he not only gave me a blessing, but some valuable relics in the form of books, a whale's tooth and war-club.

Though the "Atua" touched at the Tongan and Samoan islands before we reached Levuka, Fiji, I will tell what happened in the last named place first.

### A "MEKE" DANCE



THE Sunday before landing was thrice welcome for the physical rest it brought. On land you work your body to a fury that leaves your soul a frazzle and the Sunday contrast is marked. This evening it was awful and the Fijian crew was asked to give us a "meke" or native dance. Perish the thought! We Christians might ask such a thing, but these poor heathen would not grant it for love of kava or money for it was Sunday, God's day, not theirs, and no unnecessary work was permissible. Captain Fletcher was their boss and my friend, and came to the rescue by persuading them to give a sacred concert. They jumped at the chance, and for an hour, with sweet and splendid voice, sang Moody and Sankey Hymns and the ever favorite, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Blessed Assurance" and "Throw Out the Life-line."

Monday, after a hard day's work, they gave a "meke" on the hatchway. The big spotlights, by which they work at night, were placed around them as if on a stage. A native Samoan



MEKE MEKE DANCE

FIJI



PAINTING TAPA

FIJI

woman and child sat on the deck, stewards and sailors stood around in line or sat on port and starboard rails, and we looked down from upper deck as from a gallery. There were fifty performers, oiled and lava-lavaed, with wreaths around necks and a flower over each ear. Their bodies shone with cocoanut oil and their bright eyes vied with the stars. The scene suggested Bunyan's "shining ones."

A "meke" is a sit down dance, a sedentary calisthenics. There is a large assortment. There are mekes on war, the woods, the fields, calms, tempests, rains, heavens, devils, gods, travel by sea and land, men and women. Our Fijians sat cross-legged on the hatch, swaying and swinging heads, arms and hands in perfect harmony. They clapped their hands, beat time with wooden sticks, struck their breasts and moved to the sound of their own voices as they sang and grunted some fable or story of home, love and war. The contortions, gestures and terrifying crouching postures were all in unison. Muscles twitched with excitement, eyes gleamed with restless fire, teeth grinned white, arms and legs, heads and hands moved fast and slow, or jerked and jiggled together as if they were mannikins and pulled by a single wire from behind. The sound of their voices drowned out the swish of the waves, their grunts and deep breathing were appalling and they shouted and sweat until exhausted. But the labor was a delight. They sang a toast to King George, improvised one for me calling me by name, and then stopped as suddenly as they began. For this Trojan work the passengers gave them some kava and cigarets. They were tired out and lay down on the hard deck to rest and dream of ancestral dances long ago.

After invoking a "Vinaka" well done, I turned into my bunk to imagine that the pounding, tossing sea was a primitive Fijian following us with a war dance and club. Like "The Lost Chord" I have since sought to reproduce their meke music and dance, have sat cross-legged on the floor, doubled up as with colic, put a feather duster on my head, my arms and legs jerking in and out like a toy jumping Jack while I howled like a maniac, grunted like a pig and sweat like a horse. In vain! It may be that only in Fiji I shall see that lost "meke meke" dance again.

## LOVELY LEVUKA



LEVUKA is the old capital of the Fiji islands and is prettily placed on the island of Ovalu and has less than a thousand inhabitants. The wharf was piled with baskets of coral instead of baskets of fruit. We were seven and hired two hacks and started on a gallop along the one street which runs for a mile along the beach by copra store and clothing shop. We stopped at a church, went into the Polynesian Gazette office to get a smell of printer's ink; looked at the Masonic Temple, Victoria Memorial Hall and public school with its pretty grounds; paused at the Totoga bathing pool with its rocky basin, and at the white-ribboned Waitovu waterfall.

Leaving town we drove around the island with sea and coral reef on one side and on the other high hills, deep ravines, green gullies, castled crags, palms and picturesque peaks in panoramic profusion. Little villages nestled in the valleys. Instead of haystack huts we found houses with concrete sides and thatched roofs. The natives came out to greet us, offering curios and "cat's-eyes" for sale. Our road ran along the shore and was lined and arched with cocoanut palms, and past coral reefs where canoes rested, nets were hung and children were gathering shells. We got out to join the company and gather sea-growths, when suddenly all the water that wasn't in the ocean fell down from the clouds on our heads. I ran into a native house for shelter and the family offered me a mat to sit on and a banana to eat. I smiled a thank you, but looked sadly at my half-drowned pony and the buggy seat full of water where I was to sit and take all the starch out of my clean duck trousers.

The rain slackened and we hurried to the other end of the island, passing Hindu settlements, Fijian villages, jungle gardens, ocean views, tropical trees and catching snatches of glorious hill and mountain scenery as the wind lifted the veil of clouds with its fingers. Splashing back through the main street I paid for my water-logged buggy; visited Chinese shops, and invested in post cards and souvenir junk; went into a kava saloon where the soap suds were being dispensed, took a cup and



PUBLIC COMFORT STATION

LEVUKA, FIJI



HOME BUILDERS

LEVUKA, FIJI

treated three of the boat help who followed me in and were dry in spite of the wet weather. I was sorry to leave lovely Levuka, but glad to have seen its rugged scenery, its semi-circular harbor and coral reef where sun and cloud make heavenly colors.

### “TIPPERARY”



ANOTHER South Sea bubble burst as the “Atua” pulled away from the wharf and a mob of civilized cannibals murdered “Tipperary.” It was one of the Fijian’s favorite songs. The night we left on the “Atua” for Tonga, a native princess came on board jeweled and barefooted. She cried as she kissed her people, on the face or hands, who had come on deck to bid her good-bye. After this tearful greeting the men stepped on to the wharf, and though dressed in their best coats and collars, sat in the drizzling rain serenading her with Fijian and Tongan songs. When the boat pulled out, they substituted for our “God Be With You,” “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary,” singing it loud, sweet and strong till we sailed out of hearing. This refrain is echoed all over the South Seas, and there isn’t much in it except for the writers whose few little notes brought big bank notes in exchange.



## A TONGAN TOWN

**C**APT. WALLIS was a charming fellow. He looked more like the preacher and I like the sailor. He was named after the famous voyager Wallis, and his father and family were missionaries. It was a cool Sunday at last, blue skies and water, and I divided my reading between the Psalms and a volume on "Tonga," by Mariner, issued in 1818. It was a most interesting book, so much so that one volume had been stolen. When it comes to Tonga, Mariner's book, like the Bible, is a first and final authority.

There were a few first-class passengers, no seconds and among the third the most interesting were the Fijians and some pigs, sheep, horses and cattle. The Fijians were our copra crew working under Captain Fletcher. In the afternoon we passed Turtle Island where Captain Cook was wrecked. Whether the boat turned turtle or whether a turtle overturned the boat I didn't find out. We took tea in the captain's cabin and Wallis gave us a good time, including a big roll of Tonga tapa for a souvenir. He said I might use it for a bathing suit, a bath robe or a shroud.

The next morning we sailed by beautiful islands that looked like floating vegetables and canoes darted around them like so

many flies. Wallis left the table hurriedly to get back on the bridge to "reef-dodge," as he called it. This is the principal game in these waters, not ship-golf or cards, tennis or shuffle-board, but dodging the reef and hurricane. The wrecks of big and small vessels the white teeth of the coral had picked bare to the ribs, were lying about us, a solemn warning not to venture without pilots. Here wrecks, not buoys, are what the officers go by. After some swishes, swirls and threading a labyrinth of coral over which the big waters foamed white, we stopped for a visit from the doctor. He was a 32nd degree Mason, gave us the "pass" word and let us dock.

This was the toy town of Nukualofa, the capital of the Friendly Island group, on the sacred island of Tongatabu. It looks too new from the beach, with its modern stores and churches, for such an old background of palms, oleanders and hibiscus.

I stepped from the gang to a grassy wharf that led to streets green as cow-pastures. I wanted a horse, but the native men and women only showed pairs of sturdy calves. King Richard himself couldn't get a good horse here for a kingdom, and the only kind we saw were a few spavined remains nibbling grass in the public square. They are the street commissioners of the island. Our party wanted to drive around and went to five different stores asking in three different languages for a horse, yet horse there was none. Finally we met a native who promised to take us out a dozen miles to the famous ruins, the show place of the islands, but his horse and buggy were in ruins. He wanted fifteen or twenty dollars, a ruinous price, and even then did not feel sure he could get us back in time for the boat that left next morning. This was too bad and my party told him so in words to that effect, and with no effect.

We came to visit the "Mua," 12 miles away, with its limestone caves, and the "Langis," those strange tombs of the old priest-kings of Tonga. The largest "Langi" is a 2000 foot square enclosed by two tiers of large coral blocks laid end to end, accurately squared and fitting close together. One of the corner blocks is 21 feet long, 5 feet wide and 4 feet high. They were supposed to have been cut out of the coral reef forgotten ages ago, and by some unknown contrivance brought here. How or when is a lost chapter. Another

mysterious relic of some lost tribe and civilization is the "Haamunga." It is a three stone affair, "trilithon," made of two big upright blocks of stone with another huge block laid across the top so that it forms a sort of doorway. It is 25 feet high and suggests a Stonehenge, or Easter Island in the Pacific with similar remains. All this was surely worth seeing and a Niagara hack driver would have rushed you over the ground so that you wouldn't have missed anything. But these natives care little for tourists or money. Horses are few and far between. There are no autos, the natives think you are a fool for wanting to go and told us there was nothing to see when we got there. They acted so like jackasses that they should have been bridled and saddled and driven out to the sights. There is a fine chance here for a good livery stable and hack driver. I hope in 25 years they will wake up to the situation and in 50 years have one.

## TAPA



HERE was nothing else to do but walk and we started out. The sound of tap-tap-tapa, like the noise of a gigantic woodpecker, was everywhere, proving that some one was alive and busy. After a short stroll we came to a tree where a woman was sitting before a big log. She was hammering mulberry bark into flat sheets and joining them together by pounding, keeping time in a tropic rhyme. She looked up, smiled and went at it again. She must have weighed 300 pounds, sat cross-legged and would have made a companion poem to Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." When I showed my kodak, she called to a hut across the yard. Her pretty daughter came out and was willing to stand for a picture. I put some money in her hand, a flag in her hair and that gave her a "look pleasant" expression. Tapa is money here and you are rated by it as Samoans are by their mats. Tapa is used for dress and screens. Women take strips of inner mulberry bark, soak it in water, beat it out thin and long and join it to other strips till they look like big sheets of yellow paper. This "gnatoo" is patterned and painted from dyes made from native bush.



POUNDING TAPA

NUKUALOFA, TONGA



TONGA'S NATIONAL AIR

NUKUALOFA, TONGA

I heard this legend of the origin of tapa. Once there lived two brothers each of whom had a plot of ground. One of the boys was named Tutunga, or the paper mulberry. The other was called Salato, the stinging tree. The former jumped the latter's claim who, when he was unable to oust his brother, went home and told his parents. They decided the brothers should separate. Salato, or the stinging tree, was to go into the interior of the island and be venerated. He is, for the stinging tree is so sacred that none of the natives dare touch it. The other brother was to be punished for his greed. Accordingly Tutunga, the paper mulberry, was to be cut, skinned, hammered, decorated and made into garments that would become soiled, wear out and then be burned. This has been Tutunga's fate from that early time until now.

### SUMMER SCHOOL



THE tapa sound was followed by a hum and buzz like a beehive. Entering a shady yard we came to a free native school. The children were sitting and sprawling on an outside veranda studying a reader. Two big Tongan guards kept them busy and orderly. Inside, the room was crowded with scholars studying maps, reading, writing and spelling English. A grizzled old native in undershirt and lava-lava stood over the scholars with an umbrella in his hand. If there was any inattention, laughing or whispering, he walked over to the boy or girl and poked or whacked the offender over head and shoulders with the umbrella. He was the reigning spirit of the room. The teacher was a Tongan who had been educated in New Zealand. She was a kind, earnest soul and proud of her classes. I picked up papers written in English and in much better hand than I can write. The writers told how they loved their island and how much better it was than any others of the same group.

### MISSIONARIES



AFTER this lesson in literature we went to study geography and made the ascent of the 55 foot mountain, the highest on the island. It is crowned with a large oval-shaped church that looked as if it had been laid by a big roc. The roof was neither tin nor wood

but thatch that rested on tree beams. Entering I saw these beams rested on two rows of large tree trunks that extended the whole length of the place, and were held together by sinnet ropes of cocoanut fiber wound round and colored with artistic effect. There wasn't an iron band or nail in the whole building, not even of the "true cross." It is a Wesleyan "free" church, built and run according to John Wesley's idea. What that idea was is expressed in these words of his, "Observe, it is not your business to preach so many times and to take care of this and that society, but to save as many souls as you can." In doing this the missionaries have not forgotten that Wesley added body "works" to the soul's faith, founded schools, gave medicine to the sick, clothing to the naked and food to the hungry. The church was well put together, the only split being a "union" church run by natives who objected to having the white folks handle and have so much of their money.

If the heathen are a law unto themselves, their own consciences accusing or excusing them, it would seem that sometimes they had been better off in time and eternity if the dear people at home, who neglect their own poor pastor and people, had not sent money and missionaries to convert them. There was land-sharking which gave the missionary quarters and luxuries far greater than his talents would have allowed him at home. Injudicious Christian interference brought dissension and disunion between families and rulers. In some places the idea of temporal power hindered social and political advance, and missionary preaching was better than its example. At times there was far too much of Bible bigotry and Jesus jingoism. Fanaticism furnished new sins for bad amusements, incited to revenge, killed pastor and people of opposite beliefs and added to life's misery and death's terror. So great was this holy rivalry that a sinful native was often permitted to go alone to the hereafter rather than allowed to be directed to heaven by another route. The religious scandal of the South Seas is the struggle between the Wesleyan Methodist Church Missionary Society and the Free Church of Tonga. It was a prize slugging match between King George I of Tonga and Rev. Shirley Baker against Mr. Moulton, and later the king and Mr. Watkin.

Does civilization improve or is Nature best? This is the Banquo question that will not down. A loveless dogmatic theology has never been helpful at home or abroad. When a missionary has consecrated sense and sympathy, teaches the Ten Commandments in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, inculcates sanitary and labor laws and keeps out of politics, he does good. When he teaches denominationalism, lusts for temporal power, seeks office, grabs land and becomes an exploiter instead of an exhorter, he does harm. It's a sad thing to see the native struggling in the white starch shirt and collar of civilization. Often his soul, like his mind and body, die with the white man's contact.

### A DEADBEAT KING



THE biggest pebbles on the beach are the king's royal palace and chapel. They are side by side, are painted white, made of wood and stand in a large park full of trees and flowers. The royal palace looks like a private cottage, a small seaside hotel or boarding house.

The king has a royal chapel of his own where he and his wife worship. I saw his highness sitting like a Buddha, keeping cool on the porch of his palace, and with servants near to brush off the flies. This King George Tubou II thinks he is the sovereign boss of the Tongan group and head of the now only independent kingdom of the Pacific, yet he is only a figure-head. He imagines he is driving, but England holds the reins of the protectorate. No tourist is permitted to enter his palace. When I neared the gate, a woman in tapa and wrapped up in a plaited mat, as a sign of official respect to the king, ran down from the porch and closed the garden gate for fear I would enter. But I saw him on the porch and waved my hat to him and he responded with a wave of his hand. You couldn't miss seeing his highness and wideness. He is six feet four inches tall, very stout and should be a pillar in church and society, and an inspiring support, but he is too imposing, a dead beat who borrows from relatives and natives whenever he can with no intention of settling up. He never runs for office or exercise, only runs in debt. He occupies the throne according

to the Tongan custom that the royal line of succession is through the mother and not the father.

The king business is a cinch here. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" never enters George's head. I wonder if he is the author of these touching lines,

"It is Oh!—to be king of a cocoanut isle,  
Asleep in a tropical sea,  
Where a belt as a costume is strictly in style,  
And the maidens are sweet as they placidly smile  
With a smile that is winsome and free  
Quite free  
In that isle on a tropical sea."

I didn't lose anything by not calling on him, yet probably would have if I had, for he doubtless would have asked me for the loan of a pound or two.

They have daily movies here, and comic opera once every three years when Parliament is opened. The king is then the chief performer. On the side, as scene shifters and supes, are his elected representatives, the native born hereditary chiefs, a Chief Justice Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Prime Minister.

King George Tubou II opens the big Parliament show. Instead of sulu and bare feet he is tricked out in swell London togs. His royal locks, that have been free to the sun and air, are bound in with a gold crown, studded with gems big enough for horse jewelry. Over his broad, barn-door shoulders he wears a crimson velvet mantle, ermine-trimmed, that would make a good street sweep if the page boys in feather caps and stage tights would let it drop or fall. The big thing about this exhibition is that it is free. It takes place *al fresco* and the tourist is fortunate if the ship is in and docks long enough for him to watch his Excellency and satellites. They march through the flag and flower-decorated streets with the king's soldiers drawn up on both sides and the trumpeters bowing and blowing before and after. I asked what product came from all this state machinery and was informed that after the curtain was rung down the king went to the palace, took off his crown and shoes, enjoyed a smoke, and began to plan how he could borrow some money without paying it back.

The king has a new wife, rather young and shapely, but she is not such a favorite with the natives as the former queen. My wife saw her at devotions in the royal chapel. George gave his dead wife a big burial and wanted a big wedding for his new wife. I was told he ordered a very large and expensive wedding cake from Auckland, but the baker refused to make it or send it until he received the money in advance. His credit may be good with W. L. Harris at the New England, but not in New Zealand. This seems incredible and is utterly discreditable. It is said that when the ship comes in the Prime Minister has stood bare-footed on the wharf eating bananas. Once the Chancellor of the Exchequer was so hungry for clams that he waded out into the reef. As he stooped over he dropped the key of the national treasury among the eels and fish and so held up the finance of the government and the funds of the grafters till some divers and fishermen were sent for who found the lost key.

### TONGAN TOGS



IN color the natives look like a good cup of Java and Mocha coffee with plenty of cream. They have length, breadth and thickness but in good proportion. The only carriage worth looking at is the native's. They stretch their legs and swing their arms in what is called the "Tongan swagger." The men don't work much at anything except their toilet. They are proud of their feet and legs, as some women, and love to show their fine calves. Their valas, or lavas, a short slit skirt down to the knee, are made of the finest cashmere. They wear shirts of cotton or silk, bound with silk sashes that resemble rainbow splashes of color. The Tongan's face shines with joy and cocoanut oil. He goes bareheaded, not to show Samson locks for he keeps his short, but because no one except the big chief is permitted to wear a hat. This is sad for you can never ask him where he got that hat or accuse him of talking through it. He wears his hair cut short and brushed up. It is mostly black but some natives use coral lime for disinfecting purposes and the result is light yellow.

Old women wear their hair in prison-cut style and blondeen, redden and yellow it. The younger and smart set of girls love

tobacco. Cigarets are their favorite smoke. On the street or in the home they puff, puff and with powder and puff ape swell society. Their dresses are often as transparent and revealing as the water they bathe in. Tongan girls and half-castes love to dress up in colored shawls, wear their hair in a knot on top of their head, or in a switch or rat of cocoa fibre that sticks far out behind, a cigaret over one ear and a chunk of tobacco over the other. They dry leaves of strong tobacco over hot coals and wrap them up in pieces of banana leaves. This is their package of Tongan delights.

Nearly all of them are good looking and were quite modest and dignified when I measured up their beauty and said, "Malolelei, ah there my beauty." They have a pretty easy time compared with the Fijian women. Wife-beating is limited to tapa. The men are so anxious to keep them tender and sweet that they do the house work. While she is putting on her glad rags, she tells him she will walk out with him if he will make up the mats and wash the cocoanut dishes at night. As a rule the woman is loyal to one husband, though anciently when she was married she became the wife of all his brothers. If this seemed a one-sided relation, her husband had the privilege of visiting his wife's family and regarding all his wife's sisters as his temporary wives. If he dared flirt with a girl of another family it was a mark of disrespect to his wife and she could sue for divorce. Like the ladies of color in the South on Fourth of July occasions the women aim to look their best and wear gaudy streamers and arrowroot fibre around their waist and neck.

I saw a boy with a mat under his arm and tried to buy it, but my guide said that although the boy wanted the money, he dared not sell it, for if the king came along the boy would have to wrap the mat around himself and stand like a chunk of meat done up in a piece of brown paper. This costume is an old Uriah Heep custom to show the respect of inferiors to their chiefs.

We walked through shady avenues, glorious with trees and flowers and iron-woods delicate of leaf and durable of fibre. There were curious species of pine, the sacred avavas solemn as cedars of Lebanon, and cocoanut palms tall and graceful as a sweet, sixteen year old blonde, swaying to and fro and able

to stand hurricane pressure. We paused to look in native houses where happy, hospitable people offered us cocoanuts and fruit, and on the way to the royal cemetery met many "brownie" boys and girls who smiled and laughed their "Malolelei."

## ROYAL GRAVES



THE cemetery was big and barren and in the center stood two stone monuments. The one in memory of the old king was ornamented with a large lion, the other had a small and graceful statue of the queen. We climbed the stone steps and read inscriptions testifying to their worth and worthiness. At the base of the platforms were squares of black and white gravel beds. These stones are brought from a distance and carefully arranged in designs of funeral decoration peculiar to this end of the world. One would think a grass and flower bed would be preferable to a stony bed that is only good for a river or road. Doubtless the shades have some spiritual significance of this world or the next.

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound" of the college band playing "Tipperary." It was frightful enough to wake the dead and kill the living, yet we boldly entered the campus gate, saluted the Tongan colors, the red cross of the Rosicrucians, and went in the big college schoolroom, built in airy Tongan style.

## A DANDY DRILL



HERE a soldier-teacher introduced us to the native teachers and scholars. They brought out the blackboard, on which their national air had been chalked, that we might photograph it. The students sang it and seemed to be better acquainted with it than some Americans are with the "Star-Spangled Banner." After this they were led by the band, marched around the campus, drilled with guns and two old cannon that were more for show than shoot. The boys were dressed in white gowns to their knees, and a red sash around their waists made them look like Zouaves. Their bare feet and brown legs made a pretty picture on the green campus.

They may never be soldiers but it was good athletics and drill. If these boys are proficient in their studies they are sent to New Zealand, United States or abroad. At present their course is limited to music, shorthand and English.

After the drill they stood around and I made them a little speech telling them they were a credit to themselves and the king who founded the school. The boys were no more willing to leave us than we were to leave them, so we stood under the sheltering trees talking with each other while some of them talked to the ladies, who told them their fortunes and read their brown palms. They were delighted, and to please us, said they would give us a kava party. At once the chief's sons went over to the veranda of their club house and prepared for the ceremony.

### A KAVA PARTY



THEY formed a semicircle and sat cross-legged on the porch. The kava bowl and cups were placed in the center. I was too fat and short to fold my legs under me and was honored with a perch on a chair. A chief's son took the kava root, pounded it with two stones and placed it in the big bowl cut out of a block of hard wood. An assistant poured water on it from a basin. Then the host mixed it up with his hand and mussed with it as if he were starching clothes or washing his hands. Next he strained it and wrung it through a piece of hibiscus bark fibre called "fau." He repeated this until all the juice was out of the root, then the root was thrown away and nothing remained but a dirty yellow, soapy dishwater-looking fluid. This nectar fit for the pigs was now ready to serve. Someone clapped his hands to show the drink was ready. My name was called and I responded by clapping my hands, not for the joy of drinking it, but to applaud the boy who had so thoroughly cleaned his hands in the kava bowl. Etiquette prescribes that you drain the cup down at a single draught without taking a breath. I did it much as one might take a dose of salts. The poet's pathetic words took on a new meaning,

"The kava bowl fill high—

Drain every drop! tomorrow we may die."

They applauded my brave effort and I bowled the empty nut cup towards my host who offered me another, but one was enough. It tasted like the boyhood time when my dear mother washed out my mouth with soap for saying naughty words.

Kava isn't intoxicating and has the flavor of pepper, licorice and ginseng. Just as people acquire the cigaret, old cheese, Postum and Bourbon taste I learned to like it. It smothered my burning thirst in a hot climate, cooled my blood and stimulated me to new determination to learn all I could of native life and compare the short and simple annals and flannels of the poor natives with the artificial drink, food and raiment of my civilized barbarian brothers at home. The Tongans are known as moderate kava drinkers compared with their Fijian neighbors who absorb it, wallow in it and try to be sponges and soak it all up.

Kava is not the "root of all evil" but the root of the Piper Methysticum shrub which the natives dig and dry and sell to the shops where it resembles bits of driftwood. Like coffee it has to be ground to get good effects. So years ago pretty girls used their "grinders" to pulverize it, and after it was nicely masticated and rolled over and under their tongues, like sin's sweet morsel, they spat it out in a big, fat-bellied bowl that stands on three legs.

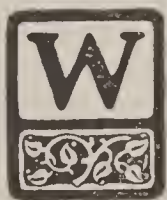
Anciently this flowing kava bowl was much like a bar cuspidor, but the civilizing and Christianizing influence of the whites, whose mission was to fill the natives with soda and whisky and rob them, has prevailed. The kava root is now mashed with rocks, grated on grinders or ground up in coffee mills or sausage machines.

Some of these bowls are very old and have their insides enamelled with a gray and silver coating from constant use. The cups are cocoanut shells cut in half and smooth, and are the color of an old gray bonnet from long soaking. Just as a toper acquires a deeper purple bloom in his cups, so these kava wood bowls and cocoanut cups take on a purple blue color, lasting and beautiful. The price of a kava bowl is not according to its size but color, and unlike the drinker, its old age is brightest and best. Some bowls are priceless, the family's dearest household gods and possessions.

Kava is the universal South Sea drink. If you want to keep your "steady" you must not offer her tea, coffee, coca-cola or soda, but kava. It is to these thirsty peoples what beer is to Germany, wine to France, ale to England and vodka to Russia, with the difference that it is not intoxicating. You may drink like a fish and feel happy and harmless although years of kava absorption makes your eyes filmy and legs flabby.

If prohibition becomes national in U. S., there's a chance to make millions by importing kava, which does not create but cures thirst. Let the root be brought here, chewed by pretty girls and then served in a ceremony adapted to our place and people and it will be the most popular drink ever drunk. Kava is better than kerosene whisky.

### NATIVE MUSIC



WE knew there were plantains on the island and after this kava feast learned there were plantation melodies. The boys had sweet and cultivated voices. One acted as the leader. He lined out "Old Kentucky Home" and "Swanee River," while the others chanted and hummed an accompaniment or song in splendid unison. "Tipperary" was tipped off in jaunting-car style, then came their own splendid and swelling airs that were followed by "Home Sweet Home" and "Tofa ma Feleni," (Good-bye, my friend). The time, tune, strength and sweetness of this Tongan music, without instrumental accompaniment, was equal to anything I had heard in Russian cathedrals. The natives like the mouth-organ better than the hand or pipe-organ. They handle the "Hallelujah" chorus in good style on great occasions. This is only natural. It is an obvious corollary to find choral singers on a coral island.

Before the missionaries came, the only time the natives blew their nose was when they played the "fango-fango," or nose flute. It was a foot long and about two inches wide with one hole below and four above. The magic flutist would take a deep breath, blow into the end hole with one nostril while closing the other nostril with his finger. Now they blow themselves and use mouth-organs, guitars, pianolas and handkerchiefs.

## CURSE



It is difficult to believe these sweet singers could ever be induced to use their ancestors' oath, "vangi," quoted by Mariner:

"Dig up your father by moonlight and make soup of his bones; bake his skin to cracknel; gnaw his skull; devour your mother; dig up your aunt and cut her to pieces; chew the heart of your grandfather; swallow the eyes of your uncle; strike your god; eat the gristle bones of your children; suck out the brains of your grandmother; dress yourself up in the skin of your father and tie it on with the entrails of your grandmother." This hardly harmonizes with the command "Love one another." If a man thus cursed his family I wonder what he would say against his worst enemy.

## THIS IS THE LIFE



In this Tongan island there are no idols, but the natives are idle while the scenery is idyllic. We saw much in the short walk between the college and ship for there were no autos or street cars to dodge. It was a dream of fruit, flowers and fair women. Boys and girls stepped to one side and gave us the right of way on streets that were nothing but lawns. Men beckoned us to their native huts and were willing to climb trees for cocoanuts. Girls, brown-faced, eyed and footed gave us side glances, looked down and sweetly said, "Malolelei." We echoed the same word for it means "good-bye" as well as "good day."

This is a fruit Eden. There were bread-fruits, taro and yams if you were real hungry, and a dessert of oranges, lemons, pineapples, mummy-apples, grenadillas and passion fruit. None of this fruit was forbidden. If you preferred flowers there were oleanders, hibiscus, frangipanni, sensitive plants, poinsettias, crotons and many-colored foliage bushes.

Had we remained here much longer we would have become as lazy as the natives for whom Nature does everything. The coral builds the reef that makes a beautiful breakwater; the bread-fruit tree is the baker; the cocoanut tree, the milkman; the candlenut tree, the oilman; the banana and orange are the

fruiterers; sugar-cane is the confectioner; mulberry tree is the clothier; pine tree is the hair-brush; the pandanus and screw palm are the carpenters, for their houses are thatched from these trees. This "flat" island is completely furnished by landlady Nature and is free. The location is fine. There are palm groves and coral gardens and the native has the ocean for a bath-tub.

## BATS AND PIGS



UKUALOFA is quiet by day and sepulchral by night. We attended a movie, but it was a sad affair, though the natives enjoyed it. There is no "batting" around here at night except by bats with bodies as big as a tomcat and a head shaped like a fox. A dozen miles from town there is a small forest of big trees that are inhabited all day by sleepy bats who hang down as thick as flies on a sugar-bowl. Ten thousand of them get up when the sun goes down and fly over the island for fruit. They like the best and leave the trees in worst condition. After these batty epicures have battened on the fruit, they return next day after a fifty mile trip and roost and rest up for another night-raid robbery. They live a charmed life and because they are "tabu" the Tongans think the sky would fall and the earth open if one of the bats or the trees was killed or cut down.

There is a Captain Cook tree twelve miles out of town. Cook came here in 1777, stood on the roots of a giant avava tree and made a speech something like Penn to the Indians. He said he was their friend and to prove it gave them a number of nice presents, including some pigs, whereupon the pigs and people grunted and rooted their thanks. The porkers were not a handsome Berkshire boar and wife, but they lived happily, raised a large family and their honored descendants are found all over the islands today, raising their high backs and poking their sharp snouts into other people's business as if they were human.

## LAKA-LAKA DANCE



ON with the dance, and the South Sea natives are on to the dance. It is the active, thrilling, throbbing kind the tourists like, yet it looked as if we were to sail without seeing one and it made us very sad. A few hours before we pulled out I induced twelve Tongan boys to come on the upper deck and give us a laka-laka dance. Of course the girl omission made it flat and less fascinating, but the boys did their best. They were prosaically dressed in shirts and pants, wore flowers in their hair and twanged banjos and guitars. The first thing they did was to make an "X" of their legs on the deck, move hips and knees, throw their arms out to one side, and jump up, hop around, hum and sing. These day-dreamers take no note of time except in the dance and then mark it well. Time is money and for the good time they gave us I made a little "spiel," passed the hat after I put a pound in it for our party, and collected over two pounds.

## MORMONS



AMONG those who chipped in were two young Mormon missionaries. These Brigham brothers are quite numerous in the South Seas. I am not surprised, for there are many comely young girl converts, although it is said polygamy is not taught. I wonder much at this for here, if anywhere, it should be taught. One of the most striking features of the Mormon creed I learned at Salt Lake City was the "spiritual wife" doctrine. The future kingdom of the saints consists simply of their own posterity. The more children a "saint" has the more "heirs of glory" are created. Women are admitted to this heavenly glory when "sealed" to a saint, and may slip into heaven with him. This so-called "spiritual" relation has a very "material" aspect. Love is enjoyed, children born and polygamy with its sensual excesses flourishes. Falstaff would have made a good Mormon and Henry VIII should be included in the calendar of their saints. Mormons and Gentiles all agreed it was a good dance, morally good, not a bad one, but fifteen dollars was big pay for a kind

of dance that would have been edifying to the inmates of an Aged Women's Home or an infant class in Sunday school.

It is death to sail out of a coral harbor at night because the coral insect has planted so many torpedoes and mines. When the dancers had thanked us and sung "Tofa ma Feleni," we went to our cupboard cabin couch and next morning said "Tofa Tongatabu" and sailed away.

### DODGING ISLANDS



FOR twelve hours the "Atua" sailed among islands, volcanic and coral. Maps change in Europe and here. Islands like kingdoms rise and fall. Our ship passed near the place where in 1855 the Falcon Islands appeared to the surprise of the sailors who had never seen it before. The captain stands on the hot bridge as Casabianca on the burning deck, not knowing when he may go up or down. He was on the lookout for floating islands. Some of the green isles looked like lily pads, others like small French bonnets and the bees in the bonnets were skiffs. Others resembled bouquets on the swelling bosom of the deep. Natives were spearing fish and gathering shells on the reefs. I wish some of these gems and "Pearls of the Pacific," so plentiful here, had been strung on some of the other lonely steamship "lines." Passing up Fua and Maano, the two leading islands of the Haapai group, we headed for Lefuka where poor William Mariner was wrecked on the "Port-au-Prince" in 1806. His loss was the world's gain for he swam ashore, was adopted by chief Finau and for four years ate, drank, dressed, talked and worked like one of the natives. In after years he visited England and wrote his "Mariner's Tonga," one of the most classic and popular books of travel in the world. It is well called the Bible of the Friendly Islands. The old saint, the young sinner, the devil and doctor of divinity all quote it.

### BIG CHIEF FINAU



MOST of Mariner's shipwrecked companions were killed here, he was saved and took the fancy of Chief Finau, who adopted him as a son and for four years showed him every kindness. Finau is a big name in Tongan history, and one of our distinguished passengers was his royal

descendant, a short, thick, fat, pleasant and entertaining man. His chief occupation is to go about and visit the Tongan islands. He sat opposite me at a single table, and the way he piled up his plate and made the food disappear was a wonder. He relished it so much that he made us hungry. I was introduced and talked to him through a mutual friend interpreter. The natives regard him as a big man, so do I, for when I stood by his side my 200 pounds made me look like a skeleton in comparison. My friend, Dr. G. G. Eitel, would have to hoist him on the operating table with a derrick and use a telescope to locate his appendix.

The Tongans are good travelers. They not only visit the neighboring islands but go as far as New Zealand. They bring their mats and rugs and prefer the floor to the bunk. A cabin opposite mine was converted into a kind of native hut and crowded with bananas and cocoanuts. When they go third class, they sleep on deck, smoke cigarets, sing and dance, put on a few clothes and more cocoanut oil.

Cocoanut oil is the Standard Oil of the South Seas. It is food and dress. It makes your hair grow, your skin shiny, your muscles supple, drives away insects and people unused to its odor, cures mosquito bites, protects from sun-stroke, keeps you warm and cool and kills the smell of sweat. I brought a bottle of it home and have carefully anointed my head with oil, yet its many applications have resulted in no more hair. My scalp is still a dangerous place for a fly to use as a promenade deck.

### HAPPY HAAPAI



WE mariners were more fortunate, and sailing through a low, shelving coral reef, anchored in the roadstead. We were taken by lighters and happily landed at Pangai. Shiny, wet, copper-colored boys and girls, who had been in swimming, met us. Happy kids in their heavenly climate with fruits and flowers, bathing their brown oily skins in tropic pools or surf, eating bananas and pineapples, drinking cocoanuts and chasing each other like butterflies! How much better off than our street gamins kept off the grass, arrested if they take some Methuselah fruit from a corner stand, running the risk of being run over as they splash their feet in the muddy gutter, or of being arrested because they bathe in some dirty canal without an expensive bathing

suit! The main street or beach boulevard was a grassy pasture where little horses were feeding and bare-footed natives were hurrying on account of the approaching storm. If it was to be a big storm, we wanted a big house for protection, not the tiny huts where native men and women wore little more than the towel which they would need when drenched.

### A RAMSHACKLE PALACE



HELTER was found in the king's palace. It looked like a Kentucky courthouse with porches round about and a royal coat of arms over the front door. What it needed most was a coat of paint. The iron roof was patched up where a previous hurricane had enjoyed a ripping good time. The porch was sunken, the door off its hinges and we entered a barn of a place that would have been a paradise for a beast, not a man. This favorite summer palace of the fat king at Nukualofa was an illustration of Hood's poem of "The Haunted House." The bare-armed and coatless native keeper led us through all the rooms but one. It was locked. Perchance it had been the haunt of a ghost, though surely a respectable ghost would think twice before staying here. The house was so shaky there would be no ghost of a chance for it in a hurricane. The best thing about this palace was the big ground and picturesque palms. At the gate we met a fat Samoan with a fat horse, who arranged at a fat price to drive us around the town and across to the other side of the island.

### FRIENDLY ISLANDERS



HE SAT next to me, and I noticed a dark blue pantalet of pretty design under his sulu. To accommodate my curiosity he pulled it up and I found it was a tattoo extending from his knee to his waist, as elaborately worked as any piece of French tapestry. These South Sea suits are warranted never to wear out or lose their color.

Our drive was through villages where naked children romped under palms or played around stacks of cocoanuts piled about the huts like cannon balls. Everywhere were signs of a



HUTS AND NUTS

HAAPAI, TONGA



HOUSE WRECKED BY HURRICANE

HAAPAI, TONGA

recent hurricane loss, with trees down, tops off, and huts twisted and unroofed. It began to rain and we followed some children who were hurrying to their house for shelter, their arms filled with fruit. We stopped at a grass house and entered unceremoniously. An old man smiled us a welcome. He was sitting on the mat floor holding a baby in his arms. Nearby a mother sat tending a child in trouble. She dropped it to pick up a loose wrap which she threw over her bare shoulders. When the driver told them who we were, bananas and coconuts were brought in and we ate and drank to the health and happiness of these Haapai children. Two native Tongan girls came in to visit, sat down, and instead of tucking up their skirts, tucked their legs to one side, placing one foot over the other and beating time with toe and ankle. There in that little grass hut, squatting like toads under a leaf, we proved the Friendly Islands' hospitality.

## HOUSE AND HOME



HERE is no place like the lowly thatched cottage of a Tongan. It is boat-shaped, a kind of Noah's Arkitecture, woven like a basket and roofed with strips of screw-palm and dried pandanus. There are no windows to hang an ice or milk card in, to spy on your neighbors or to hurry and shut in a storm. Ventilation and a dim religious light enter through the leafy wall. The one or two doors, or holes, in the sides of the hut never have rusty hinges or slam in your face. It is a little house and has little in it. In place of rugs there are small mats of cocoanut leaves. The sleeping pandanus mats are restful to them, but would bring me bugs and everything else but sleep. Instead of a magic mat to take you to dreamland, it is a wrestling mat where you struggle with bugs and centipedes. The bamboo pillows resemble executioner's blocks. There is no "strong box" for valuables, only a cedar one with lock and key standing handy to keep a fancy dress or hat, and fans and combs, a foot long, made from the mid-rib of the cocoa-palm and woven with thread or human hair in beautiful design. There is a cooling pot for the hot stuff cooked outside, and a flashlight or lantern throws its gloomy glare on the family circle at night gathered around the

big, blue, bloated, kava bowl. The more modern houses are made of concrete, iron-roofed, plastered, and hammered into the boat-shape of the reed and thatched hut. They are ugly, but keep out the rain and wind and keep in the stale air and heat.

Tongans live in these queer little houses and are proud and hold their heads high. They said God first made the Tongans, then the pigs, and then the white men. The hoggish way some of the whites have acted towards the natives, in grabbing lands and goods, puts them in a much lower class than animals with curly tail and grunt that run in and out of the huts at pleasure. A native village, with its little huts nestling among cocoanut trees, and surrounded by breadfruit and bananas, is a charming sight. When I left this thatched home sweet home, I put some money in the baby's hand, the little fingers clutched round it, the ma and grandpa were pleased, and we were more than repaid.

### CHAIN OF EVENTS



THE sky cleared, and we cleared out through endless cocoanut and banana groves to the other side of the island. Instead of sand there was brown coral, the breakers roared on the reef, and the only beach-combers were the waves. We rested under old gnarled trees that had breasted many a storm, gathered shells and coral, and decided this would be a perfect spot for another Crusoe wreck. Little huts, schools and a church were passed on our way back to the boat. Everybody here waits for their ships to come in. Though few and far between, like most angel's visits, they bring them tin can food for their stomach and newspaper pabulum for their minds. Then there is a feast, followed by another famine. These people seem as far away and lonely as the man in the moon.

At dinner we were startled by a rattling racket, as if an endless anchor had been let down. It was a chain they were trying to load on a lighter and send ashore. Our chain gang of natives let it break away, and down it went. The mate noticed the last gurgle where it sank and marked it with a buoy. Early next morning he was out there in a rowboat with a Fijian, who jumped overboard and located the chain. The

diver came up and reported, dived again, fastened a rope to it, came up blowing and smiling, and hitched the rope to the derrick. The winches turned, the chain was landed in the lighter, and what I thought was an impossible task was done as easily as picking up a dog-chain from a barn floor. I had such admiration for that strong, sensible Fijian that I was sure he could find the "missing link."

### SWALLOWS' CAVE



WE WEIGHED anchor, I don't know how many pounds, for a six hours' run to the Vauvau group. Unlike the low coral islands, it was thrown up by a volcano's sick stomach. The "Atua" sailed by islands, peninsulas, foaming reefs, white beaches, sapphire winding bays and headlands full of yawning caves. It was March 17th, and the Tongan islands were wearing the green. They looked as if shaken out of the divine dicebox.

Neifau, Vauvau's port, was five miles distant, and there was something worth seeing before reaching it. The ship's steam launch was lowered in a pouring rain, and we started out on a choppy sea for the nearby island of Copa, to see the Swallows' Cave.

Unlike the cave at Capri, where you duck to enter, we sailed boldly into the narrow mouth with its big tooth-like rock hanging overhead. It was dark as a pocket until a sailor lit a flambeau. In the green and blue glare we saw the beautiful frescoes and designs of sailors' names and tourists' initials daubed in tar, paint and smoke on all sides of the cave. The interior of this cathedral, cave, or whatever else you please to call it, is some 200 feet around and 100 feet high. Just below the roof is an odd-shaped stalactite column, and the light reflected from it and the roof revealed the coral in the water beneath. There is a hole at the top of the cave, and the light fell on a big stalagmite column that rises from the water. The sailor struck it with a boat hook until it rang out like a bell-buoy. There was a flap of startled wings, and the frightened birds that flew out of Swallows' Cave were bats. Another surprise was a big black and white snake, a sea-serpent that rose from the water and crawled on a rock as if to measure the

height and depth of the cave with his tape-like skin. We saw and left this much read of and dreamed about South Sea cavern—a robbers' roost of darkness, dampness, initials, bats and snakes.

## CAVE DWELLERS



MARINER'S cave is not far from here though it can only be seen with a diving suit and pulmotor aid. Annette Kellermann might enter it—some who have tried were drowned in the attempt. The story goes that a young Tongan chief, who was hungry for turtle soup, made a dive of several feet, and swimming thirty feet under water, came up to breathe and found himself in a big cave. It seems he was in love with a beautiful princess whose parents objected to the match and made his courting very difficult. One day he covered her with palm leaves, loaded her in his canoe as cargo, and sailed to the submarine cave. He stripped her and himself of a necktie suit not even suitable for a bathing suit, and asking her to jump over with him, and hold to his toe, or follow the light of his heels, he swam down and reached the cave's bridal chamber. He kept her here safe and sound until the family storm blew over, when he brought her home high and dry. They were married and lived unhappily ever afterwards.

Mariner heard the story, went to England and wrote about it. Byron read it and was inspired to give us "The Island," a story of the cave and its surroundings. The cave is called Oma-Uka, diving, or Mariner's cave, a good place for mermaids, mermen and all venturesome travelers who want to come back and tell a story. In 1884 Captain Luce of the Royal navy risked his way into this cave, but coming out rose too soon and was so badly cut by the sharp coral rocks that he died.

## VAUVAU'S POW-WOW



IT WAS raining, yet the approach to Vauvau, by island, cliff, wood and bay was as attractive as Japan's Inland Sea. Our English ship fastened at the concrete dock, and her arrival was celebrated with the flying of German flags. I wondered at it, and learned that

was about the only flag they had, since most of the merchants were Germans. Vauvau is one of the Tongan group, is under the English protectorate, and any kind of a flag or rag pleased the natives who were celebrating the Tongan king's birthday. It was a red rag to John Bull's vision, still the officers endured it, for one of them confessed he was about to receive orders not to carry any more German passengers, mail or merchandise.

It blew and rained, but the natives who came down to see us didn't seem to mind it very much. Some stood around in lavas and undershirts, as if they wanted their clothes washed on their backs. Others were held back at the end of the dock by the police. The crowd was dressed in colored wrappers and stood under umbrellas. Satisfied with looking us over, they went up the hill-road and along the shore-street lined with stores. The merchant carries muslins and cheap household articles which he exchanges to the natives for copra, receiving the big end of the bargain. He gets as much as he can for as little as possible, and sells and ships it with big profit. We followed the mob up hill in mud, the softest and deepest I ever swam through, and splashed down an alley over heaps of wet copra to the dock, where the celebration was being held. It kept on raining, yet this only added to the festivity of the occasion. There was a diving and swimming contest and a race between two fish rowboats. The native starter fired a shotgun for a signal, and the four men in each boat bent to oars that flew out of their locks. The crowd howled to their friends, and long before the buoy was reached the rowers were exhausted and looked like drowning men. Any exertion here at any time is difficult, and all this energy once a year was overpowering.

In order to be companionable and unsuspected I had not ventured a single word of German on the English boat. With the Union Jack in the distance, and a German storekeeper beside me, I shot out some gracious and grammatical German that put me in favor. He immediately talked of the king and copra, opened his store and heart, and sold me post cards and stamps.

## BEFORE THE STORM



NO RIGS were possible, but we rigged up with rain-coats, gums and umbrellas for a tour of exploration. Up the hill to the right was a stone church, and on entering we found mats instead of seats for the worshippers, and walls decorated with effigies of Saviours and saints. Just outside, by a lone tree, there was a pyramid-shaped ship-signal. It was made of white painted lattice and used as a marker for ships to sail by. Beyond and rising from a two stone base layer was a stone cross to guide the thoughts and souls of any who might sink with Peter's doubt, and be saved by his Master's faith.

Slipping down the muddy hill we passed wood and iron roofed houses and came to a native thatched village. It was embowered in a garden of luscious green oranges, graceful cocoanut palms, thickets of flaming red hibiscus and white frangipanni blossoms. There was a church, and we rolled away the stone from its sepulchre door and entered. The wind was holding service, the rain was entering the broken windows, and a large cocoanut palm outside was stretching its hand in blessing. This place had seats for the worshippers and a mourners' bench for the sinners. Instead of going forward we sat and leaned against the posts which were all bound round with a sinnet string.

Leaving the rain to offer floods of penitential tears we started towards a miserable little shed where a man was cooking his meal. Dirty black pigs and children went in and out at pleasure. The old chief invited us in and pointed to the yams and taro he was preparing before a big blazing fire that looked and felt very good in a drizzle.

In broken English he urged us to wait and eat. The rain was falling down his back as he pointed to the gray sky and said, "Hurricane?" He looked like the husband of one of Macbeth's witches. I said, "No hurricane," though it was then growing dark and the wind was rising. He echoed my words in an incredulous way, as if I were no prophet, or only a false one. For fear I hadn't told the truth, and there might be one, I stopped at a big native church fitted with seats and a pulpit for the most faithful and fastidious. There was a Bible and

some song books in the Tongan tongue that I no more understood than the model of the ship suspended over the pulpit. Whether it was an ad, ornament, pictorial object lesson to illustrate Noah's Ark, or the final voyage to be made between the shores of time and eternity I couldn't make out, and so went out. The last thing I saw before going aboard was the fat, famous Finau floundering like a hippo in the mud.

I remained on ship that evening and played the piano on a keyboard that grew damper and wetter as the storm rose. The piano was "stuck" on the wet weather, and got flatter every minute. Evelyn de la Nux and the boys went ashore to the postmaster's house. He had married a native and was the father of many daughters.

While many bachelor sports make money and love to native girls, and then skip away, there are other men who marry a native and remain with her half-caste children. This marriage-tie is a cable that holds them from going home to their native land. They settle down satisfied in this semi-native existence, with an occasional European letter or paper, set of furniture and stock of canned goods.

The girls played the pianola, and spent the evening between playing it and jumping up to look at the barometer, for it was falling, like everybody's spirits. The disastrous hurricane of a few months before had begun the same way.

I went to bed early, but shot up about three A. M., with the wind blowing great guns. On deck I met Captain Fletcher, a mild, clerical-looking man, who could swear for five minutes without repeating himself. He was in charge of the Fijian crew, and had not slept a wink as he was trying to get the copra loaded from the warehouse to the boat. It was useless, for the Fijians were so frightened that they crawled into the warehouse and hid among the copra sacks.

### NATIVE VAUDEVILLE



OPRA must be loaded dry or it spoils, and since the rain was coming down in sheets they had a holiday. Later in the morning some Tongans came down to the wharf, the men dressed in lava-lavas and the women in gowns. We looked down on them from our prison ship and they glanced up to us free and funny. They were

Neptune's sons and daughters and gave exhibitions of aquatic sports. Men climbed a high ladder to the top of the copra shed and dived off, and when they came up, stood under a water spout to let the rain wash the salt out of their hair. Boys and girls ran after one another and pushed each other off the wharf with a ten-foot splash. Some walked to the edge, put their arms around each other in strong embrace, a few played leap frog, and one wrapped his legs around his girl's hips, and holding her by the shoulders, jumped. Laughing and talking, the women came near our Fijian gang in their wet, clinging diaphanous robes and rags that revealed more than concealed their bronze breasts and bodies. Some only seemed to be wrapped in a sheet of rain or veiled like Venus in phantom robe of spray. The storm grew stronger, so did the native performance. A Fijian climbed high to dive deep, when the wind blew his lava-lava from his body as a streamer from a mast, to his great dismay and the delight of the Tongan natives. Their spirits rose with the wind, and some of the boys and girls about high noon gave some high jinks in the form of a dance that was a combination of the Samoan, Tongan, Fijian and Hawaiian dances. Oh, nymphs, semi-nude and naughty! Your dance, with its ecstatic frenzy, flying hair and skirt, was very nympholeptic. A continuous performance ran until dark and we showed our appreciation by throwing apples.

### IN THE HURRICANE



MEANWHILE the barometer was falling and the storm rising. The natives on shore were busy tying their houses down and the merchants putting on their hurricane doors and shutters. Tongans swam out to row-boats in the bay and sunk them instead of bringing them ashore where they might be pounded to pieces. Yachts were stripped of sail and cleared of deck and made fast with extra chains and anchors. And what of us? The captain tied us up to the concrete wharf with seventeen big cables and hawsers. The doors of the copra sheds were locked and nailed, and at dark our Tongan performers started home, bending double before the wind.



“COME IN, THE WATER’S FINE!”



IN THE HURRICANE

VAUVAU, TONGA

There was no seasickness in this land-locked harbor, yet we all looked pale and green at the dinner table. I ate a little more than usual for ballast and before we had finished Merlon left the table and cheered us up by playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," on the piano. He thought it was funny. A few of the passengers wore a sickly smile, some tittered hysterically, but he was not encored. The fact was we were never more serious at a funeral, since it might be ours before morning. I asked the captain what was doing, and he said, "Wait till ten o'clock tonight and you will see."

The "Atua" had no hurricane deck when we started, but now every deck was a hurricane deck. Darkness was over us, roar around us, water under us and everything so dismal that we went to bed early and hoped to forget it all. I went to my cabin seclusion and security to pray the Christ of Galilee might still this storm.

About midnight I was awakened by the bombardment of the wind and an awful crash. Opening my eyes I found the lights turned on and my wife pinning something to her waist. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Pinning my money and ticket on, so that if I am blown away in the hurricane I will have something to get home with."

As a precaution, I had retired half-dressed and was soon up groping through the dark alley and up the saloon stair that resembled a cascade. The rain was leaking overhead from the boat-deck and sky-light, making lakes on the carpet and soaking the sofa. The piano looked like a stranded boat on which the water was playing the "Ocean Roll." I passed the cabin where a Samoan half-caste boy, clad in his nightgown, was praying and counting his beads, while beads of tears and sweat rolled down his face. On the saloon sofa, as if the rain had not already soaked it enough, lay a young girl in a shower of tears. The captain and first officer were on deck, running about in bare feet, with lanterns in their hands, charging against the shrapnel of the rain and cannonading of the wind. Down on the dock one or two lights moved about as the sailors paused to see if the cables and the posts were holding. By this dim light I could see the doors of the copra shed had blown away, frightened Fijian faces peering out of the darkness, and on land specks of light moving here and there as if anxious

owners were looking to see where their houses had gone. The one thing I saw more than anything else was a barometer that until now had seemed more for ornament than use. It was the object of all attention because it had gone down to 29.13, a point that made us wish we were far out at sea with a chance in the storm, and not tied to a wharf to be battered about.

Aeolus is a wind-jammer, the inspiration of many an orator and the desperation of the sailor. He shuts the winds up in his cave, looses them and calls them back at Neptune's command.

The wind is the world's best traveler. He makes a Marathon race across the sea, and hitting up the pace from breeze, to a pace moderate, fresh and stormy, hurricanes all the way from one to a hundred and twenty feet a second. Whether regular or periodic, he is a slave-master who lashes the waves.

The wind rushed, roared and raved, shrieked and screamed at our cables. I have been introduced to vernal winds that fan the cheek of infancy and the fevered face of old age; trade winds that go right along and mind their own business; cold winds from the frozen North or hot from the torrid South; winds gentle as a kiss or furious as a storm; winds that whistle like a school boy or wail like a lost soul; boggy winds that squall and scare and are full of frets and fits; winds that blow no good; wanton winds that caress the neck of land, limbs of trees and arms of shore; rough old gales, but I never had the pleasure of meeting a mad hurricane that smites a ship and laughs at its wreck. It is an escaped maniac that runs amuck and destroys all in its path; a howling dervish that spins around and yells; the one untamable savage in the South Seas; the one thing that ought to be arrested for speeding.

They sow the wind down here and reap the hurricane, and whether we like the symphonies or not the chief wind-instrument in Hell's orchestra is the hurricane. Some members of our party felt they would not receive the full value of their money unless there was a hurricane, the rip-snorter kind that hisses like an arrow, slashes the palms, mops up the pineapple patches with cocoanut branches, makes the native yards and plantations look weary and worn and tears off the roofs of houses and hurls huts and fences into destruction. I had my money's worth without this hurricane. In East St. Louis I

saw a locomotive picked up and thrown across the street. That was enough for me. No more sleep, and if I was to be translated, like Elijah, from earth to heaven, I wanted to be wide awake and have my clothes on.

## WRECKED



THE longest night has a dawn. The day came with no sun, the decks were covered with grass and weeds blown from the shore, the little bay was whipped up into madcap foam and the big boat that we had seen the night before had dragged anchor and disappeared like the Flying Dutchman's ship. Through the filmy curtain of the rain the tall palms swayed and bent their heads in grief over their companions who were laid low. Shrubs and fruit trees were snapped off, oranges and cocoanuts blown down and piled high in the streets; fences looked like ruined sheets of zig-zag lightning; native huts were rubbish heaps in back yards; a church was unroofed, and I later talked with its pastor who said his people were poorer than ever, but willing to make big sacrifices to rebuild. A German trader told me the copra crop would be set back two years and the loss would run into thousands of pounds. Although thirteen inches of rain had fallen in eight hours, two "dry" Swedes came on board. When they learned I was from Minneapolis and had visited Sweden, they said, "Skol," and I "skoled" in ginger ale.

Towards noon some natives came down to sell the oranges they had picked up in the storm, and others to dive and dance in gay skirts decorated with flowers stripped from the trees. They made merry, though it poured. Nothing could dampen their joy. We had new deck sports. The boys stood on canvas chairs that acted as sails while the wind blew them the length of the slippery decks. The captain intended to stay over night, or long enough to land the cargo. This was the third day we had been tied up and he felt we must sail, though he left much of the cargo behind.

## LOST



ALL of us were aboard at 5:15 P. M. except three Fijians. The whistle blew and nought but echo answered. Were they killed, blown away, lost, strayed or stolen? The last, I think, for some beautiful siren Tongans were last seen talking to them. If beauty draws with a single hair, what capillary attraction there must be between men and women who have more hair than anything else? It is an open secret that the Fijian men love the Tongan women. They used to sail up here and get the pretty Tongan girls for wives before the missionaries came. Of course, this was ungallant and caused jealousy and heart-ache among the Fijian girls, who felt they were as big, shiny and attractive as their lighter colored sisters. Now every trip is a novel "Three Weeks" experience. When the Fiji crew comes to Tonga some long-haired Samsons remain behind with the dancing Delilahs until the next boat comes, when they are looked up and returned, for the ship is responsible for their bodies if not their souls.

## CAST UP



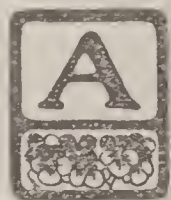
MORE rain and wind and three inches of water on the deck! A man paddled by me in rubber boots, sou'wester coat, and a hat under which I saw the white face and determined look of Captain Wallis as he hurried to the bridge. The bell rang, the full steam that had been kept up for emergency since we had lain in dock sighed relief; the screws turned and churned; sixteen cables were loosened, only one had given way to the storm and pulled up the piling, and as we waved good-bye to the Tongans and the shores we might never see again, the "Atua" rolled out of the harbor into the teeth of the storm in the fast growing dark to get out into the deep sea, away from the rocks, reefs, headlands and islands which surround the harbor.

Can you imagine what the sea was after a three days' blow? Our ship was tossed up and around like a rowboat. We shipped seas and the islands we had passed coming in were beleaguered by big waves that hurled themselves against the bases, climbed

up the sides, madly broke over their palmy tops 100 feet in the air and fell down the other side in cascades of spray. It was a miniature Niagara, glorious with thunder and foam.

Our good ship was on end and so were we with motion and commotion. A few passengers went to dinner from force of habit, but soon came up. My wife said, "I'm going to lose my dinner," and before she could get to the rail she lost it on the deck. "L" said, "I'll put mine where she put hers," but was very noisy in making the transfer. Mary said, "I can't stand it, and here goes mine from pure sympathy." Not to be outdone, I chipped in and said, "I can throw mine as far as anybody," and did. Many others were doing the same thing, with this difference, that we used the deck and ocean for spew pans, while they were filling their cabins and bunks. Sad that when all nature was so fearful and sublime, human nature showed "how poor a thing is man."

## A DESOLATE ISLAND



AFTER a delightful stay at Samoa, we stopped near Niuafoou, a little island with a big name. It belongs to Tonga, is less than ten miles in circumference, is round, volcanic and has the reputation for producing the biggest cocoanuts in the world. We saw no nuts or much else, save a few natives on the bluff. A recent hurricane had cut off the tops of the cocoanut trees as if with a knife and blown them over and around until the trunks and trees looked like a log-jam. None of the huts and houses had been left untouched, for everywhere was wreckage of fence and roof. The poor people had picked up stray pieces of timber and were trying to put them together like a puzzle. The hurricane broke the trees and houses and our arrival broke their monotony, for they all came down to see us, dressed in their white nightgown Hubbards. The shore is ragged with rocks. The sea is so rough here that no ship can dock, and I knew what the little Tongan boy meant when he wrote in his copybook, "The island of Niuafoou is very awful." Though wind, waves and rocks are rough, the natives seemed unruffled. They live on fruit and tinned stuff and it is only natural that their mental food of papers, letters and magazines should be "canned."

## TIN CAN MAIL



TO lighten the dark places of the earth, the officers took an empty coal oil can and filled it with letters and literary matter, to which we had contributed some dog-eared magazines and letters mailed to ourselves. The can was soldered, made waterproof and thrown overboard. A sturdy native postman was soon seen beating and brushing the waves and floating astride of a pole to which was attached a tin box of mail in exchange for the one we were to give him. It was a kind of lettre de cachet, and he had to catch it for he had come three miles to catch it, and if he didn't he would catch it when he got back to shore. Officer Adkins threw it over, and as the man caught it I caught him with the kodak. He wrestled with the waves, went up and down like a bobber to a fish line, till, half exhausted, he neared the rocky shore, where his male friends drew him and his tin box in. We sighed with relief. The postoffice civil service here only requires a man shall be able to swim. The other offices are limited to natives who work on the cocoanut plantation, when the hurricane leaves any, or spend their leisure time in talking about each other.

## SWIMMING ASHORE



THE captain gave a permit for one passenger to land if he could, to remain there a month until the next boat came, and further permission also to a cocoanut trader who wanted to get a list of necessary supplies for the inhabitants who were in a starving condition on account of the late hurricane.

First Mate Adkins and five others were lowered in a boat with the two men who wanted to land. It looked like a marooning trip. Their boat bobbed like a cork—to land was impossible; so the natives ran down to a jutting rock and threw out a rope. Our traveler pulled off his coat and jumped into the sea like Schiller's diver, came up again, and as he swam and struggled in the waves, grabbed the rope and was hauled ashore. All this time the inhabitants were enjoying this movie spectacle. Another rope was thrown, the boat came nearer the breakers and caught it, and the passenger's valise and precious



THE TIN CAN MAIL

. NIUAFOOU, TONGA



TONGAN BELLES

bundle of clothes and films were passed over and pulled in like a fish. The wet goods were safely landed. The other man followed suit and his clothes were equally wet and needed pressing. The passengers on the ship enjoyed the show as much as the natives on shore, although it was a serious matter. The mate's white suit mingled with the white of the waves as he directed these toilers of the sea. It was another scene for a Hugo to describe. We watched their struggle and spent our extra breath in prayer that they might return safely, and they did. Tourist facilities at this island are unique. If blasé pleasure-seekers want a new thrill, let them try and land here.

### NIUAFOOU NOTES



THE island is volcanic, and its crater can hardly be blamed for getting sick of its isolation and vomiting occasionally. Some years ago, when it was active, the captain offered to take the natives away to another island, but they preferred to remain because they loved its loneliness. There is a lake in the center, with no vegetation around it. When the natives are meat-hungry, they are permitted to kill the wild cattle. They raise cocoanuts and ship their copra by sliding it down a chute to a lighter.

Though this island is near Fiji the Tongans own it. In Chief Finau's day some young sports drifted here and found some fine Fijian wood, canoes and clubs. They went back to Tonga, made bigger and better canoes and clubs, came back to Niuafoou, whipped their teachers and grabbed several isles in this Windward group. Thus hurricane and pirates early spoiled it. Nevertheless this fleet of islands is firmly anchored, in spite of storm and volcano, and has not yet drifted from its moorings. The Tongan pirates became associated with Fijian customs and are more Fijian than Tongan in their work, dance and play.

## BLACK BIRDERS



HERE'S a piece of land with an interesting bit of history in the Friendly group. It is called Pylstaart. A ship anchored there in 1891 and the curious natives came near and were invited by the captain to climb the ladders and come up on deck. They did this, and looking into the open hatches saw a mine of wealth in the shape of guns, money, ornaments and fishing tackle. It was wonderful, but the most wonderful thing was when they were asked to go down and help themselves. What followed was the story of the spider and the fly. They went down and did not come up, for the hatchways were closed and they were carried away in slavery, with the exception of the old chief, who jumped overboard and escaped amid a shower of bullets.

The white men loved to hunt. There were few birds in the islands, so they hunted these black people, made a blacklist passenger list and sold their blackbird game into slavery. This was as dark as anything in Africa.

The natives were promised wages in trade, worked hard and were given rubbish and junk instead of money. No wonder their relatives put the white men on the blacklist and became mad, murdering devils whenever they got a chance. The heartless story of the black birder makes a very black page in South Sea history. The English government was not guiltless in this game, and after moral indignation from within and out had been brought to bear, the "blackbird," like the Dodo, became a thing of the past. This bad condition of affairs cried to heaven for vengeance, and Lincoln's God sent it to hell. The memory of this outrage still rankles, and no white man or nation can ever gain the respect or love of kind, innocent people, who happen to be brown or black, by acting like the devil towards them.

## TONGAN TRAITS



IN the Tongan group there are about a hundred islands, some of which Tasman discovered in 1643 and Cook visited three times. As a people they are happy and innocent, according to their history, and simple, generous and polite. The Wesleyans have helped the natives in religion and morals. Some of the missionaries' best work

was done with a hammer and a medicine chest, not with the sword of doctrinal discussion. Too often the natives, whom the Creator had given shelter, food and clothing, had their simplicity, purity and prosperity spoiled by the white man's laws and examples.

The Tongans had a spiritual and temporal power. Both offices were hereditary and supposed to be descended from the gods. The earthly king was stronger than the heavenly and could not enter the home of the spiritual Tui-Tonga chief unless invited.

The Tongans are fine-appearing. They have well-shaped heads and look bright and intelligent. Their mouth is large, lips full, nose rather broad at the base but well cut, teeth white and strong, and their eyes as burning as their skies.

No longer do they wrestle and dance gracefully. Alack, their laka-laka dance is no more as of old. Civilization is so often a vulgar veneer that one wishes they had kept their own religion, old sports, games and manners which made the men brave, the women kind and generous and all of them less afraid to die than now. It is difficult and often disastrous to graft European political and religious ideas on South Sea natives, yet from a commercial and moral point of view England has effected some real good in her colonies.

Poor little Tonga Islands, with less than 25,000 souls—but proud little Tonga declaring her neutrality in the Franco-Prussian war and her determination now to be unpartizan between Germany and the Allies. Some people have elephantiasis of foot and hand; Tongan natives have it in their head, for it is big and swelled. Yet she is to be admired in spite of her poverty and pride when it is remembered that less than 100 years ago Tonga was scarcely known, cannibalism was practiced, visitors were not allowed except at feasts, and Christianity had not come with its doctrine of brotherhood.



## 48 HOUR DAY



LEAVING Vauvau we rolled all that Friday night, were tempest-tossed Saturday, and to feel at peace with the world Sunday and give the sea and ourselves a chance to calm down, called the next day Saturday, too, making the two Saturdays a long Saturday of 48 hours. You see, we picked up a day that had been torn from the calendar, dropped overboard and left floating around. Crossing meridian 180 to Australia you lose a day, returning you gain one. I hope this is clear to the reader, for on the sea it is very confusing. Captain Wallis could stand two Saturdays, but not two Sundays. The crew was compelled to work two days, but on the way back lost one and so evened things up. Think of the awful calamity of having two Sundays on shipboard, with a crew without work and the passengers compelled to hear two services from purser, captain or minister.

All were up early, the 30th hour of this 48-hour day, to watch the passengers parade the decks in pajamas and bathrobes, for the air was balmy and every one was anxious to see

the beautiful island of Upolu, Samoa. Over went the anchor, and through the glass I saw Apia and the Union Jack flying over German Samoa.

Martial law prevailed. It was no longer German, but English Samoa. The New Zealander had come in and taken possession several months before and we were informed we couldn't come back to the boat with more than 25 dollars. That was easy, for we didn't have very much. The question was, what could we do on shore with even that amount?

### A LOVING ENEMY



HAT I most wanted to see was "Vailima," Robert Louis Stevenson's home, until recently the German consul's headquarters. There was only one way. A Mrs. Cotton of Auckland was en route to Apia to see her soldier husband. We had been friends on ship board and I helped her discover him in the harbor. When he came on board she introduced him to my wife. When I spoke of "Vailima," he said things were different now, but he would write me a letter of introduction to Mr. Conrad, the German keeper, who would show us around. Armed with the letter, we stepped into a rowboat manned by "three-fingered Jack" and crew. We passed the rusty shell of the wrecked German warship "Adler," the only one of the fated three American and three German vessels to be seen. March 16th and 17th, 1889, they were all riding at anchor in the bay when they were hurled on the coral reef by the hurricane and beaten to pieces. The ships had tried to uphold a Samoan king and depose another, but Neptune, with his great guns of wind, blew them all to bits. Then the best sermon on "Love your enemies" was preached by the heathen king, Seumanatofa. He and his brave people rushed from the shore to the rescue, saved the soldiers and sailors, treating them as hospitably with food, shelter and clothing as the Barbarians did the shipwrecked Apostle Paul in the Adriatic. Virtue and valor were a something plus their own reward. Uncle Sam gave Seumanatofa a fine boat and a heavy gold watch and chain big enough to anchor it.

## APIAN WAYS



INSTEAD of natives swimming out to meet us, we were welcomed by New Zealand soldiers who surrounded us, saying the water was fine. It was beginning to be warm enough to make me think so. As we left the dock and walked on the sand to the street, curio-sellers offered us beads, shells, fans, flowers and baskets. I noticed one woman, short and fat, who wore a big fig-leaved Mother Hubbard. Though quite young, she had a heavy head of perfectly white hair. Poor thing! I thought, some great grief or fright must have done it. My sympathy was wasted. The scare that turned her hair white was the scare of a small insect that escapes the teeth of a fine comb. Every Saturday the native women plaster their hair with lime, so that when they go to church Sunday morning they may have a fresh yellow coiffure. This is sanitary and as stylish as the peroxide hair of a New York society blonde.

Nothing hurries here except the hurricane. After a long wait, "Jack" came back with a little two-wheeled cart that would have delighted a child in a kindergarten. I told him it was very short to be so long getting it, and he replied the British soldiers had grabbed all the strong horses for the army. I suppose this one was so small it had escaped notice. Three of us piled in a rig where only one could be comfortable, and "Jack" furnished a native guide, who took the horse by the bridle and began to pull us up to "Vailima," four miles away.

We were on the "Ala Sopo" main road and all sappy wet, for we hadn't bargained to push the horse and cart up the hill. But we had to do it. Sisyphus had a cinch with a stone that would roll up, but here was a balky horse that had to be pulled in front and pushed behind, while the guide belabored him on the side. The thermometer was over a hundred degrees, the road was rough and stony under foot, but there were compensating glimpses on the side—houses banked with ferns and flowers; little huts with love and a sewing machine and little else but babies; native boys swinging down the road carrying bunches of fruit on a pole across their shoulders; fifty girls from the Mission school in pink, blue and green Mother Hubbards, carrying baskets of fruit, sewing and embroidery. They were dark, yet carried umbrellas for style and sun-burn, and were bare-headed, footed and legged. The soldiers were not the



LIME-HAIRED NATIVE

APIA, SAMOA



NATIVE HOUSE AND GRAVE

SAMOA

only ones well armed, for these girls had beautiful arms and elbows. They looked at us with a smile as if to say, "Can't you come along?" We wished we could, for they were all out for a holiday, to swim and fish. If I had not had the religious duty of visiting Stevenson's grave with my wife, I would gladly have played fisherman to these mermaids.

## FLY TIME AND TEXT



NATIVE school was passed whose looks entitled it to a credit mark, as well as pretty flowered yards and homes, and a bathing pool where the soldiers were driving dull care away. We were kept busy, for when we stopped pushing the horse we were compelled to fight the flies. There were millions of them and sticky as molasses. They crawled, buzzed, made punctuation marks on my white suit and gave us a fly time. They have fly-dusters here and use them as in India and Egypt. Unlike the Samoan natives, the flies and fleas are busy all the time and stick to their job.

Flies and mosquitoes are the only birds I saw. If they annoyed me, how much more of a pest they must have been to the natives, who have so many more feet of bare skin exposed? They have a Pandora box legend that a Samcan girl showed the curiosity of her sex. Instead of taking the lid off a box, she took a knife and split two bamboo tubes to see what they contained. She found out, for she let out the plague of flies from the one and mosquitoes from the other.

A fly is a two-winged insect that acts as a scavenger to carry away filth or an agent to transmit disease.

Literature is full of flies. Homer compares an army to flies; Decker says men are untamable as flies; Shakespeare declares men are to the gods to be killed for sport as flies are to wanton boys. One of the Seven Wise Men wrote, "Laws are like cobwebs where the small flies are caught and the great ones break through." Lovelace writes a poem and Parnell an eclogue on "flies." Aesop uses a fly as a text on vanity, telling how one sat on the axle-wheel of a chariot, boasting, "What a dust do I raise," while in his "Flies and Honey" fable he shows how they were drawn by its sweetness, put their feet in it, ate greedily, but were so smeared with the honey they could not get

out, were suffocated, and while expiring exclaimed, "O foolish creatures that we are, for the sake of a little pleasure we have destroyed ourselves."

The Bible frequently refers to flies, and the writer of our text, Solomon, lived where the people used much aromatic oil. It was the chief business of the druggist to prepare it and place it in alabaster vases. So delicate was it that a small dead fly spoiled its substance and odor. Finding preaching in perfume, as Shakespeare found sermons in stones, the royal writer says this illustrates character which may be splendid in many ways, but a single, small imperfection spoils all.

How many flies, flaws and failings poor human nature is heir to!

Selfishness—The taproot of all sin was the desire to eat the apple and please self and not God. Today it shows itself in what forgets another's right and takes his money, business and wife. It is the prolific father and mother of war, robbery and murder.

Irritability—Some souls are ever tempest-tossed, not occasionally like an Alpine lake, but like the Bosphorus, with ceaseless whirl, eddy and countercurrent that nearly upsets your boat and always overturns your stomach.

Rudeness—Many people are unnecessarily blunt and rough and sneer when a smile would do. They quote John, Elijah and Luther and try to use their weapons without having their big battles to fight. Too often we forget the word "Christian" means courtesy and that there is a wide difference between the ferocity of an animal and the courage of a Christian.

Careless Dress—Clothes not only make the man and woman, but unmake them as well. Many lovers who spend much time and money for dress during courtship soon after marriage look like perfect frights, and it is not to be wondered at that they cease to be attractive and Cupid flies away. How sad! her dress a wrapper; his delight, one around a cigar!

Slang—Many words coarse in man are profane in woman. Slang seldom emphasizes and a good word is always nearby and better. Slang may carry conviction, but often brings the user down to the level of vulgarity. To sail by its dead reckoning is to reach strange latitudes where the true and beautiful are not discovered.

**Slander**—The thing that splashes with slime of hell white Magnolia souls, which can't be touched without contamination, is slander. Slander is the sword that cuts the heart until it silently bleeds to death; the scorpion lash that stings and scars.

**Gossip**—There are some evil hearts that think more of one sin found out than ninety-nine forsaken. The doctrine of total depravity need not be denied so long as there are so many people in public and private life who love to think, surmise, whisper, talk and write gloatingly over details which they distort and change to contrary and evil meaning. It were well if the tongue of the talker could be pinned to the ear of the listener and both punished.

**Fault-finding**—The heart is never so repulsive as when it wags an unkind tongue. There is room for criticism and reasonable moral indignation, but heaven save us from the men and women who damn the sun because of its few dark spots. Hail-storm words only beat down what they would nourish if melted into rain.

**Idle Words**—How many people think about nothing, talk about anything and laugh at everything! How many use superlatives for positives and the same adjectives for the candy they eat or ribbon they wear as for the statue they look at and the symphony they hear. Idle words are often found in the stale jokes of the press, the ante-Methuselah illustrations of the clergy and the fool things said by the orator to bring down the house.

Perfect we are not. The rose has thorns, the sky clouds and the day its night. Faults nestle in every heart in spite of watching, but let us seek as earnestly for perfection as if it were attainable here, remembering God has promised that it shall be ours hereafter.

Don't let "flies" speck and spoil your character.

### "ROAD OF GRATITUDE"



S travelers for a day, we were glad to rest by the road in native huts, whose kindly folks beckoned us to come in and drink cocoanuts and eat oranges. They plant no garden, for Nature has done that for them, but they do plant their dead relatives in the front yard, so that when

they look out from their haystack mushroom huts they can see the graves. There is no monument but a trellis with vines and flowers; no head or foot stone, only black stones in circle design over the grave, and big stones around it. A profane utilitarian of our party suggested the deceased must have been rich in phosphates, for there was unusual luxuriance around the grave. I don't know, but it looked as if the trellis was used as a clothes-rack, for a newly washed gown was spread over it to dry. If this is true, how beautiful the thought that the dead may not only be near but serviceable!

Nearing "Vailima," we passed a large sheet-iron store-house used for military supplies, and entered the "Road of Gratitude" that runs from the main road a quarter of a mile to Stevenson's home. I have often seen chain gangs and convicts making a public road out of growls and gravel, but not of "gratitude." During the novelist's life twenty-seven Samoan prisoners were so glad to get out of jail or felt so kindly to Mr. Stevenson, who had been allowed to feed them when they were in prison, that they came to "Vailima" and told him they wanted to show their love and loyalty by building this road, not for money, but love, "alofa" pure and simple. It was built in 1894 and Stevenson was delighted. He had a big social party at which prominent Samoans were present as well as some representative men of our own and other countries. They all sat on mats on the veranda and drank kava, were photographed, and R. L. S. read his familiar address, in which he spoke of the road and builders and declared he would live, die and be buried in Samoa. Seumanatofa, the hero of the hurricane, was present and made a speech. Chief Poe thanked the poet for his good advice, saying they would all try and live up to it.

We pushed the horse another quarter of a mile, and it was no horse-play. Horses are very human, they walk and balk sometimes, and some all the time. Stevenson wrote his famous "Travels with a Donkey" in Cevennes and Job asked, "Who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?" If both of them had had our tough job they could have added another volume and text to what they had written. We dragged into the big yard at "Vailima," with its grassy sward, flowers and fruit trees. No one was around. The horse stood without hitching, for he had hitched all the way there and was used to it.

All of us were admirers of Stevenson, were familiar with his books and life and were glad to enter the old two-storied home he had built with his own hands. It was no use to look for souvenirs, for we knew they had all been sold or stolen years before, but we did want a drink, and finding some distilled water in a bucket on the upstairs porch, we drained the last drop just as Mr. Conrad appeared with a look of "How dare you?" I told him "why" by handing him the letter. That was enough, for he practically said, "Help yourself," asked if we wanted something more to drink, saying there was a creek nearby, or if we were tired of water he could bring some wine and beer. He was anxious to entertain us, but Merlon, "L" and I had no time for that, for we were in a hurry to climb "Mount Vaea" and make a pilgrimage to Stevenson's grave. As the ladies were too hot and tired to make the trip, Mr. Conrad kindly offered to entertain them during our absence. Accordingly we sallied out with the native who had guided us and the horse so far.

## A FUNERAL MARCH



GOING back of the house, through a garden and over a creek, we plunged into a tropical thicket. It had been raining and the way was slippery with mud. Leaves and branches were thickly strewn over it as we climbed and wound up at an angle of forty-five degrees. There were no pleasures in these "pathless woods." A monkey could have reached the top easily by swinging from branch to branch and clinging to the vines, but I was fat and past forty and my monkey days were over. I had made a monkey of myself often on other occasions, but could not here.

I climbed, pushed, fell over fallen tree trunks, caught my foot in vines, perspired, panted, paused every few yards and more frequently as I neared the top. There was no breath of air or song of bird, only the noise of startled lizards and hosts of bugs and insects. Once while I was clutching a vine it gave way and I slipped down five feet. It would have been more if the guide had not reached up and caught my hips in his two hands and held and shoved me back. I have scaled hills, glaciers and mountains in many world travels, but noth-

ing to equal this tangle and thicket. If the wicked were compelled to climb this hill on a hot day they wouldn't be so "fast" to go to the place of Scripture torment. Fifty minutes of this Excelsior business, with no snow and ice, was the hardest work I ever did. When at last "L" and I reached the top, lo and behold, Merlon sat on the tomb smoking a cigaret and drying his undershirt.

### STEVENSON'S GRAVE



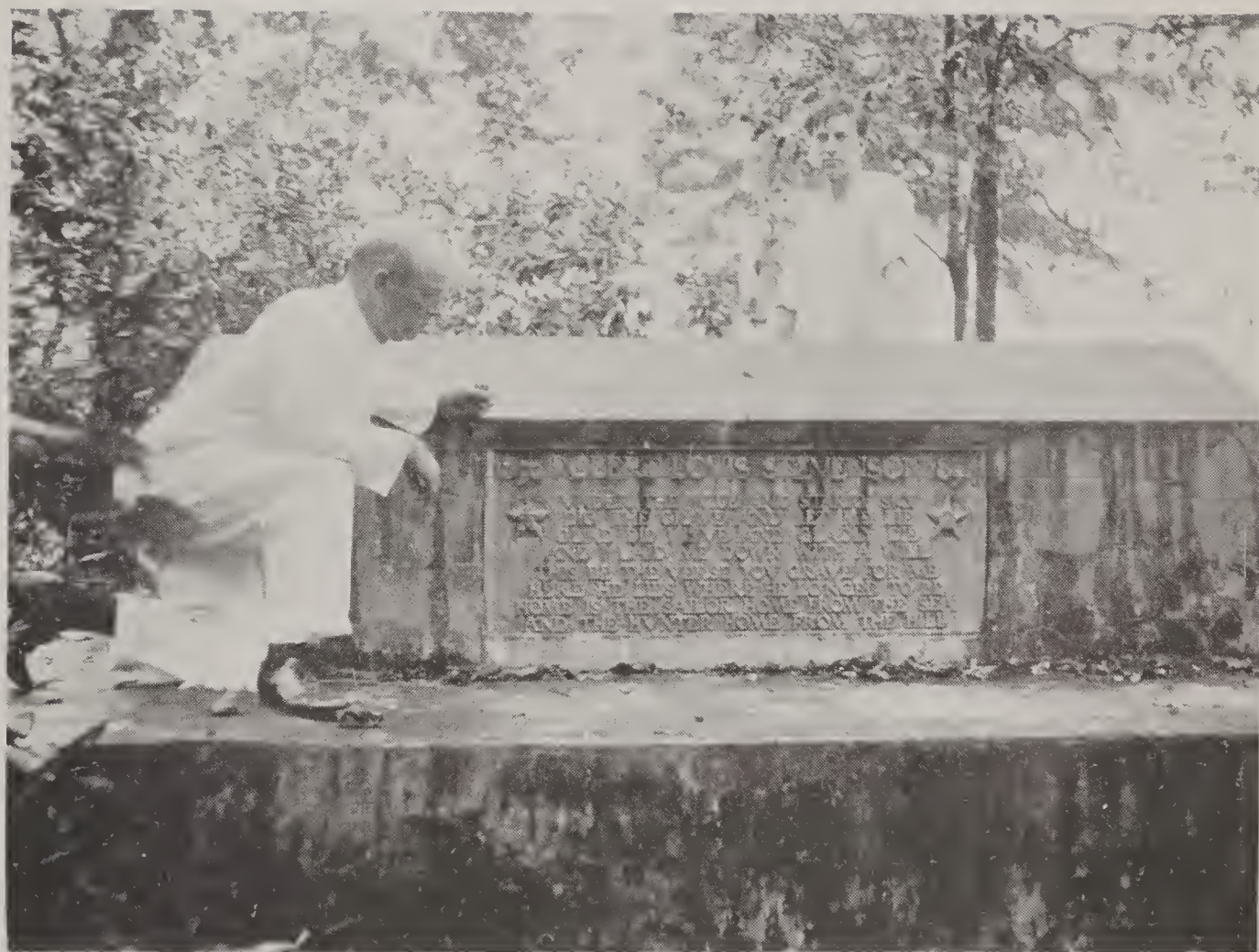
FELL down on the concrete slab to rest where Stevenson rests forever. A passing cloud took pity and sent a shower to refresh our tired spirits. Some people come here for a picnic and not a pilgrimage. A sailor told me he brought up a couple of cold bottles and a captain declared the best lunch he ever ate was on this tomb for a table.

This is the Treasure of the Island, and the way to it is as difficult as the path to duty. Yet who that loves English prose, written by a man whose strong genius conquered his frail body, would hesitate to climb these heights? Love's labor was not lost when the sad natives cut that precipitous path up and on through the jungle thicket to lay their loved "Tusitala" to rest. The road is now overgrown and almost impassable. If steps are ever undertaken to improve this path, I suggest they be concrete ones, about six inches high.

The gravestone is an oblong slab of concrete and plain except for two little thistle and hibiscus flower ornaments. The Samoan translation of Ruth's undying words of love to Naomi are written on one side of the tomb, and on the other some lines which the pilgrim takes pains to commit until the thoughts, words and rhyme become a part of himself and he thinks of them and repeats them even in his sleep:

1850—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—1894

"Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die;  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me;  
Here he lies where he longed to be.  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S GRAVE

MT. VAEA, SAMOA



STEVENSON'S HOUSE

"VAILIMA", SAMOA

Here he rests in peace, with flowers, wild vines, shrubs and trees around him, the sky above him, while 1,300 feet below, through the trees, shimmers the sunny sea and flashes the color of the coral reef.

You cannot see the grave from ship or shore; you must climb if you would see. It is ideal as a burial place for a prose poet, but most of the pilgrim's ideals are shattered by the time he reaches the grave. The hill is as hard to climb as Parnassus or Zion's Hill. Admirers have suggested that a big monument be built that can be seen far out at sea and an easy bridle path leading up to it. No! His monument is the solid mountain itself, his vault the starry sky, his requiem the wind and the sea, the incense the wild hibiscus blossoms and his eulogy the prayers of his friends.

We picked flowers and decorated the tomb, wrote our names on a card, not the tombstone, pinned it with an American flag to a wreath of vines, quoted the Twenty-Third Psalm and left him "Under the wide and starry sky."

Our sentimental journey was ended and we started down. The descent was as easy as the ascent was difficult. A road can be slippery without ice, and we are told the wicked stand in slippery places. I couldn't have been wicked, for I tripped and slipped, and like a stone rolling down a mountain, tore up the ground, smashed trees and vines and thundered through the silence like an avalanche. Vainly did I clutch at vines and shrubs. I had started ahead of my guide and went so fast and far ahead of him that he could not catch me. There was no breeze going up, but I raised the wind coming down, and bounced and bounded till I struck the bottom. My white suit was ruined. I stood panting and coated with mud from neck to heels. I had gone in search of "local color" and got it. I did my sliding here on the rocks instead of at Papaseea, the official "sliding rock," where you sit and slide down a smooth track made by the water that falls into a pool below, eight feet deep.

### “VAILIMA”



UNCH was ready and so was I. Entering the novelist's bedroom just off the porch, I noticed a trap-door in the floor, which the care-taker said the poet jumped through when he didn't care to receive visitors. I was so unpresentable that I was inclined to do the same thing. We ate the ship sandwiches that were dry as the remainder biscuits after a sea voyage. We finished the filtered water, Conrad brought some sweet wine and we drank all of that. The ladies who hadn't climbed the hill, but just sat around, were still thirsty and loudly asked for more. Then followed an act of heroic sacrifice. Conrad had not been allowed to receive his mail or any express boxes of original packages of beer, the good Munich Hof Brau that means more to a German than ambrosia to the gods. Yet he brought out three bottles, tenderly wiped off the cobwebs and the ladies' thirsty throats were irrigated.

After all this we went across the way to the "Vailima" residence, where Stevenson lived in style, met his friends, wrote, walked around in his bare feet, and died. We entered the house he had worked so hard to build and pay for. The place had been refurnished as a residence for the German governor, and the shot and shell from the warships that once fired on the natives had filled it with ventilating holes. We wandered over this house, as dear to the novelist as Abbotsford to Scott. What a change had come over the spirit of Stevenson's dream!

We came down the big staircase where Stevenson made his last trip. While he was laughing, he suddenly put his hand to his head and said, "What's that, do I look strange?" then walked to the ball room and expired. The doctors gave their verdict of apoplexy. The novelist was an epicure and the last thing he did was to supervise the making of a salad. I don't know whether he tasted it, but I know that salad, like Saul, has slain its thousands.

### THE PROSE POET



HAD studied Stevenson in literature, visited his home in Edinburgh, heard of him in the South Seas and was anxious to visit his home at "Vailima" and grave at "Mount Vaea." His life is as novel and interesting as any story he ever wrote. He was

born in Edinburgh in 1850, tried to fit himself for the bar, but turned against it and went into literature. Hungry for material, he journeyed on foot and in canoe in France, came across the Atlantic as a steerage passenger, went through the United States in an emigrant train and lived and died in Samoa. He wrote many articles for the magazines and stories of travel, and volumes of essays, poetry and novels which show his great variety of talent and are full of sparkling sentences and surprising sentiment. Poor and unpopular at first, he later commanded wealth and the world's admiration. He was a real man of flesh and blood, was willing to clasp hands with any one on land or sea who loved, longed and labored. He knew the loves and hates of men, women and children and could express them in a "Child's Garden of Verse" or a "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He had the heart of a boy, the head of a man and the hand of a friend. His life history is written in his books and his journey from cradle to coffin is marked by the milestones of sympathy and scholarship.

### ALL SUITED



WE LEFT "Vailima" so much rested that we rode half the way and pushed the horse the other half. On the road we saw an old man sitting by his hut. There were poles on each side of his door with dried coconuts strung around them, like giant knots on an oak. He smiled an invitation to come in and get some oranges. We took them and he refused pay. As the juicy nectar flowed down my hot and dusty throat, I wondered how many Americans would do as much for a stranger and become an orange aid to the weary. Feeling refreshed and happy, we said "Talofa" to every girl and loafer and would have said more to the girls if we had known more. A long, low, white building, with many pigeon-hole windows, next attracted our attention. Was it a stable for beast or barracks for man? Going over I found it full of beds and bunks and I am sure there were some other things that begin with "b." The day had been so hot and vigorous we were glad to slow up, look into the quiet, restful houses and enter some of them.

Our party reached town and paid "three-fingered Jack" four pounds for two horses and two two-wheeled rigs we had

hauled up to "Vailima" and pushed down again. I felt we had outdone Richard and paid the price of a kingdom for a horse. The guide who had taken us up and around probably received two shillings and "Jack" the rest. Time's whirligig works revenge. First the traders robbed the natives and now the natives rob the tourists.

I am a philanthropist towards the natives and a philatelist of their stamps. The letters and postals I sent home are valuable for their stamps if nothing else. Samoa has always jockeyed in stamps for the tourist trade, but the ones I picked up were unlike any ever before printed. They were New Zealand stamps with the word "Samoa" stamped across them.

I tried to buy some shells and souvenirs, but the natives only paid attention to my dirty white suit. We were to call on the U. S. consul, Mr. Mitchell. It was no dress affair, but I was a sorry sight. Rushing into the first store, I asked the German proprietor if he could help me. He said he had a white suit, though it might be a little large. I slipped into the back room, slipped off my disgraceful duds, and came out as if fresh from Spotless Town. My pants were twelve inches too long and the sleeves six inches big. I turned them up, hoping the people would notice all the big pearl buttons on my coat, and feeling much better, started for our representative.

## OUR AMERICAN CONSUL



THIS house lay around the curve of the bay, and was indicated by the big flag. There was a two-master American ship that had been beached in the recent blow. Too bad we have so few ships on these or any waters that fly the glorious flag! It's all wrong, all wrong, for we are as good as any nation, and better than many others whose ships fill foreign ports. I have been made blushing, fighting mad for years in world travel to find how we pay foreign ships millions to carry us and our freight, while they offer us poor accommodations, charge high rates and give us the "Ha, ha" for being the financial fools we are. En route we saw a Chinese chain gang, without chains, some boys on bikes who had been on hikes, and many natives carrying umbrellas and babies, the two chief things raised in these tropical lands.

Consul Mitchell is an old diplomat of large experience in many a tropical country of South and Central America. He should be rewarded with a position nearer home. After he and his charming wife had given us fruit and drink we went out on the porch and were kodaked as the U. S. flag was lowered. He told us some former and recent interesting experiences. The natives here regard him as father and friend. Recently when the German fleet steamed in the people were scared to death and hid under his house, and with their cooking and living made his life miserable.

### MARTIAL LAW



AT NIGHT the streets were full of soldiers and natives. There were no movies because some time before a Western cowboy film was so full of shooting, blood and thunder that a few of the Samoan spectators went out, stole guns and shot up the town, and shot down some of the soldiers who, in turn, shot them. The Samoans are called children, and like them go movie-mad. Too often the sight of ill deeds makes ill deeds done. A film company wanted to stage "Treasure Island" here, because of the Stevenson setting, but the plot was too melodramatic for the imaginative natives. For fear it might provoke bloodshed the authorities refused permission.

The consul and wife were just "dying" to eat a ship's dinner, while we were half dead because we had eaten so many. When the party broke up Captain Wallis took them to the boat and we started sight-seeing.

It was getting dusk, and I saw dusky damsels strolling with the soldier boys on the street, wandering to the bush or in swimming. The Mission girls we had seen in the morning were coming back happy and tired with a big string of fish. We walked, looking and looked at. There were no bright lights, but the mosquitoes found us; soldiers were on guard, and challenged us as we crossed a bridge; and one of the New Zealand boys, who had taken at least one strong drink and smelled of another, called me a "G—— d—— Yankee," either because I had a lady on each arm, my wife and cousin, or because he was provoked at President Wilson's neutrality. One object in going

ashore is to get a good meal. We walked in a hotel and ordered one, but were politely informed they could not serve us because we were not English soldiers. However, the proprietor compromised by giving us some soda-pop drinks. What he charged entitles him to a front position in military ranks.

### A BELGIAN BENEFIT



LUCKY for us, that night a Belgian war-fund benefit was given. We paid three shillings each for a chair in a little hall that was stuffed to suffocation. The soldiers were the ushers, and it was interesting to watch the natives come in. Some soldiers came in undershirts and pants, while the Samoan women appeared in opera hats, society dressed hair, lace waists and silk gowns. Diamonds glittered in their ears, on their breasts and hands, but their feet and legs were as bare as the walls. The military band played classic and popular airs, and that was about the only air in the place. My new white suit was like a dish towel, but the Samoan who sat in front of me, dressed in tuxedo, vest, white shirt, diamond, lava-lava and bare feet, was cool and collected. This was a grand society affair, and he was making the most of it. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like any of these. It was the event of the season, and martyrdom for us, a relief concert that put us in a position to appreciate the suffering Belgians.

The program was great, in length. A little native sang "Tipperary" a long way from the key, and Samoan boys went through a military drill in imitation and burlesque of the N. Z. soldiers, using sticks for guns and swords. When an officer's name was called a barefooted tot would come out and salute. Some handsome half-castes, in European dress, put on airs and tried to sing classic music, but it was as flat as their voices. Love songs were sung under the palms on the stage, and a boy and girl acted the lover part to the envious delight of many in the audience who wanted to do the same thing.

## A WAR DANCE



BIG chief's daughter danced. She had been in battles, led the troops on when they were fearful, and had been baptized in blood. It was her duty, when the tribe went to war, to dance in front of the troops, and, like another Joan of Arc, lead them to battle. She pulled off a dance on the stage, and most of her clothes, displaying her agility and some other things. She wore flowers in her hair, and a kind of grass and tapa-cloth skirt that stopped short at the knee. Her legs, arms, breasts and stomach were bare and glistening with cocoanut oil. There were shell beads around her neck and beads of perspiration on her body. Like a drum-major she wielded a big sword knife that had a vicious hook at the end. Mrs. Dean, the wife of a leading merchant who had lived at Apia for thirty years, told me she had seen this same girl, during a revolution, march and dance before their store at the head of her tribe, while she tossed up an enemy's head, caught it on a hooked knife, the blood running down and spattering her head, shoulders and arms. She was a combination of Salome, and Judith who beheaded Holifernes. The reason for placing such a fille de regiment at the head of the fighters is that where she bravely dares to lead no man dares be cowardly and not follow.

## THE SAMOAN SIVA



THE siva dance is literally "handed" down, for from first to last they hand you out innumerable gestures. The upper part of the body shows all the muscles in motion, while the feet and legs beat a slow time. It is more formal than frenzied and more studied than spontaneous. The "taupo" is the center of attraction, though the well-oiled and bedecked girls on either side of her deserve some attention. I wonder if they oil themselves for the dance so that it will go off smoothly. The "taupo" is the village virgin, and her duties are more numerous and varied than Rome's Vestals. She wears a three-decker and three-masted head dress built up of three sticks, a wig, nautilus shell and bright plumage. A necklace of bright shells or whale's teeth, ground small, smooth and sharp, is around her neck. She starts the song and

the dance begins. The words have no reference to the positions of the dance, but are used first in compliment to her or to describe love, hate, peace and war or pronounce a dirge eulogy for the dead. There are some sixty distinct dances, ten is their usual limit, but I saw the limit in one. After they are tired of dancing and sitting the "taupo" rises with a few of her assistants and does the "roof-tree" dance that brings down the house. The first sitting and singing dance is clean, but the second or rising dance, such as I saw at Honolulu and Apia, where they hum and clap their hands in a theatrical way, closes with some smutty and unsavory suggestions.

Several native siva-siva dances were given. The men wore lava-lavas around their waists, and the garlanded, glistening girls more or less. They sat and swayed in their siva-siva dance; moved head, hands and arms to right and left; jumped up and with grunts, chants and clapping of hands went through a wild, gyrating, gymnastic performance that represented working, hunting, fishing, fighting, swimming, courting and loving. They shook their breasts, gave some lewd positions and gestures that raised a roar of applause from the soldiers, but didn't hug and lug each other around and weren't half as indecent and disgusting as some cabaret dancers I later saw in 'Frisco.

The most laughable sight was a princess who weighed at least three hundred pounds. She sang odd, funny, native songs, made gestures, tried to be coy and young, and convulsed the crowd. The fun was cyclonic, and when she sang "Good-bye," "Tofa ma Feleni, oh, I never will forget you," the audience joined in. Oh, I never will forget her or the crowd. If my friend J. V. Bryson could ever get a Universal Film movie of this program it would benefit the Belgians and Laemmle up in the seven figures column.

## LOVING HANDS



WE FLASHLIGHTED our way through the crowd to the boat, while the barefooted aristocrats went to their homes and huts, and the brave soldier boys escorted the dark-eyed girls to love's walks and ways. Before I came to Samoa I had planned to spend a night with the



SIVA SIVA DANCERS

SAMOA



SAMOAN TAUPO

natives, but the English martial law said I couldn't, and that I must go back to the ship and sleep in my own bed. The people are most hospitable, and one of their forms of delightful entertainment to the white man is to invite him into their house to spend the night, during which time one of the elder dames rubs his feet, massages his back, sings to him, fans him, or does anything else she thinks necessary for his comfort. The sleeping room illustrates the Moose motto, "One for all and all for one," for boys and girls, men and women lie down side by side and go to sleep or wake up whenever they want to. Alas, here was the chance of my life, with more than an Arabian Night's entertainment, and I went to the ship to wake the morrow morn a sadder and a wiser man. "Jack" was waiting at the wharf and his crew soon rowed us over rolling wave, by reef and wreck, till we came to the gang. Tired out after the big day we retired.

### HOW THEY WORSHIP



ANY sightseers who never go to church at home never do much else on Sunday in the islands, because there isn't much else to do. The Samoans are religious or nothing, so we went to their Zion to see their zeal.

The sun rose hot, and with a few thin clothes and a little fruit we were rowed ashore. We followed a band of faithful natives to the Cathedral where the worshippers sat or knelt on mats inside, and worrying mothers sat outside thinking more of their babies than their beads, and of cleanly comfort than Christian character. Flies buzzed their responses, and one rather pretty girl divided her time between looking at my kodak and arranging the beads and flowers on her sister.

At the Wesleyan church the fond pastor's flock was small, but he exhorted them faithfully. They were loud in Scripture response and made up for number by noise.

The London Mission was full of folks and fervor. Men sat on one side and women on the other, like sheep and goats, while we stood in the corner in a class by ourselves. The Bible lesson was worse than Greek or Hebrew to me, but the music was tender and thunderous like the surf. A woman would pitch the tune, another catch it, others bawl it home over first bass

and second tenor until it came to a short stop. Time and tune, the loud crescendo and soft diminuendo, melody and harmony engulfed me in its maelstrom. My eyes filled with tears, my heart pumped and throat burst. It shamed and silenced any church music I had ever listened to.

Passing a yard of shade trees I heard music like the "Vienna Woods." In the background stood a building where a close-shaven German priest was teaching some Samoan boys how to sing. He played the organ with one hand and beat time with the other, and at times looked as if he wished his two hands were free to beat the boys.

## OPEN HOUSE



OUR services before nine o'clock was a religious dissipation, and for fear too much religious work would make "Jack" or us dull, we started out to play. I wanted to see the natives in their natural state at home, and not just "got up good" in Sunday dress and behavior at church. Around one hut the wall-mats were all rolled up like curtains and gave us a picture of old people resting, young men reading religious books, some boys pounding kava and others bringing in hot taro and yams wrapped in pandanus leaves for the early Sunday dinner. The Samoans divide the honor of rat-eating with the Chinese. A native will catch a rat, kill and skin it, carefully wrap it in leaves, bury it over night and dig it up and fry it for breakfast food.

The Samoans keep "open house" literally and figuratively. The hut is open on all sides, and the mat curtains are seldom let down except in stormy weather. You may come in any hour of the day or night and rest, eat and take away as much as you wish. It looks like a beehive, and the native villages at Apia could rightly be called "Apiaries." These hives have a "queen," "drones" and "workers" who "wax" fat and eat the sweets and have a "Honey, how are you time?" without the "hives." The roof of the house is thatched like its owner's head. With its three center posts and its many shorter posts at the eaves it resembles a haystack turned into a merry-go-round. For sidings or doors they have screens of woven palm leaves which are fastened by cocoanut fibre and may be raised

or lowered. All the rooms are one big room for all. The floor is made of broken coral and covered with mats.

The ceiling is made from the wood of the bread-fruit tree, arched and bound with a cocoanut string instead of nails. Shelved overhead you will find the family wealth of mats, tapa cloth and bottles of cocoanut oil. The menu is baked or boiled taro, roasted fish, pig or chicken, and served without pepper, salt or dishes. Instead of an individual finger bowl or napkin they pass around a big wash basin or towel.

## MATS



MATS—what matters? Much. I brought one home and it is matchless, a sort of magic carpet. It is unnecessary to stand or sit on. I only have to look at it to be carried away across the South Seas to see once more what I saw and cannot forget. Natives sit and sleep on the mats, which may account for their matted hair. They are made of pandanus fibre or cocoanut leaves. The price varies from shillings to pounds, as they are coarse or fine. Whether the bridegroom is a wrestler or not you may give him a mat—as for the bride, you may give her a mat that will serve for her wedding dress or funeral shroud. Mats are money. A Samoan's wealth is not houses or lands. He doesn't show you books, pictures, piano or auto, but mats. Mats are not only money and clothes but chairs and beds, for the native sleeps on a mat and not a mattress. Instead of bed linen laundry there is a mat cleaning season, and it is always open. Before and after taking your rest you arm yourself with a brush or broom and sweep off the bugs, spiders and centipedes. A mat is valued not by its size, weight or color, but by the time and energy put into it and the personal history connected with it. Not only is it security for any money the family may have borrowed, but it is as sacred as a Moslem prayer-rug. Some mats are praised in poetry and prose and others are saluted with respect or reverently touched with hand or lifted to the lips.

## TATTOOING



SAMOANS love bright colors. They edge their fine mats with red feathers of the parakeet. The geometrical figures of Euclid, and not the curve and soft line of their home scenes, is the rule in decorations. They use the knife better than the brush, as is seen in their carvings of household ware, beams of houses, canoes, clubs, combs and fans. This is some of their handicraft, but their handiest "craft" is the canoe which led Bougainville, the discoverer of the islands, to call them the Navigator's Islands. They paint tapa. The brush used is not shredded wheat but a shredded pandanus nut. The paint is the burned nut of the candlenut tree, and the designs are crude and conventional. The canvas for their finest art is not a piece of tapa, but their own skin from waist to knee, and decorated in colors that will not wash off. There is method in this madness, for every outline has a design and every trace tells a story. You may be old enough to be called a man, but if you are not brave enough to stand the tattoo you are called a baby and are not entitled to much consideration at home or in Samoan society. This is the *modus operandi*. The boy is stripped and laid upon a mat and the artist takes an instrument that is a cross between a garden rake and safety razor, having from two to twenty teeth. He dips it into the pigment, the assistant stretches the skin, and the artist hits the instrument with a stick and hammers it in. It takes time as well as money, for often the decoration requires two weeks, and during that time the patient is mighty sore and his patience is severely tried. His sweetheart, who is to share her sorrows and his joys later, sits by his side, wipes away the sweat from his brow and the blood from his back, and sings to him. The process is painful, but a good preparation for what a married man may expect to suffer. When her tattoo time comes the decorations will be stars and bracelets and her own and children's names on her arm.

## TOFA APIA



NEAR another house a pretty girl, who had put on her best things for church, was taking them off piece by piece as she crossed the yard, and was nearly undressed by the time she entered the hut. Here she hung up some pieces, folded the rest, gave us an innocent look, and began

to set the table on the floor. She invited us to sit down and eat, but we weren't very hungry, for we heard the steamer's "first whistle," the signal to meet "Jack" at the wharf. I soon found him with my muddy suit of the day before all white behind and everywhere else.

We have steam laundries to do our work, here the steamy weather piles up the laundry and the natives do their own work. They go down to the stream, throw the dirty clothes on a rock and pound them with a flat stone. This is the origin of the "mangling" process which is so destructively used on our white linen. If the politicians here do any wholesale washing they might have the chain gang prisoners break rocks on their clothes.

Half of our party was strayed or stolen. After waiting fifteen minutes "L" and I pulled out without them, knowing that Merlon would get another boat up the bay and cut across. The soldiers did not search us at the wharf to see if we were taking more than twenty-five dollars back to the ship. They knew "three-fingered Jack" had been our guide, and after he had held us up there wouldn't be anything worth shaking down. The rest of our party met us at the gang, all went on deck, the anchor was raised and we began to move. Waving a friendly greeting to some of the natives who had rowed out to see the last of us, we said farewell. Then the mist and rain came over the mountain Robert Louis Stevenson loved so well, dimmer grew the Apian shore and fainter the fond "tofa," till its sweet farewell was lost in the hiss of steam and the splash of the sea.

## A SHORT HISTORY LESSON



THE Samoan islands were discovered by Bougainville in 1768. There are 44 of them with a population of nearly 40,000, including 500 whites. They never need starve, for there are some 20 varieties of bread-fruit and 16 kinds of cocoanuts. The Samoan language is said to be the oldest of the Polynesian tongues. It is liquid and soft as their eyes and is called the "Italian of the Pacific." The Samoans are well-formed and informed. Although their island hills and mountains are not so high as some of the others in the South Seas, their social, mental and

moral position is very high among the islanders. Religiously they worship the Trinity of the Protestant, Roman Catholic and Mormon faiths while retaining some of the superstitions of their long ago idolatry. They were once polytheists, and it is said they never offered human sacrifices. When they buried their dead they believed their spirits traveled to the future world by way of the water route pool at the west end of Savaii.

Soon after Samoa was discovered the traders became jealous and civil war among the natives upset their prosperity. The Germans supported Tamosese, the United States and England upheld Malietoa. When these chiefs disagreed among themselves the different nations agreed to settle it, and they did. In 1900 Great Britain surrendered her Samoan rights over Savaii and Upolu in favor of Germany and ceded Tutuila and other islands to U. S. This is where your Uncle Sam put the Sam in Samoa.

Samoa was nothing but a dot on the map until Stevenson, war and hurricanes magnified it in the eyes of the world. The story of Samoa tells of petty kings whose far-reaching influence and fame were limited to their pictures on postage stamps, and of queens who, in addition to washing themselves, their babies and clothing, took in washing for extra pin money.

## PRESENT PASTIMES



HEY do light work, make and sell fans and then take a nap when and where they can. Towards evening they make a call, mats are spread out and the women sit down and gossip and smoke cigarets. At night a little fire is kindled, they have a kind of family worship, sit down to the main meal, play some games, lie down on their bamboo pillows, cover themselves with mosquito nets and go to sleep. They are light sleepers, for the mistress of the manse lights a lamp and turns the wick down low. White people who are afraid of thieves keep a light burning all night. Samoans keep it to drive away the evil spirits.

The Samoans love to talk as much as the colored people in the South, and they have their he as well as she tauquas. The leading speaker is called "tulafele," and is as noisy a wind-jammer as a state senator. He is full of high-sounding words

and phrases and uses a "fue" fly-flap not only to drive away the winged nuisance but to give emphasis to his winged words. The poor old men who are compelled to listen to him improve their time by braiding sinnet rope from the cocoanut fibre, doubtless wishing they could put it round his neck and choke him off.

The Samoans are amphibious and swim as well in the sea as they can walk on land. They surf-ride in canoes and not on boards as the Hawaiians do. They are good fishers and fish with nets and shell-hooks where the water is deep and spear fish at night.

This little island of Upolu has big game, and if you love hunting you can find rhinoceros beetles that destroy the cocoanut trees; spiders big as a saucer, that weave a web strong enough to hang you; foot-long centipedes, who walk around the house as if they owned it; and a blue lizard that has a record long-jump of twenty feet. Then there is elephantiasis, which is not a beast but a beastly disease, and is caused by a mosquito bite that makes a man's arms and legs swell like the trunk and legs of an elephant.

## CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTICS



THE hot moist climate has a destructive influence on the Ten Commandments. What we hesitate to do, or are ashamed of when we have done it, they commit openly and with little concern.

These islands were called the "Hell of the Pacific" for their cruelty and vice. While their morals are improved, the phrase might still be applied to the torridity of the climate.

The natives have their Jonah days. It is bad luck to see a shooting star, to spit in the sea, to meet a hunchback, to catch a devil fish, to see a rat swim in the water, or to cough. It is good luck to meet a big fat spider, an albino with white skin, flaxen hair and pink eyes, and instead of spitting on their fish hooks they rub cocoanut oil on the hooks and lines, and consecrate their canoes and paddles with strange rites. Major Kendall of New Zealand told me he had seen Samoan mothers take an hibiscus blossom and rub it over the sore, inflamed or injured eyes of their children to make them well. This ignorant custom often results in blindness.

When it comes to religion the Samoan knows the Bible by heart and can quote as many texts as the white brother who brought it to him. Often they are quite as inconsistent as white believers who are long on creed and short on conduct. The Samoans always had a high opinion of themselves, and from their Pantheon they used to select a special god for an island, town and family, and often shared their food to please him.

The human family here has a peculiar meaning and is widely embracing. The people carry out the command to "love one another," and "covet earnestly the best gifts." A man might be living with his mother and his wife, yet if he thought he wanted an additional mother all four would agree to live together. This custom of adoption is lost in cloudy tradition. Women adopt another mother's children as soon as born, or when grown up, and keep them as if they were their own. A mother of twenty-five may have an adopted son of fifty. Often the children live nearby and regard the adopted parents as real as their own father and mother.

Samoa is the land of sunshine and song. There is music in sea and sky as well as spheres. Airs are written everywhere, and women as well as men have a "voice" in family affairs. The natives sing when they work or when they play, when they go on errands or visits, when they paddle their canoes or go to church Sunday. The winds whistle so they don't have to. Their drums are hollow logs, their drumsticks are clubs, the blow gives a sharp tone and is the signal call for work, church or curfew, but the war-drum beats no longer. Their music is more for mass volume than single voice. Heathen-like, they have a scale law unto themselves. Their musical intervals distract a foreigner, and an occasional diatonic scale would be a tonic to the listener. Their minor chords are melancholy and their accent is generally placed on the last syllable of recorded time.

### CRATER CRADLES



THE "Atua" skirted the shores of Savaii, an island of the Samoan group and the legendary cradle of the Polynesian race. This cradle must have been violently rocked when a volcano broke loose here in 1905 and kept it up for six years. The lava flowed eight miles across

the island and poured over the cliff into the sea. The crater is quiet now like the natives. The sight must have been sublime when the lava howled and hissed hot into the sea, a waterfall of fire. We passed close to the little island of Apolima, an extinct volcano cone. With my glass I looked through the gap in its side where the sea entered and put out its old enemy, the fire. Apolima means "hollow of the hand," and in it are held palms, huts and people. It is almost impossible to get in or out because the breakers sweep furiously against the reefs and crags of the shore. What a delightful and romantic place for a hermit with no society of bores or bored!

### SUVA SOUVENIRS



THE skipper skipped a day and when we woke up next morning it was Tuesday, and there had been no blue Monday. Time is out of joint here and one may cross and recross some lines and have no time at all. The sailors make up for lost time when they are on shore by having what they call a good time with wine, women and song.

After a stop at Niuafouu and Levuka, which I have described in previous chapters, we arrived outside Suva harbor at 10 P. M. If it had been clear we could have entered in ten minutes, but the fog kept us circling around till 4 A. M., though the sky was clear with its moon and stars above us. Our captain was careful. He told us not to worry, that the "Atua" had survived several wrecks and sinkings off Fiji, so that if we did sink or swim, live or die, he personally intended to make the harbor. If the captain of the H. M. S. "Pinafore" received three cheers and one more, Wallis of the "Atua" deserved a dozen. He had been out of Suva less than two weeks and had spent the time dodging reefs, fogs, hurricanes and other monsters of the deep, including the inquisitive passengers who are always asking him how many miles it is to somewhere and if they would ever get there, and when.

We were awakened by the noise of the winches and wenchies. The pink sunrise and the rain made a pretty water color. We heard the early calls and cries of the Fiji boatmen who were bringing in their lighters heavy with bananas. There seemed to be enough to fill every push cart in the United States and the stomach of every little boy in the world. Our hold

was ballasted with bananas till it could hold no more. The "Atua" had previously left the wood crates and now the fruit was boxed to ship. It is a proverb that "Civilization does not flourish where the banana grows." I make an exception of some of my Suva friends here whom I was anxious to see because they had promised me some Suvanirs; Collins a cocoanut kava cup, Wall a cannibal fork, Powell some rubber sheets to keep me dry, and Johnson an iced drink.

It was hot when we were here before and hotter now. The rain, which had fallen for two weeks while we were gone, rose up in clouds of hot steam. We made a final chase over town to market, store, bank, hotel, and came back to the ship. A Fijian tried to sell me a big turtle which put out his head and flippers as if to fly to my arms, but my party was already large enough, and my purse, like Balzac's Magic Skin, was growing smaller with every indulgence. I sadly said, "No turtle."

"American Consul" Johnson and "My Word" Foy stuck to the last, and they were both such good company I wished they had been left and compelled to go with us. The best of friends must part and so we separated. It was high noon, and to keep from feeling sad and bad on leaving my Fijian friends I played the Funeral March. One finds many things in travel, but the best thing is a friend and worth going to Fiji or the ends of the world to discover.

## PALM SUNDAY AT SEA



THE day was fine, clear and cool. It was lovely just to be alive with sun, sea and sky, to eat, sleep, read, chat, play the piano and think of Holy Week because the next day was Palm Sunday. The day came with not a palm in sight except a palm-leaf fan on the table, and yet for two weeks we had walked by ten thousand palms and felt a rapturous devotion under their beauty. The last two Sundays were Palm Sundays. This day we felt thankful for so many past mercies and "Hosannah" was in our hearts. We, too, would cast palm branches, with the millions on shore, to Him who for centuries had marched across sea and land. Xerxes, Pompey and Caesar were followed by crime, cruelty, fire, famine, wreck, ravage, poverty and pestilence; the Nazarene by the

poor and sick He had helped and healed. I believe the prophecy of that first Palm Sunday is being realized. Art, commerce, religion, philanthropy, wealth and civilization are preparing Christ's way in His world-wide triumphal march. When the captain asked if I would preach I said yes, and did, showing the Father's love for his children in the life, death and resurrection of His Son, who says, "Love one another; as I have loved you."

Love is the heart of God, atmosphere of heaven and nature of Christ.

Love is king ruling heaven and earth, the only valuable and lasting thing in time and eternity.

Who, what, when and why we love makes or mars and proves whether we are good or bad.

The high cost of loving is too often the price of low living—of what men pay to gain in the loss of their body, mind and soul.

Physical cost—of boys and girls, men and women who indulge in pleasures unsanctioned by love and law paying the penalty of physical disease and imbecility, hardened conscience, remorse, moral corruption and spiritual stain.

Sentimental cost—of a Samson and Delilah, David and Bathsheba, Heloise and Abelard, who paid the divine attributes of their soul for the throb of a muscle and the thrill of a nerve.

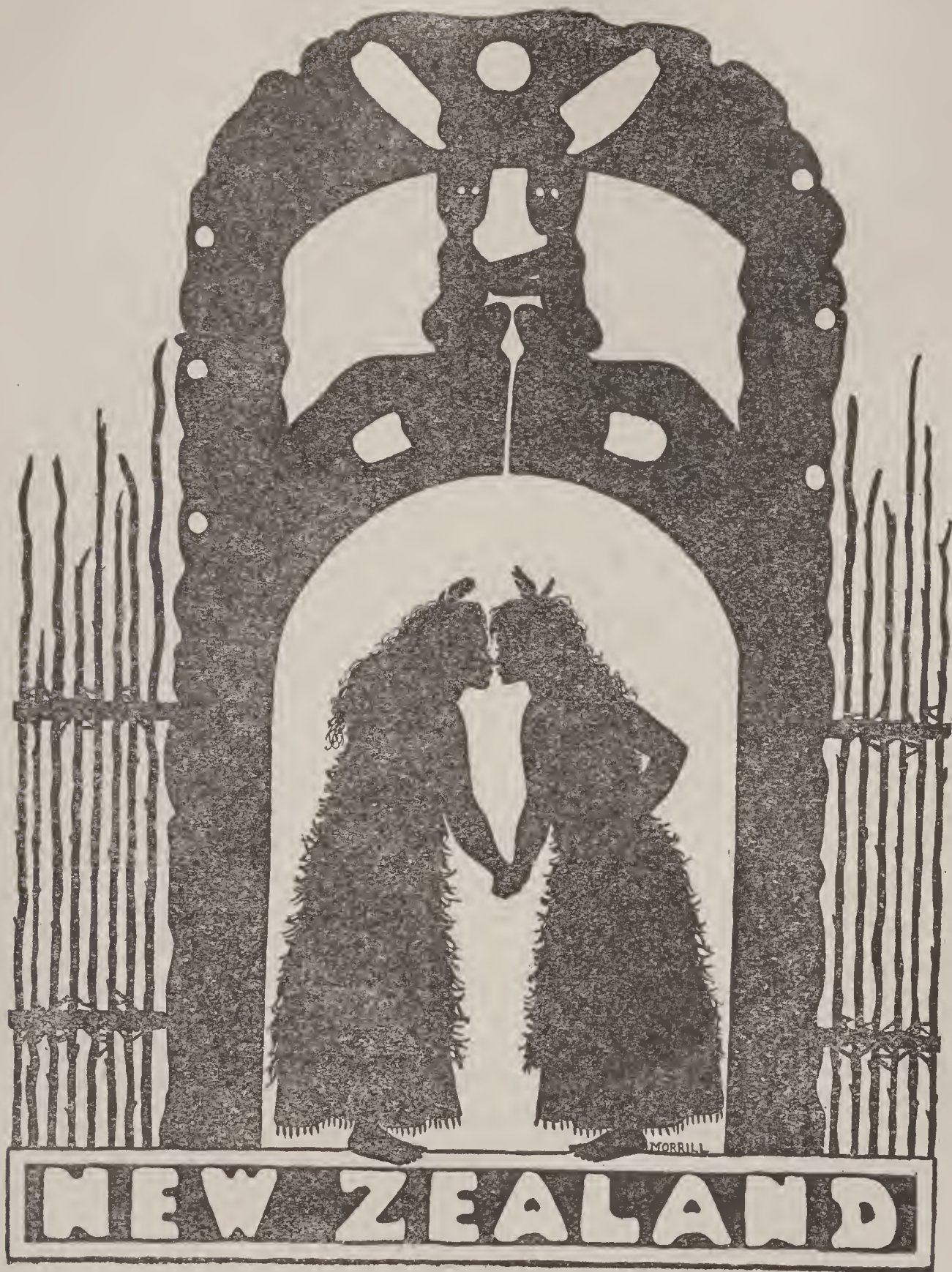
Intellectual cost—of poet, philosopher, painter, musician, inventor and scientist, who pay for success and fame with study, isolation, hunger, misunderstanding, privation and life blood.

Patriotic cost—of statesman and soldier who leave family and possession to climb the Calvary of death that men's bodies may be free from chains, their minds unshackled from ignorance, their hearts permitted to read an open Bible, and their souls to serve God or Satan, be saved or damned, according to their own free will and dictate of conscience.

Filial cost—of the brother who toils, lives simply, saves and sacrifices for his sister's education; of the daughter who remains single, though her heart yearns for love, that she may help an aged father or mother in their declining years.

Parental cost—of the father, who from early morning to late night works with hand, head and heart to support the wife who gave her body and soul to his keeping at the marriage altar; of the mother whose whole life is a sacrifice of blood, tears, sweat and prayers for husband and children.

Divine cost—of humanity's salvation which was paid for in the humble incarnation, desolate temptation, infamous trial and agonizing crucifixion of God's well-beloved Son.



## ALL ABOUT AUCKLAND



THE "Atua" entered the Hauraki gulf, slipped by Rangitoto mountain, with its volcano cone, and steamed into Waitemata harbor to Auckland. In spite of the hard and ugly names the Maori natives called these places, they are very beautiful.

Docked at last, we bade good-bye to the good ship and officers, our floating hotel and servants, and started for the "Waverly," a novel named hotel. About to take mine ease in mine inn, I learned that the Easter holidays began at three o'clock, and the banks would be closed for ten days till after the races. I needed money, and plenty of it, for if I failed to get my Cook draft at once my goose would be cooked.

I hurried and crowded in just before the bank closed, and was told point-blank that although I had given good gold for my American express checks to Cook in San Francisco, and had received a draft on the bank of New Zealand for English gold, the government would pay out no gold. It was war-time and I must take pounds of their paper or nothing at all. I took it, although I knew if any of the "paper" was left over when I reached Australia it would be discounted. Australian and New Zealand banks think very little of each other's daily news or bank paper. Like the ancient Jews and Samaritans they have as little dealing with each other as possible. Fifteen minutes later and I would have gone begging, and been in an excellent mood to preach a new sermon, on the bank steps, from the text, "The door was shut." Here was another argument against the incestuous union of church and state that Easter or any other church day should close business and bank doors. Henry VIII didn't go quite far enough in his divorce ideas of church and state, though he did go the limit and more when it came to women and wives.

We rode over town in a double-decker car, having acquired the ship habit of sitting on deck. Auckland has over 100,000 souls who look, dress, act, think, work, eat, drink and live much alike. The houses, too, are built on one pattern, and are as homely as many of the owners. There is no place like their homes of small wooden boxes with an iron lid on them. As if ashamed of human nature's journeyman carpenter work, that

had traveled so far from art ideals, Nature has tried to cover up the angles with vines and roses. Viewed as a trellis the house frames are very satisfactory.

That night I asked the hotel clerkess if there was a vaudeville show in town. She was tall and pretty, but before answering, rose to full height, looked at me in an injured innocence kind of way, and said, "My word! you are in New Zealand. Auckland is a respectable city—there is a play at the Queen's opera house." I begged her "pawdon," thanked her, and went up hill to the op'ry. It looked very ordinary outside. I put down twelve shillings for my party and was given six metal cart wheels which the ticket taker took at the door and rolled into a tin box. The so-called "opera" was a good first-class second-class vaudeville show, such as you can get home for half the price.

There was little applause, but the dreary silence was broken every few minutes by the thump and dump of the big cart wheel tickets. It was the usual song, dance, juggling variety bill. The bill that made the hit was the "Kaiser Bill," for he was often referred to, and in a way that made all good English soldiers and sailors shout.

After the performance we went in a dive. I am sure it was, because the word "dive" was written in big, bold letters over the door. I knew there were dives but didn't know they labeled them that way. We took a chance, and entering found it was only a restaurant. In the United States it is often reversed, what is advertised as a restaurant is frequently a dive.

## IN THE BUSH



ALL aboard for a hot time at Rotorua. The hot time did not refer to a hot box for it took eight hours to run 170 miles. The word "hot" refers to Rotorua, the thermal district of New Zealand. The government runs the railroad, I was told, but this is a mistake; it doesn't run, it just crawls about twenty miles an hour. This is a good thing for the tourist, as it enables him to deliberately see a few things of interest along the way. Moreover, if the engineer hurried, the train might run off the island into the sea and that would end the tourist's observations.

Sitting snug in our car seats, "reserved" for a price, we left Auckland and passed by little houses, pretty pastures, fat sheep, cattle and horses, farms, hills, woods and forests. The cars on the tracks were filled with sheep, and in the wayside fields there were rabbits by twos and twenties whose tracks crossed ours. Much room is filled with mushrooms. It is said that in the mushroom season the fast mail stops ten minutes to allow its crew and passengers to get out with their tin pails and gather enough vegetable diet to last a week.

My boyish idea of a "bush" was something on which currants and berries grew and I was asked to hustle and pick them on the farm. The "bush" in New Zealand would be called a tree-clad hill in New England. Our train was a bushwhacker and we shot through dead and living forests like Southern guerrillas.

This was a vegetable kingdom. The dense undergrowths were the subjects, the stately kauri the king, the tree-ferns the courtiers, and the hangers-on the trailing supple-jack and "grasping lawyer." The supple-jack looks like a black snake, and is a parasite that grows on the root and trunk of a tree. It will trip you up beneath and hang you from above. The "bush" lawyer is a trailing creeper, a hanger that lies in your path, grabs you with its many curved hooks, and illustrates the proverb of "Falling into the clutches of the law." One large fern is called "Prince of Wales Feather." It grows large, and looks like a green-dyed ostrich plume.

A botanist sees tongues in trees that tell strange stories; a commercial eye finds wagon tongues, wharf piles and railroad ties in the "puriri" and "totara"; children who celebrate Christmas in summer see the bright blossomed tree "pohutukwa" on which they hang their stockings; a preacher-poet would apply the words "forest primeval" to the "karaka," and everyone would praise the noble kauri which grows a hundred and fifty feet high, is twenty feet in diameter, and in death shows beautiful remains of "gum," dug up and sold, not for chewing but varnish. Careful mamas point out of the window and tell their daughters of the wicked "rota" that twines its tendrils around the beautiful kauri until the big tree is nothing but a dead trellis.

Our train ploughed through acres of charred timber that looked like a forest of telegraph poles. The bush that Moses

beheld was unconsumed, those we looked at were burned and destroyed. Often we paused at little towns with big unprouncable names that meant much to the Maoris who came down to see the train and tourists.

## ROTORUA



WE FINALLY reached Rotorua and made haste to jump in an auto bus marked "Geyser Hotel." Maoris met us at the station in native dress. The women's chins were tattooed with blue marks that looked as if they had eaten huckleberry pie and forgotten to wipe their mouths. Some one, not my wife, hopped on the auto bus and sat by my side. I glanced up and found an intelligent, good-looking Maori girl who said in good English and pleasant tone that she was a guide, had good references, and would come around in the morning to the hotel and show us the sights.

The bus buzzed two miles down a long avenue, by stores, houses, parks and gardens, till it stopped at a native settlement called Whakarewarewa. We were to sleep here if one could in a place with such a name. They called it "Wocker" for short, and the big proprietor of the Geyser Hotel guaranteed us some good schnapps and naps. There were geysers, pools, hot, oily spout baths, a boiling river and other things that we had come to see, and after a good dinner we decided to go back to town and see the natives in an entertainment at the opera house. Everyone wanted to see the geysers play, but they were tired and asleep, so we saw the natives play, and play they do, for they are children and work is play.

## MERRY MAORIS



HERE was no printed program, but their pastor, Rev. Bennett, a native who had done much for their mental and moral improvement, made the announcement of the songs and dances. After the native band played, Maori boys and girls sang English and native songs. Some of them danced the "haka," an old Maori dance in which they stretched their faces in ugly positions, stuck out their tongues, rolled their eyes and made St. Vitus gestures. The men were

dressed in trunks, looked cross-eyed, made faces that resembled their crazy carvings, jumped, gyrated, gesticulated, giggled, and let out a string of horrible maniacal howls. Literally the dance was a howl and a scream. Children played Maori games of ball and top, boys engaged in wrestling bouts, and there were historic tableaux. Some of the girls gave a "poi" dance. It was not the Hawaiian poi to eat, but a tasty something in which the girls sat and reclined in graceful "poise," with motions of planting, rowing and weaving.

### IN HOT WATER



ROTORUA is New Zealand's Carlsbad or worse—Nature's sanatorium for the lame, halt and blind, the drunkard and debauchee who come to have their disease and deviltry boiled, baked and sluiced out of them. It is the tourist spot of New Zealand, and the government has spent much money and printer's ink in booming it. Traveling parties come up week ends and stay over Sunday and take a bath, or one a year at Easter. The Government Bath House is just off the main road and situated in a big park of trees, flowers and geysers. It was full moon and the Easter visitors were out in full to hear the Auckland military band give a splendid concert. The crowd stood and listened or promenaded, while strangers flirted and lovers courted. After being lifted up by these waves of harmony I drifted over to the main building and stood in line for a ticket. "What bath, sir?" "None," I replied. "I just want to see what you have here, who want it, and how it is used." Visiting the male side, because a female angel had warned me from the other, I saw men in the plunge, and others who were headed for private steaming, scouring and massaging.

Here like is cured by like as you like it. The "Priest's Bath" is a sulphur bath to sweat Satan out of him; "Rachael's," an alkali salt bath to preserve her memory; the "Postmaster's" stimulates circulation; the "Blue bath" is in the open air for dyspeptics, and the "Duchess' bath" is luxurious and served hot. The "mineral" baths should be good for the bankers and the "mud" baths for politicians. There were patients taking baths for gout, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, hysteria, liver and kidney complaint. There seemed to be baths for everything



DANCING THE "HAKA"

NEW ZEALAND



A MAORI MANSION

ROTORUA, N. Z.

and body except pure water baths for the dirty hall statues; an immunity bath for the politicians; a soap bath for the hobo; a nicotine and bitter bath for the smoker and drinker, and a perfume bath for the traveler.

## SOLD AGAIN



THE town is full of hotels, curio shops and movies. It lives off the tourist and does its best to prolong his life and stay. The shops are crowded with carved wood handiwork, photos, curios, utensils of peace and war, green stone souvenirs, jewelry, bracelets, rings, charms and "Tikis." Genuine curios are scarce and expensive, and I wondered why the dealers, so anxious for our money, had no cheap fake souvenirs.

If you want to see the geysers and volcanoes in action, or find the "Lost Terraces" advertised by the tourist bureaus, you will find them in the photo shops and nowhere else. Many a man who has tramped and driven for three days to see things, and has little to show for the time and money expended, may stop here on his way to the train and see what the guide could not show him. Then he can study them and receive inspiration for a talk or lecture.

## A BURIED VILLAGE



I SHALL have to "boil down" a lot of hot stuff here, though heat naturally expands. Tarawera is a volcano. In 1886 it had a bad temper and threw mud around like some editors, blighting and destroying everything in its range. One morning we started early to see it. We had a four horse tallyho and a driver who cracked his whip as we passed old earthquake cracks. The only exciting adventure in the Tikitapu bush was by the Blue Lake, where we were commanded to halt. Before we knew it we were shot by a photographer. The Blue Lake had always had the blues till in 1886 an avalanche of stone and dust turned it gray. The color effect was different in Rotokakahi, for it turned this lake water green. More recent chasms in the surroundings showed us the depth of the volcano's mud-slinging depravity.

At the ruins of the Wairoa village a guide appeared with his tale of woe. He told how the hotel boarders were turned out into the storm of mud and ashes, how native Maoris were buried alive in their "whares" and left by fleeing relatives until days later. As in Pompeii bodies were found preserved in ashes of people carrying their money and jewels, so here they found a Maori woman holding her daughter on her lap and clasping a Bible to her bosom. I saw several small wood houses or whares that looked like overturned sheds at Hallowe'en. The guide waxed eloquent as if these volcano ruins were those of Rome, Greece, Egypt and Babylon. I looked and listened patiently and said "Yes" to all he said, but it was hardly worth an 8,000 mile trip to see. Of course, it was a very sudden and sad affair, and I fear the tourist bureau will have difficulty in preserving the wreck and ruin of posts, boards, old stoves and iron bedsteads.

Poor people! "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return" was signally true of them. But Nature sympathizes and covered up the scars of this burned and barren bush with fern and shrub to keep their graves green, while the poplar, gum and acacia trees keep sentinel watch. The traveler who has been to Egypt and Italy will be disappointed here if he thinks his guide can furnish him all kinds of stone and bronze souvenirs. It is surprising that New Zealand, so enterprising in many ways, does not run a fake factory to grind out souvenirs for greenhorn tourists. Any skull or leg bone would be much more valuable now than when its native possessor was alive.

## FIREWATER



LEAVING the ruins we walked down a steep incline to the shores of Lake Tarawera. The girl guide of the Geyser Hotel had told me she was married and that her husband was the government guide I would meet here. I did, and we boarded his launch and steamed across the lake. The water was fresh, the sun hot, and beyond the yellow, ragged hills I saw the volcano that had given the country a mud-bath. Warbrick was our guide and he was well named. He was a "brick," and as a young man had stood 'mid this "war of elements" and crush of matter. He gave us a vivid word description of what he saw and how fearful he felt. We left the



TARAWERA VOLCANO, AND LAKE

NEW ZEALAND



A GEYSER BLOWOUT

ROTORUA, N. Z.

launch and climbed a lava staircase and ridge, lugging the lunch baskets brought from the hotel. We looked down on Rotomahana, a lake of poison blue color, and with no suicidal intent, though tired to death, descended to a launch. As we pulled out the tame ducks quacked "good-bye" and scores of gulls, whose white color became heavenly blue from the lake's reflection, followed in the wake of our boat as we threw them crumbs. This bread cast on the waters will return in bird form after many days. One part of this lake is an immense caldron of boiling water, and in it some poor venturesome fish had been cooked. They were floating on top and the gulls swooped down on them, and were thus able to make a sardine sandwich with the bread crusts we had given them. When we started the water was cool, here it was boiling hot. What a bad place to rock a boat! Even though a man had an asbestos bathing suit he would soon be parboiled before he could get ashore. The shores steamed, the cliffs smoked and sulphur smelled, and I thought it would be an ideal spot for a Shrine initiation, warmer than the proverbial "hot sands." We didn't linger long for the bottom of our boat and feet were getting hot as we steamed through the water.

The "Pink and White Terraces" here are very beautiful in the photo album. That is about the only place to see them, for they were buried in the eruptive mud in 1886. It is really too bad. Next to the blue and white color of the lake it was the main attraction. I saw so many pictures of the terraces, and read so many beautiful descriptions in the folders, that I expected to see them. They were all in big color and type, the sad sentence that they were dead and buried being printed in almost invisible type.

### TOO BAD



WE LEFT our boat and guide for good and entered another valley. It might have been Bunyan's "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Red hot rivers rolled by us, sulphur holes sent up an unholy stench, and steam vents blew with pressure enough to run all the world's laundries. Walking, winding and wondering what next, foot-sore and eye-sore, we climbed another fierce hill. Out of breath I

threw myself down, filled with thoughts that proved this was no Delectable mountain to the pilgrim. I had offended my loyal guide Number 2 by saying I did not expect much but fatigue from the long walk we had to make, now it was time for me to be offended. Where was the far-famed Waimangu geyser that sputtered and spouted with an eloquence that shook and drowned his hearers? Nowhere. My guide was the only spouter. He stood like Satan of old and told tempting things of the geyser, spoke logically and geologically, but I told him to get behind me and started down to the bottom of the hill where there were puddles and pools of hot water. He followed, found a shovel and dug up some oxidized pumice stone from the pools. They looked like black opals or diamonds. Then he led us to a blow hole, lit some grass and threw it in, and the steam and smoke were converted into heavy clouds that came at regular intervals, with a rush and roar that gave color to the theory that this vent-hole was a kind of Devil's Chimney that extended all the way from Tonga. He said this suggested the Good Book's bad place. I answered, "Yes," and if anyone asked me to come and climb here again I would tell him to go there.

Again he pointed to the hole where the geyser had gone off and not returned for nine years. I looked and saw nothing but disappointment. Like a spoiled child it wouldn't show off, yet a month later it flew and blew its coop and confined quarters, shot up water five hundred feet and threw stones and lava around to show how vigorous it could be after so long a rest. Another climb that seemed as long and difficult as Mt. Blanc, and we were on top and resting in the accommodation house. The guide's wife furnished tea and wafers at so much per, and with a "Farewell, I never expect or want to come here again," I climbed into the bus seat for an eighteen mile drive through a rolling, wooded, watered country that looked like the Trossachs. Hills that had been stripped of trees and brush by volcanic action were green, and many thousand trees had been planted by prison labor under government supervision. That isn't a bad idea to have men who had ravaged and destroyed the country improve its roads and brighten its barren surroundings. In doing this they were well cared for, and must have felt improved, brightened and better.

## STEAM HEAT



THAT night after dinner we were tired enough to rest, but we deferred that for some other time. The moon was full and so were the pools in the village. The poor natives have no fires in their homes and are literally in hot water most of the time. They jump in, soak and absorb the heat, and when they are red hot they run home, cuddle up and sleep comfortably until cold again, when they go out, jump in and warm up again. To be in hot water means pain to us but pleasure to them. Back to the Geyser Hotel I went, slipped on a bathrobe, walked through a garden to the foot of a hill, entered a wooden pit bathroom, stripped and turned on the Spout bath. The water was boiling but didn't burn. It was hot yet I felt cool. I stood under it as when a boy under the gutter of the old barn in a thunder shower, and let the hot water pour over me. The water was salt, sulphurous and oily. I dried off, put on my robe, and expected to shiver to pieces before I reached the hotel but was as warm as if blanketed in furs. The oil and mineral in the flowing water had filled the pores and I could have played the manly part of the Lady Godiva without shiver or shame. I slept so well that I wanted to take an extra nap next morning, but the tea fiend had invaded this wild country and a Maori servant woke me up with "Tea, sir?" If the slop hadn't already grown cold I might have scalded her with it. New Zealand is tea crazy, and its drinkers are intemperate as to the time and amount of their drinking. There are as many brands of tea as of liquor, and they may be quite as injurious. I am tea-totally opposed to it, and if I had to live here I might become a whisky-drinking drunkard in self defense.

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE



THE following day we autoed to the wharf on Lake Rotorua and launched out with lunch and guide. We passed the island of Mokoia in the center of the lake. It looked like any other island, but like some people, had a history. Here lived the fathers of the tribe, the Tohungas, or sacred priests, with the sacred emblems they had brought from legendary Hawaiki. Of greater interest was the story

of the bath of Hinemoa. The guide said it took place on the shore of Mokoia and was the inspiration of many a song and poem, tableau and fireside tale.

Once upon a time there lived a princess whose name was Hinemoa, and she loved a common chap who lived on this island. For fear she might lose her tootsey Tutanekai, or that some other girl might get him, she played the Leander stunt to her hero, and thus became a heroine. Her father had said "No" to her prayers to marry him, and swore if he ever showed his face he would kick him down stairs and across the island.

She sent a trusty messenger to her beau and unlike the average girl, did all the lover daring. She told him to toot his horn from the island hill, she would get in her canoe and with love-filled paddle come to his shore and arms. Her old man was wise, he had been there before, knew the game, and when he heard Tutanekai's horn he tied up the canoes and hid the paddles. Poor "Tut" waited in vain. So did Hinemoa. One night she said, "Canoe or no canoe, paddle or not, I'll swim or sink." To get her boy she made a buoy or life raft of six gourds, three on a side. It was dark but love lit the way. Striking out, kicking and floating, she was only half way across when she became exhausted and knew the sea-monster Taniwha would get her. However, the old monster felt kindly and said, "I'll rock you to sleep, my dear," and pushed up a pile of rocks for her to sit on. So she rested and then swam again until she reached the island.

Not finding her lover she said, "I'll take a hot bath, anyway. I'm chilly, my lover isn't here, and since he has turned the cold shoulder on me I will warm my body and heart in this hot pool." The moon came up, and so did a man whom she welcomed because it was her sweetheart's servant. Choking with emotion, she pretended to be brave, spoke roughly and asked for a drink. He leaned over the hot spring and gave her the calabash of fresh water he had just taken from the lake for his master. Thanking him, she drank it down and smashed the calabash against the rock. "You're the limit," he frightenedly said as he saw his pitcher broken at the well, and he hurried to tell his master. With a heart pining with love and his lips very dry, the lover told him to go again and get him a drink. Once more the servant filled the gourd, and again the

girl asked it, drank it and smashed it. Again he returned and told his master what had happened. This thing was kept up until Tutanekai ran to the spring to see who was breaking up his bar-room pitchers. "Come out of there," he cried. "Who in hot water are you?" She answered, "Your own little girlie, honey-dovey, who loves you, swam 'way over here to meet you, thinks more of you than of her father, and will not go back home." "Darling," he cried, "stay with me and be my love, and we will all the passions prove."

So he helped her out and cloaked his arm around her. This was equal to an Episcopal service, and they had a big feast, and everybody from far and near came to see and praise the beautiful princess who had crossed the cold lake on a dark night. Her father missed his little girl, and when he learned what she had done he felt proud and gave her and her lover husband a blessing. All was well, and they lived happily ever afterwards, till they died.

This was a love-match that even cold water could not put out. The boy was game and acted as if he were a royal prince by birth. They lived and loved and raised a family whose descendants today are proud as Lucifer when they tell how their great-great-grandmother swam to fame and posterity. The moral of this tale conveys an immoral lesson. It is not excusable even in leap-year to leave home without your bathing suit.

My reason for repeating in substance this lovely lie, this piece of poetic passion and legendary "bunk," is that it is the first and last thing one hears on entering and leaving this district. I hope the gentle reader will remember this story, so that when a guide begins, "Once there lived a princess, Hinemoa by name"—he can say, "Oh, yes, Morrill told us all about her and I want to forget it."

## TRoubled Waters



AMURANA is a picturesque spot on the northeast shore of the lake. We landed and were hurried by a winding creek full of sedge and weeds, hopped into a flat boat and were poled and paddled between willow and cherry trees and green and yellow rushes to the source of the stream. The water came, not from a cascade, but from a cool boiling well

that bubbled up dark and deep blue with a mystery and a secret that its babbling didn't tell. We hung on to overhanging branches to keep our tub of a boat from swirling. It was a good place for some water nymphs or bathers to appear, and knowing that money gets almost everything, we threw pennies and three pence in. They didn't show up. My money was refused, for like Elisha's axe, it floated on the water and flat side up until bubbles of air struck it, when it turned over on its straight edge like a knife and sank.

It was not the current but the guide who hurried us away from this Nature's nursery where Kingsley could have written another chapter in his "Water-Babies." You see, the government runs the tea houses and pays the guide to run the tourist in. So from this beautiful spot of water, color and shade we were rushed to the tea-house to spend our remaining ten minutes. We were hotter than the tea, told the lady we came to see and not to swill, and reminded the guide that it would cost him part of his tip for trying to make tea-tiplers of us.

Hugging the skirts of Lake Rotorua in a scandalous manner, we slipped through the narrows and shallows with big trout darting under our keel, and entered Lake Roitoiti. We passed by a small island marked by a white shaft tombstone. At first it looked like a Mississippi river marking, but the garrulous guide said it was the tomb of a chief's son, and the broken shaft monument was not accidental but the design of the sculptor to show the last hope of the family was broken.

The Maori women guides gabbled as we landed and offered their services. They were bare-headed, bare-legged and bare-faced, except the one I chose, whose chin was covered with blue tattoo marks instead of a beard. Her name was Harriet, and she had two comely daughters who wanted to guide me in the safe and narrow way. I decided the mother would be better, for abroad as well as at home it is always better to be safe than sorry. Harriet hurried us to the Okere Rapids that were making a running jump over the falls to supply the electric light power to Rotorua township fifteen miles away.

Mid rock and ravine she showed me the caves where her ancestors had hidden in safety during their fight with the English. Holding a candle in one hand, and dragging me out with the other like a cat out of an ash-barrel, she related their

brave deeds worthy of a place in heroic literature. When we were tired she took us back, and while we sat and rested under a tree, she danced a woman's "haka" dance, the kind they danced when they led the warriors out to fight and welcomed them to arms when they returned. It was a head, arm and foot affair. She rolled her eyes, stuck out her tongue, and sang words that she coyly refused to translate, either because she lacked English or for fear of corrupting our morals. As we left her she looked appealingly, put out her hand and said, "Have I not been good to you?" Nodding assent I rewarded her for valorous and virtuous conduct with some good English silver.

### TERRA INFIRMA



OUR carriage rolled us next to Tikitere, a segment of the Inferno. As Charon charged an obolos to cross the Styx, we had to cross the Maori guide's hand with silver before entering because it was private property. That was to be expected for it always costs to go to Hades. Like human fiends we roamed around in steam clouds overhead and by mud volcanoes that growled and bubbled like hot mush. Solfateras sang dismal steam scales, and there were boiling springs of double, toil and trouble if you fell in. "Lo, on a narrow neck of land I stand" never so appealed to me as when I stood between these two boiling lakes. There was plenty of terror but no terra firma. It was a bad place to be after dark, or even for careless people in the daytime, and there were good illustrations for a sermon on the text, "Take heed to thy steps."

There is a narrow bridge called the "Gates of Hades" where you stand as the steam wets you, and sulphuretted hydrogen hits your nose like an egg from a last year's hen's nest. If you are not satisfied you may look North to the "Inferno," a Jap devil fish-mouth thing, a mud geyser boiling its brown, bubbly, oily, melted mud. They are called "Bubbling Pots" because they suggest porridge with their slow, solemn, sullen slop and splutter. It is fit food for a fiend. I wondered whether Old Nick was trying to cool it or whether it was indigestible and he had thrown it up.

## OHINEMUTU



ONE night as the moon was scudding through the clouds we skipped to the old town of Ohinemutu, on the shore of Lake Rotorua, to attend a native church service. There was a good crowd of Maoris who sang hymns by the dozen in their native tongue with force and rhythm. The pastor addressed them, spoke a few words of English to us, and then proceeded to give an illustrated lecture on Jerusalem. The slides didn't fit the machine and repeatedly stuck between Jerusalem and Jericho. After service he showed us the new edifice and introduced us to the old native carver who had made the fine pulpit, bench, side-wall, ceiling and other carvings. What first had looked to me like a lot of plane geometrical figures were found to be ornamental and had as much meaning as most mural decorations.

We came out of church and glanced at the little native houses with carved door posts, at the old church, now used as a kind of lumber room, at the Square with its big whares and a monument to good Queen Victoria who is ever to be remembered as an example of right living. The streets steamed and the gutters ran with hot sulphur water, and I hope the husband who comes home late at night is sober. If not he is liable to get not only a scolding but a scalding, and be made to cook the breakfast over one of these boiling springs. We saw the old tribe burial grounds and the carved posts of a sunken fort called Pah. In the distance lay the historic island of Mokoia bathed in moonlight. The guide began to tell me the bath and calabash love tale I'd heard the day before. I told him to hold his horses, which meant he was to give no rein to his imagination.

## POOH-POOH, POHUTU!



THE Geyser Hotel had promised us something special in the geyser line for Easter and the little "Wocker" village was full of expectant people. So far the weather had been fair, but this Sunday I exchanged my ordinary spout bath for a shower bath that came down from the skies in wet sheets that wrapped one in cold embrace.

Pohutu geyser was advertised as the big act that would promptly perform without fail. The crowd stood around and

waited. There was a hitch somewhere. The guard was anxious to please us and tried to coax it. He had a string tied to a lid in the geyser, and would pull it up or let it down to get a pressure necessary to spout the twenty to one hundred feet it had been advertised. Like every other thing so far it was slow, and we begged our guide to lose no time in showing us some of the side show sights. She knew Maori legends, life, curios and customs, and her descriptions were more animated, colored and interesting than the phenomena she showed us. On the plateau we saw the "Brain Pot," so called from the legend that a warrior from a rival tribe was caught and killed and his brains thrown in here. Our path lay by steam vents, bubbling mud craters, colored pools and extinct geysers. The "Torpedo" fired and echoed like the grunts of dying pigs that were said to have fallen in and been cooked. The Wairoa geyser was a mere memory. Across the hot water stream by the Taupo road, there were mud-volcanoes and a warm opal colored lake. Once she pointed to a dangerous spot, and unangelic and fool-like I rushed to see it, but she caught my hand and held it so tight and long that her nervous fright was communicated, and I learned I was in a dangerous condition. My wife came up just then and I was saved a nervous collapse.

To show how the natives live the government has built a grand Pah or model Maori fort. Within the stockade were houses, barns, poles carved like Totem poles, wash basins, canoes and utensils. The fort itself looked like a bamboo tower. We entered some of the native huts, but outside cleanliness and air were better than rain-shelter.

Back we came to Pohutu, drenched and bedraggled, and waited for the fireworks or waterworks. Te Horo, a hot water well 20 feet in diameter, furnishes the power and rises from the Devil's kitchen where Satan is seasoning the soup with sulphur. It steams and boils, and when it is almost brimful blows thousands of pretty glassy bubbles, as if a kindergarten were having recess sport. I might say soap bubbles, for the new keeper was so anxious to please his visitors and make a record for himself that he threw a cake of Pears' soap in the water. This upset Pohutu's stomach so badly that she threw up fountains and spurts and splashes fifty feet high.

## IMPRESSIONS



IN OUR way back to the hotel to get some dry clothes we saw some natives outdoors in improvised bathtubs; girls jumping from a high bridge and diving for pennies, and some old women preparing their supper by wrapping their fish and vegetables in a cloth and setting it over a steam hole, which is their fireless cooker. We looked in huts and kodaked carvings and church; visited a slab tomb with carved posts and rails that looked like a bedstead whose occupant was lying dead asleep, and passed by pools where boys, girls and old women were absorbing heat enough to keep from freezing in their fireless houses. Some children danced the "haka" for a "penny a hak," and it was amusing to see their moving tongues, eyes and limbs, and the palms of their hands held out for money. Walking near a government public bath house and along a fiery river we wound around to the back entrance of the hotel where this hot water was channeled for our bath.

A wet drink, a dry suit, a good dinner, a backlog fire, some piano music, and I strolled to the veranda. The moon was full and glorious and the quiet was all around us until my big-bodied friend, the Geyser Hotel proprietor, came up and said, "Doctor, you leave in the morning—you are satisfied? Tell me how you have enjoyed yourself and how this compares with your National Yellowstone Park." I told him that comparisons were odorous, that I was from America, and disliked to seem discourteous. He laughed and said, "On the square, I want to know." Pointing to the big silver moon overhead I replied that there was as much difference between our National Yellowstone Park and his Rotorua as there was between the full moon and a Jack-o'-lantern. He made no further inquiry.

## RUBBING NOSES



AT THE depot I learned the Maori way to say "Good-bye." It isn't an exchange of nosegays but a nose massage. I asked "Edie" to greet me in that fashion, but she said it wasn't customary, for tourists, and there were too many people looking on. However, I overcame her native scruples, retired to a corner of the depot, stood in the



NOSE GREETINGS


ROTORUA, N. Z.



"TOTALISATOR"—RACE TRACK GAMBLING      AUCKLAND, N. Z.

sunshine, wiped my nose while she wiped hers, then clasped her hand and we were mutually drawn towards each other until our noses touched and rubbed. "L" was nosing around and kodaked us in this vis-a-vis. This may be a more sanitary way of greeting than to kiss lips, but it is less satisfactory. Esquimaux and horses rub noses, and "horse sense" is at a premium in this world. Perhaps this Maori custom is not so senseless as it looks. Lip-kissing is unnatural to the Tongans and Maoris, hand-shaking was a missionary innovation.


## LETTERS

 HE train beat its way back through the bush to Auckland and en route I noticed the novel way in which New Zealand distributes her mail. The mail pouch was open, and so was the door, and one by one the letters and papers flew out into the woods and pastures. This must have been the rural free delivery. But it was too free, warning was given, the train was stopped, and an attendant went back and collected the mail. This was an accident, but if I had been postman and found letters addressed to the following named places on the route I would have fired them out of the door and let them reach their owners as best they could. Here are a few of the names and they were so rough I broke my pencil point several times before I could write them down. No wonder the road bed is so rocky and one finds it difficult to take a nap. This is not the order of the stations, but I have arranged a few alphabetically for easy reference:

Matamata, Mangapeehi, Motumaoho, Ngaruawahia, Ohakune, Otorohanga, Pukekohe, Putaruru, Taumarunui, Tekuiti.

What's in a name? All the alphabet. If any witch has run short of incantations the use of the above names would surely do the business.

## CARVINGS AND CANVAS

 UCKLAND again, but there was no room for love or money at our hotel. It was full, and so were most of the men, for the ground floor was one big bar with liquor enough to float schooners and all kinds of craft. Other hotels were full, so I managed to land our party in three

different places. Why this hegira on Saturday before Easter? To serve God Sunday? No. The crowd had come for the races, to worship the devil on Monday.

Sodom had its Lot and I found a lot of people who included Easter with Christmas as the two days in the 365 when they were to worship and thank God for all the past favors of the year. We went to St. Patrick's in the morning and to the Anglican St. Matthew's at night. In the afternoon we visited the Museum where all Maori-land is on exhibition, its fauna, flora, implements, war weapons, carvings, gold, gems and green stone. There was a big war canoe that could hold a small army with no fear of capsizing. The most curious and interesting thing to me was the kindness of the keeper, who personally pointed out and explained the exhibits and allowed me to photo the wares, whares and carvings.

Their one Apollo ideal is always and everywhere a carved dwarf. He is a grotesque gargoyle, bow-legged, with hands wildly clutching his stomach, cheeks puffed out, bullet eyes shooting glances and his tongue poked out. The figure suggests the early days when I stole into a farmer's orchard with the usual griping results. The eyes are striking and staring and are made from the pawa shell that resembles mother-of-pearl. These stomach-ache statues or carvings are all alike in substance and spirit and are found as ornaments on canoes and houses. This idol is a nightmare and not a dream, yet the Maoris like it. In art as in religion we find there is no accounting for taste, and what to one is a damned error is a holy thing to another and he proceeds to bless it with a Scripture text.

Some of the carvings are not only quaint but questionable. They were not taken from sporting houses, but are decorations for a home with a wife's and children's contemplation. One righteous missionary is said to have taken his axe and ruined the "very fine" carving we were studying. He chopped off enough indecencies to make a pile of kindling wood. "Eyes, but see not," is what the average tourist does to a Maori carving. No wonder the native is degenerate and dying off like the Hawaiians, and that the mighty warrior has become a milksop who dances and swims for tourist money. These carved figures on his whares or native wood houses are licentious as those I saw at the Nepal temple in Benares or the pictures on Pom-

peiiian walls. They would make excellent decorations for a club house in Sodom and Gomorrah. Two relics of the past that had floated down the stream of time were the big warrior canoes inside and the live lizards outside, the last of their race.

The walls of the Art Gallery are covered with works of local and foreign artists. There were no good nudes and no bad ones for the Maori carvings in the Museum are sufficient to fill any long-felt want for a long time to come. What I most enjoyed was Artist Lindauer's collection of Maori Chief paintings. The famous warriors look at you from the walls, natural as life though many of them are dead. The artist gives the face, skin-tint and tattoo marks as if they were colored photographs. Among the striking pictures was one of the priest "Tohunga." He is under some tabu penance, and not daring to touch food he kneels down with his hands placed behind him while a little naked Maori girl feeds him with boiled potatoes.

## IN EDEN



**A**DAM tramped around Eden and we four descendants trammed out three miles to Mount Eden. The serpent temptation here was in the form of a tea-house. Some of our party fell by the wayside, but others said, "Get behind me." Mary, "L" and I climbed around and up over 600 feet. The view is paradisaical. From this height you look out on city and country, suburbs, harbors, mountain ranges, on more than fifty extinct volcanoes, in a range of five miles, and at the triple tiaraed Rangitoto that overlooks the land and sea scape. There was a sunset, gold and glorious, and if Eve and Adam had as fine a prospect as this, I wonder how they ever did anything that put them out. This Eden summit is an extinct crater and in the form of an amphitheatre. Long ago it was a Pah or Maori stronghold, as is proved by the ruins of the fortifications that rise in terraces from the bottom to the top. The New Zealander may either drive or walk up, but he always takes his girl with him. You know Adam was lonely in Eden, and God said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him." He did, and you know what happened, for the guilty, naked pair hid themselves. Times are better now; the gates of this Mount Eden are shut early and the police regulations are improved.

## EASTER GAMBLING



BEFORE going to the races I went into a barber-shop. Taking me for a muttonhead, they sheared me like a sheep and when I came out the bootblacks "cleaned," but did not shine my shoes. Ellerslie is the headquarters of the Auckland racing club. I was railroaded into the race track by buying a railroad ticket which admitted me to the grounds. This was cheap, too cheap, the ladies thought, so they paid ten shillings more, which exclusive and rich privilege permitted them to bet nothing less than five dollars on each race. We couldn't bet less than two and a half dollars, and I didn't care to do that, though I was earnestly invited to by a number of men and women. Merlon tried it and said it was lots of fun, but I thought he worked hard, for he was now "in" and then "out" and finally only broke even.

The Colonists are all good sports and will bet on a card, on which a fly has lit, to see whether it is a one or two spot. The horses are nothing in looks or gait that appeals to anyone bred in Old Kentucky. The betting game is the thing wherein to catch the coin of the crowd. The main event is not the horse or the racing but the gambling. The government has repeatedly tried to remedy the gambling evil and to limit, if not eradicate, the world-desire to get something for nothing or much for little. To this desired end it has legalized the "totalisator," a kind of mechanical bookmaker. Our European friends would call it the "Paris-Mutuel," the idea of which is to give the gamblers a square deal for their money. The government's relation to this game seems to me as creditable as if Uncle Sam had run a Louisiana state lottery instead of abolishing it. It looks as if the New Zealand government was jealous of the gambling rake off and wanted a big sum for itself.

I didn't bet and never have bet a dime's worth of anything in my life. I know this is a painful and late confession to my friends who have thought all along I never missed a chance on anything. This is the gambling game. You see the horses, a gait takes your fancy and you put up your money with the government official, who puts down a numbered ticket. Thousands of others do the same thing and you know it because the number is shot up in big figures that all may see. If the favor-

ite horse wins the money is equally divided among the gamblers after the government has taken its share, while there is a decreasing percentage returned to those who bet on the horse that came in second or third. If the majority have backed the winning favorite you will probably get back just what you put in. If you were fortunate enough to back a winning outsider and you were the only one, you would get the whole pile. In Australia you get your share minus ten per cent, the government gets seven and a half per cent and allows the promoters two and a half per cent to keep up the game, buildings and the fund.

### PILGRIMS' PROGRESS



THE passing show at Wellington took passage on the fast palatial steamer "Maori." We waited for them and were glad to, for it was a good company and it would have been too bad to leave them behind and disappoint the Middle Island pleasure-seekers who were looking for them. "L" and I had been assigned a large cabin alone, and entering found it a small one with a man in it. When the clerk saw the difficulty he appreciated the value of friendship and gave us the big room next to his own on the upper deck.

We rose early next morning to see the sights and scenery in a clear sky. I had a big appetite and sat at the table with Doctor MacMillan Brown. He was so well informed on the subjects of war, home, government and travel that I spent most of the hour in putting ideas into my ear in place of food in my stomach.

The approach to Lyttleton was delightful. We nosed into the portals known as the "heads" and sailed up a splendid rock-bound natural harbor with yellow and green hills that climbed up several hundred feet on each side. We entered the moles and were berthed, and grabbing my valise I walked across the big wharf to the waiting train that was bound for Christchurch, the other side of the Port Hills. For years people had to walk or drive over the bridle path, but we burrowed through a rock that took six years and barrels of money to bore. In a few minutes we had traveled from salt water, through rock and darkness, to a flat plain.

Acres and acres blossomed with white wool that had recently been shorn from fine sheep. Horses were blanketed, but the children ran around in the chill air bare-legged to the crotch, and I wondered if that was a good way to teach them modesty in later years.

At the Christchurch station there were tracks, but no trams, and I learned that it was Sunday, cars didn't run in the morning and travelers were compelled to walk. We started and never stopped till we reached Cathedral Square, entered the English cathedral with our rags, tags and bags, and since there was no place to check our bags at the door we carried them up the aisle. Bunyan's pilgrim had a pack on his back that rolled off when he saw the cross; we carried ours until we found the first vacant seat. The worshippers looked curiously at us, some with astonishment and others with horror as if we were spies who had come to blow up the building.

The service had already begun and had we stopped at the hotel first it would have been too late. Music is a great feature in the Church of England service, but there was little of it here, and the rector explained and excused it by saying the weather had been very cold, so that most of the choir were laid up at home doctoring their throats and lungs. The sermon was scholarly, reference was made to the war and the prayer was an earnest appeal to the God of battles to give success to the English allied forces. Bag in hand, we marched out to the swelling organ music and struck across the Square to the Cotter's hotel. It wasn't a Saturday night, but a Sunday noon. The motherly wife of the proprietor took pity on us, gave us the best front room overlooking the Square and set us down to a table filled with all that was wholesome and necessary for a Sunday dinner.

## DUMB BELLES



AFTER dinner we climbed to the top of a tram car and rode eight miles to the Sumner ocean beach resort. Motor boats were chugging, lovers on the sand were hugging and on the pier a man was experimenting how he could photograph a little fish and make it look like a whale. Next we explored a gigantic cave rock that had been

eaten out by the waves, looked at the foam and listened to the echo of the sea through the corridors. Sumner means good old summer time sunshine. It is bright here, even in the winter when it is cloudy everywhere else on the island, and the residents boast an average of over five hours sunshine the year round.

Looking down the beach I saw fifty or more girls, more or less pretty, from twelve to fifteen years of age, sitting on an embankment. They were dressed much alike, their hats were just alike and on each band I read the letters "P. F. D. T." Approaching them I smiled, they did, too, and I asked the one who seemed to be the leader, "Excuse me, I am an inquisitive stranger. Won't you tell me what those letters stand for?" She sat silent and I stood embarrassed and repeated the question. She deigned no answer, and I went away, saying something I hoped she didn't hear. Walking up to an old man sitting on a bench, I said, "What's the matter with those girls? I asked a civil question and they froze me out with a stare and wouldn't say a thing." He laughed, and slapping his knee, replied, "Why, man, they didn't hear you; they're all deaf." Back I went to an elderly lady near them and told her what had happened. She, too, laughed and I joined in. Motioning to a young Maori girl to come to her, she pointed to my lips and requested me to ask the girl's name and age. I did and the girl read my lips and answered vocally in a clear and distinct manner. Surely the prophecy is fulfilled, "The deaf shall hear and the dumb speak." The woman was a teacher in a school that had been maintained for thirty years, the only school for the deaf in the Dominion. The building cost over \$100,000, there were fifteen acres of land laid out in orchards, gardens and landscapes, and 100 pupils and trained specialists. The method is oral and by lip movement, words without sound. These children are taught to speak and read one's lips just as we listen to sound. The moral of this incident is that even a dumb woman or girl will talk if you give her a chance.

## COLD COMFORT



SUNDAY night in Christchurch a Christian is expected to go to a church of Christ. The Cathedral was chilly, and the man who sat next to me with vinegar aspect was Mr. Pickles, whom I had met at the hotel. He told me of a public organ recital which would take place, after the service, in his Majesty's Theatre and that he would show us the way there. The concert was free except for a voluntary offering at the door for the war-fund. It was a big organ program and player, but given to a small audience. The room was cold as a New England barn. There were plenty of organ pipes but no stove or steam pipes. Christchurch people are warm-hearted, but their rooms are cold storage plants. In church and theatre you can only keep warm with extra wraps. The music was good and I wanted to applaud, but there was a printed statement on the program forbidding it. I didn't even have this excuse for keeping my hands warm. Accordingly, I sat in icy silence listening coldly and looking occasionally at the architecture that recalled the definition of "frozen music." The organ music was not Bach but Chopin and other piano writers, on the supposition that the player and hearers were church members and wanted something lively after so serious a Sunday as Christchurch celebrates. We walked back to the hotel for the cars that are only run Sunday afternoon are run in after dark.

## A HOLY TERROR



NO SOONER had I reached the hotel than my teeth began to ache with cold. I took a hot drink and they ached worse. I went to bed expecting to sleep alone, but neuralgia climbed in with me. I sprang up, looked out of the window and saw dental signs on both sides of the streets, but it was late and Sunday. Here a doctor might be arrested for doing unnecessary work on a tooth even were he in his office. So I jumped back into bed with a jumping toothache. Perhaps I slept some from nervous exhaustion, yet I heard the big clock strike twelve, two, four, six and eight. A toothache is no laughing matter, except when you take gas. Strange that in "Much Ado About Nothing" one should find these words, "I

have the toothache. What? Sigh for the toothache?" I was no patient philosopher to endure the toothache, but a mad poet, and quoted Burns,

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortured gums along."

### A CITY ON WHEELS



THE morning saw me looking out of the window on a city of wheels. The town boasts 30,000 bikes for business and hikes. Everything is flat, and there are no cross-town roads. If you want a chop, chocolate or cup of coffee, "bike it." So they come and go by ones, twos and threes along and around with a charge, Chester, charge. The inhabitants are divided into those who run bikes or are run over by them. I counted them until I had wheels in my head. It recalled the ancient American history when everybody was astride of one. Our bikes were thrown into the junk heap and are now running around in auto form.

In this sunshiny town the only sad things are the weeping willows. They mourn along the grassy slopes and shrubby banks of the Avon river, where youth row for exercise or cast a line for a trout. I thought this river was named after the bard of Avon but learned it was in honor of a general. It doesn't matter much, for Shakespeare has nearly all the world's honors anyway.

From Christchurch's name one might have expected a famous philosopher or theologian to have lived there, but its contribution to the sum of the world's genius and godliness is a champion tennis player.

Christchurch is the capital of Canterbury, and although I was no Chaucer I made a pilgrimage and learned a few tales. The town is regularly built and is a good lesson in geometry with its Squares and Triangles. It was founded in 1850 by the Canterbury Association as a church of England settlement. Its leading industries are bicycles, iron foundries and the making of farm machinery. It believes in play as well as work, for there are two popular seaside resorts at Sumner and New Brighton, and there is a Hagley Park with four hundred acres of recreation ground. Its most important buildings are the Christ Cathedral and University.

## STRANGER THAN FICTION



THE New Zealander believes in an education, free, compulsory and secular, and one may step from the public school into the university. The "U" looks English, is clad in ivy, has much to be proud of, and boasts that it was the first British University College that opened its doors to women.

This is a small town but it has a "whale" of a museum, with a skeleton of the biggest whale ever found. Entering the mammal room one finds specimens from cats to kangaroos, while the ethnological department exhibits what wide world nature can do. The New Zealand room has a collection of skeletons of Moas. The Moa was a bird thirteen feet high that made an ostrich look like a chicken. The museum is built on Moa bones, that is, of these birds found in Canterbury and sold to the world's museums. The bird is extinct, along with the geysers and volcanoes, but left his bones as a legacy. As I looked at his skeleton I wondered how big an egg he came from, where it was laid, how hatched, where he found worms or food big enough to eat, what kind of a noise he made, whether he and the mountains were the original and only settlers and for how long, and whether it were true that there were no more Moas here though there were Samoa islands. I think New Zealand should have been named Samoa after this bird and Samoa called by some other name. There is a story that Mr. Moa was so fast that he was employed to carry the mail and that the N. Z. railroad grew jealous and killed him off. However, he may have been so "fast" that he naturally died early. I saw the N. Z. kea, a "bloody" parrot with perverted tastes. In his early days he hunted for grubs in the dense grass, but now he gets his grub on the sheep's back, pouncing upon the wool and piercing the skin until he reaches the kidney fat. Keas have been known to kill 200 sheep in a single night.

There was a model Maori house well furnished with the best of native art, life and work, and some old tomb posts and slabs well carved with stone implements, yet all were marred and marked by low ideals, many of them below the belt. The biggest thing of all, the pride and boast of the city, is the skeleton of the largest whale ever found. It is in a shed by itself and looks to be a hundred feet long. It was a Leviathan, large as

a boat, a fish big enough to swallow a baker's dozen of Jonahs. In fact, he was so immense that all the Avon river couldn't float his tail.

We visited the Art Guild and saw some students' work and a few students working. When the clock struck high noon they stopped for lunch and we went.

### "BLUFF" OYSTERS



NEW ZEALAND is a great fish and oyster island. I had heard of the Bluff oysters and wanted to sample them. They had tried to bluff me in believing they were better than our Blue Points but I was from Missouri. There are many oyster houses, from which we selected one whose owner's name is Dennis. Mr. D. was delighted when he found an American had come 10,000 miles to eat a Bluff oyster. I told him four dozen would be enough to give them a fair trial. We went up stairs, and when I gave the girl my order she thought I was crazy. "L" and I ordered them raw, stewed and fried, and the cooks looked through the door to see what two cannibals had sent in such an order. People nearby forgot to eat their chops watching us slip the big things down. They were large as an ash tray or pickle dish. Dishes for the raw ones seemed unnecessary, for each shell was like a platter, but the taste was small compared with our U. S. ones. It was rank, fishy and tough, and well called "Bluff." Thackeray ate one of our oysters and said it made him feel as if he had swallowed a live baby. One of these might have suggested a small, hot water bag boiled in salt water, well greased and peppered.

### CHRISTCHURCH



PORT HILLS lie round Christchurch as the mountains around Jerusalem, and we rode round what the train had pulled us through. The view was fine, flat and far away. The city below looked plain and level and through the purple haze the Southern Alps loomed in the distance. It was fine atmosphere for an artist, but very bad for my neuralgia. However, I hoped the soft sea air might minister to my diseased tooth, and pluck from my jaw the "rooted sorrow," so I took a tram for Brighton beach, said to be the biggest

and best in the world, with forty miles of clean sand and ideal surf-bathing. The season was over. It was cold enough on land, and a little more so at the end of a pier where a few men were fishing. I bought a ticket and walked out. The only swells I saw were the waves, though in summer there are many others.

Christchurch is a flat town, but the spires and the aspirations of the people are high. The Anglican Cathedral, so big and beautiful now, was not finished beyond its foundations for years until after the historian Froude visited Christchurch and poked fun at it. The Roman Catholic Basilica afforded us rest and shelter in its front portico between the two large frontal towers.

This is a good town, and everybody belongs to Christ church, I guess, except a man who tore across the street by the Victoria clock tower and stopped me. "Hello, what's up?" I said. He answered, "That settles it, I win." He had bet we were Americans. I felt sorry we had set such a bad example in a Christian town. I wonder how much he won.

At night we went back to Christchurch's port, Lyttleton, and boarded the "Maori." Fitzgerald met us, and once more kindly gave us the fine stateroom next to his.

## PELORUS JACK



PELORUS JACK is one of the best known characters in New Zealand. His name is in every mouth, his photo on all post cards. He is protected by an act of Parliament and is the pilot of Cook Straits. I was anxious to see him, but he has disappeared, and for three years no one has heard of him. His absence has caused great sorrow among the sailors. Pelorus Jack was a whale, social and scientific. He came out to follow the ships and would swim just before the bow and pilot the ship in and trail when the steamer had entered. A cranky traveler once pulled out his gun and took a shot at P. J., and the sailors were so enraged they tried to mob him and throw him overboard.

## TOO SLOW



WELLINGTON is New Zealand's capital. It is at the head of Port Nicholson on a circular harbor that is one of the safest and largest in N. Z. It is hemmed in by hills, and for a week we found it hilly and chilly. We wanted to make some side trips to some of the show places—Mt. Cook, Wanganui river and Buller gorge, and Mr. Hill of the government tourist agency was as anxious to have us go as we were to go. He couldn't fix it, for the season was late, the hotels closed and transportation poor and irregular. So we chafed like a caged American eagle that wants to fly and cannot. It did seem painfully ridiculous that when there were a few sights that were said to be worth seeing in this little island there were no facilities to get there. Trains and boats run infrequently, and poor or no connections are made. We wasted time enough at Wellington to have seen every beauty and grandeur spot in the two islands if there only had been tourist service such as we have in America. It's all right if you live in N. Z., or expect to stay for a year or more, but for a man who lives in a big, wonderful world and wants to see some of its everything, life is too short. Again and again I was asked, "Why hurry, and why not stay longer?" I didn't want to, it wasn't necessary. All towns look so much alike that one only wants the striking things. I wasn't here for my health or rest, to drink tea, play cricket or take twenty-five mile walks over miniature mountains. Foreign tourists would think better of N. Z. travel if the government spent more money on train service and connections and less on tea-houses and folders. I was sincerely disappointed, and Mr. Wilson, of the Advertising Bureau, sympathized with me so much that he invited me to his office and gave me a set of N. Z. slides to show American audiences what I didn't see. Personally here, as in other Colonial cities, men of official position did everything they could to make my visit pleasant and informing. I am not ungrateful and will return the compliment if they will come to Minneapolis. They laugh at Americans for being like the hare, and we smile at their tortoise gait though we are willing to admit they sometimes get there first.

## HIKES



WELLINGTON does well in an observation tram sight-seer. We left the postoffice about ten o'clock A. M. and took a thirty mile ride for fifty cents, hitting all the high spots. The car ran around the hills and we saw splendid harbor views, passed football and cricket grounds, and visited Lyall Bay on Cook's Straits where the cold wild waves were saying, "Pelorus Jack is gone, and no fair city mermaids plunge in our depths to find him." We went to Day's bay with its fine sandy beach and prettily laid out grounds. At the height of the season fine fellows and females exchange embraces with the waves and each other. N. Z. lovers don't sit and spoon so much as walk. The boy says, "Get your cane and we will take a twenty-five mile hike," and she does, and they do, and hundreds of others do the same thing. I saw lovers, married couples and families by dozens with long pancake shaped hats, canes, short skirts, rolled up trousers and heavy shoes, walking and climbing as if the city had been bombarded or plague-stricken and they were fleeing for safety.


We met some surprises at the Zoo. The grounds are in a fine natural wood easy for animals and hard up-hill climbing for tourists. I met many of my old Ark descendants whose brothers and sisters are in other zoos, and in addition was introduced to a new one, an emu. He was visiting from Australia, and so were some pretty Sydney girls who saw me kodak him. Birds of a feather flock together, for the emu was bold and so were they. Their leader stepped up to me and said, "Photo us instead of that homely bird," and I wanted to, but my wife develops the films and I might expose myself to criticism.

It was easy to see the Houses of Parliament because they were not in session; to come out and look at the general Government buildings that everyone tells you are "The largest wooden structures in the world"; (they would have been nearer the truth if they had said the "ugliest"); to scan the Library with its few rare volumes and manuscripts; to tramp around the Museum with its many Maori memorials; to wonder at the little Art Gallery that shows the Wellingtonites think more of cheese, butter and mutton than of painting and statuary, and to study the Botanical garden's most interesting object, the

kiosk, where you gulp tea and take in a fine view of the city and surroundings.

Speaking of tea reminds me of my fellow shipmate, Mr. Harkness, a prominent citizen here, who was on the "Marama" when she bumped the 'Frisco rocks, and who later sailed with us from Hawaii to Fiji. I accepted his invitation to call at his office at 10 A. M. He was pleasant and informing. Suddenly our visit was interrupted by a boy who bolted into the office, not with a telegram, but a tray of tea. I knew what I would have to do, because I couldn't get out of the door and it was too high to jump from the window to the street. I folded my hands and looked resigned, and when he asked if I would have tea with milk in it I thanked him and said, "A little milk, please, with no tea." He said it was a regular custom with him and he could as easily do without his "bawth" as his tea. I fear the tea plant runs the Colonies.

### ELECTION DAY

ELLINGTON women are privileged characters, though I saw a few who had lost theirs. Walking towards the wharf I noticed a crowd of men in front of the post-office who were looking at and listening to some one. I was curious and came close, which led someone to say, "Give the Yankee a chance." There in the center was a woman standing on a chair and up for her rights. She was neatly dressed and made a logical, impassioned speech to the voters urging them to vote for labor candidates. In America and England she would be called a suffragette, but here she is a voter on any question and can give you the reason why. It was a mixed and tough looking crowd, yet they were attentive and respectful, applauded and made exclamation after every point she made. I am sure she got their votes.

I went from this election speech to the city hall and found a group of earnest women at the door with badges in hand which they gave the voters. As I approached, one of them came up to me and said she was sure I was one of them and intended to vote for their man. I replied I wished I could, but I was an American. At this word half a dozen of the pretty creatures, moved with pity, and you know what that's kin to, replied, "That's too bad, but wear our badge, see how we work, and when

you go home see that your sisters get the same equal chance." America may be first in war and peace but not in woman suffrage, and to help the good cause I said I would take their pictures home and show them on the lecture platform.

Private electioneering is not permitted at the booth, yet who can measure the influence of these earnest women? I am sure many a man who intended to vote crooked did just the opposite when he looked straight into their eyes. Among the ladies was the mayor's wife, Mrs. Luke. She introduced me to His Honor and he honored me with a friendly talk on Colonial and city conditions, and the value of the Australian ballot system, although he was a New Zealander.

That night I stood out in the drizzle with ten thousand men and women before the newspaper office to get the returns. It was a serious affair. The bulletins were received in silence, as if they were from the bedside of the dying king. When the result was announced, and the present incumbent, Mr. Luke, was re-elected, some of the women whom I had met at the hall said to me, "We did it," and I was glad of it. This was quite a contrast to a U. S. election, when we shove, sing and shout at the bulletins and have moving pictures and music between the announcements.

Let woman vote here, there and everywhere as often as she can.

### SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?



THE Constitutional Amendment defeat of woman suffrage at Washington, D. C., classes the brain and heart of the home with minors, aliens, idiots, lunatics and criminals.

The memory of Eve is traduced and the mother of our Lord slandered by a pack of pin-headed politicians, men of low-browed ideals who fear that a woman's vote for virtue will offset theirs for vice and that feminine godliness might frustrate their foul graft.

It is an un-American, unfair, unkind, un-Christian thing to place our women in the class of heathen countries which deny her equal rights, keep her as a beast of burden and animal plaything, making her devilish instead of divine.

America is what the home is; the home is what the woman



WOMEN VOTING

WELLINGTON, N. Z.



makes it, but it will never be thoroughly protected, pious and patriotic until she can vote against the vice and villainy which endanger and seek to destroy her husband, sons and daughters.

Woman is in the world to stay; it is too late to remove her to Oriental tutelage. She has advanced from naked barbarism to the position of veiled Oriental, unveiled European, and able and amiable American in kitchen and caucus, library and lecture platform, teacher and thinker.

Why should women vote?

Because it is their right. "Taxation without representation" is unjust.

Because "Just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed."

Because this is a "Government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Because it will elevate them intellectually, compelling them to leave the shrine of folly and fashion to study the duties and dangers of public affairs.

Because the improvement of woman means the improvement of the human race, since great men come of great mothers.

Because her vote will better the laws and government in respect to higher standards of education and morality.

Because it will give American women the balance of power. We give the American born citizen the ballot when he is 21 years of age. It might be well to forbid some foreigners the privilege of citizenship until they had served the same time on American soil and studied the spirit and scope of our institutions. The American woman of 21 could cast her vote and so upset and offset the occupation of the wire-pulling, office-seeking politicians who worship the un-American goddess of the ignorant, superstitious, bloody and bigoted European immigrant.

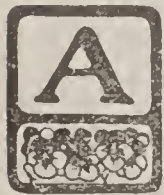
Women have political rights as well as home duties. Their presence at the caucus and polls will make them less of bear and beer gardens while their vote will hasten the millennium of God, home and native land.

Woman suffrage will neither unsex her nor rob her of her loveliness. To drop her vote in the ballot box is surely as delicate and refined, intelligent and helpful as to make fancy work, play cards, entertain a dancing dude in the parlor or take auto joy-rides with Fido in her lap.

The world is what women make it. Men rule the present, but women rule the future. She may be independent, intelligent and sit by her brother's side on the high throne of political justice and equality and still be queen in home, society and church.

Let women vote, and their enlarged worldly sphere will make them more womanly, wifely and worthy.

## BARMAIDS



**A**FTER the election returns we followed some dry-throated men to a Grand looking hotel. Everything was in demand, so I asked for lemonade. On entering two of the three barmaids were dancing, while a third was busy leaning over the bar with her face in a fellow's hands. I overheard some things that wouldn't look good in print. It's a short step here from the bar to the brothel. This was a common sight all through N. Z. and Australia, a scandal to society, and a "bar" sinister on the Union Jack. The English barmaid should be barred from selling booze.

## MAKING HISTORY



**P**EOPLE enjoy life here. They attend the race course, play golf in the suburbs, and in town the theatres and movies are crowded. The soldiers were always present, and if they were in uniform only paid half price and received double the attention of any one else. The thermometer was low and chilly, but the feeling of patriotism ran warm and high. N. Z. was giving men and money most generously, flags waved from her buildings, and at home, theatre, church, lecture or on the streetcar women were knitting for the "Tommies." Bands played, soldiers marched through the streets in regimentals or in plain everyday clothes, with the proud look and step of "England expects every man to do his duty."

There was tumult in the Wellington city and the streets were rife with soldiers and citizens marching to the Parliament House. Falling in line with the crowd I learned that Prime Minister W. F. Massey, P. C., was about to read a telegram from the Government thanking the New Zealanders for their bravery at the Dardanelles. Though the Easter week holiday was recent

and the people had voted the day before for a half holiday on Friday and Saturday, a hurry-up half holiday was proclaimed that all might hear what the Government said. It was flags and music all the way, and people poured by hundreds from the streets up the hilly slope, until a mass of patriotic men and women reached to the steps. They were silent, determined and expectant. I caught the patriotic fever, and wanted to get some pictures and stand next to the speaker, Premier Massey. Telling the "bobbies" I was an "Ally" reporter and there for copy, I was permitted to climb the steps and stand by his Honor and staff. As he read the cablegram he took off his hat and the crowd did the same. I held mine on, not from disrespect, as appears in official photograph, but because the wind blew cold and I was unwilling to have it skate over my bald head and down into my neuralgic jaw. The crowd saw and understood, but if it had been Sydney, where Americans are so bitterly hated, the mob might have handed me something I didn't want. The cablegram was received with deafening applause, flags waved, the men sang the national air and "Rule Britannia" which echoed from the hill to the waves of the harbor. I was ten thousand miles from home in a strange land and sang our "America" when they sang "God Save the King," for the melody is the same. There was the common inspiration of God, home and native land, and my soul heaved vast to heaven.

## THE NEW ZEALANDER



WELLINGTON is New Zealand's capital, and has a population of over 83,000 engaged in woolen mills, candle works, soap factories, foundries, cold storage and the manufacture of pottery, boats, ropes and wax matches.

New Zealand is well named. The land is new and full of zeal. Her citizens are rugged as the scenery, and much warmer than the climate. Intellectually they are resourceful and capable, and politically they are so loyal to the Empire that N. Z. has been called the "Britain of the South." They are hard workers in pastoral, agricultural and mining pursuits, and are strong in body, mind and morals. The New Zealander appreciates the Scripture, "Godliness with contentment is great gain," and wants but little here below. He doesn't worry about wealth and fame, and so has plenty of time for wife and home. They are

reverent towards God, love their home, give their women political suffrage and their boys and girls healthful sports and good education, and believe their native land is the best and most beautiful the sun shines on. The visitor to their ports finds an export of mutton and an import of tourists. The only trust they believe in is God, and the only monopoly they tolerate is the mountain range which holds down much of their land.

The people are slow, sleep late, go to office late, walk, eat, drink and run their horses slowly, have many holidays, and shut their shops early, but are sturdy, solvent, sincere and stable.

### MAORI FIGURES

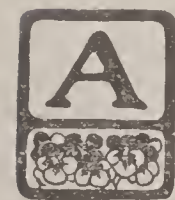


THE Maori race is almost run. From an estimated number of 100,000 in 1840 the Maoris have decreased to 43,000, according to the census of 1901, and who knows how few they are now? What a falling off, you countrymen of the North Island! Was it because you made progress in the European arts and embraced various forms of Protestant Christianity? Without caring a fig for dates on the chronological table, we know the Maoris are the Indian aborigines of New Zealand, and that while they belong to the Polynesian race their body and brain are markedly different. Their nearest kin are the Rarotongans 1,500 miles away. Maoris are blond or brunette. Some have straight black hair, others curly and frizzy. Some have a long arched nose like a Papuan and others possess the courtier features of the Melanesian.

They have reliable traditions that when they came to N. Z. they found some Melanesians, whom they killed off or spared and married. Their language is musical and full of myths, proverbs, songs and traditions. They lived in well built huts or whares, and villages which they strongly fenced in against their enemy. They wore clothes and made mats that they obtained from the native flax. So artistic were they for beauty's curves that they tattooed the faces of their chiefs in circles. They were artists, but instead of painting on canvas or parchment painted on the live skin. They were great portrait painters, and when a chief died they embalmed his head and put it on the what-not for everybody to look at.

Nature left the Fijian clay in the oven till it was burned black but removed the Maori clay when it was a nice brown. The Maori, who was sturdy and symmetrical, has sunk to a low level, and the mighty warrior and man-eater has become a money-hunting mollicoddle. His mind shows respect for law and custom, but he is like a child, and if he wants a thing bad enough he will take a chair and climb into the closet to eat the forbidden jam. While the natives are gentle and affectionate in their way to their children and to the aged, they wear a chip of pride on their shoulders, and if you knock it off you may have to pick yourself up or your hat. They used to be furious fighters, but after the battle would kiss their enemy and make up with the man they had thoroughly licked. Intellectually they were like most other natives, with minds keen and quick to study nature and watch their enemy, still it was easy for Europeans and traders to frighten them into some superstitious spell.

### MORALS AND MUMMERY



AS USUAL, the woman was the "lesser man" and had to drudge and do the work of a dozen men. She was mistress, wife, mother, cook, bottle-washer and pant-maker. The men built houses and canoes, fished and hunted, and went out to rob and kill their enemies. Now they make laws instead of nets. It is claimed that Maori morality was very high and out of the reach of the ordinary villain. The girl was allowed some high flying before she was married. The marriage ceremony was a kind of hand-me-down and over, a give and take affair. When the man got her she had to live decently if she wanted to live at all. They were polytheists and not polygamists, and laid the emphasis on gods, not girls. Their deities were good or bad, and if one of them failed they could go the rounds and get another. Their ology was a mythology that is said to resemble that of the Greeks and Scandinavians. If it seemed a little flat they seasoned it with the flavor of the Hebrew story of creation and the flood, and the Greek New Testament idea that the spirit left the dead body and went to another world, sad or glad, as it had been bad or good here.

Women had no place in religious services. They were kept busy in a sewing society at home to make the men folks of the family decent and presentable at service, and to prepare a meal

for their lords after their exhausting prayers. Of course, there were religious ceremonies, and naturally the more the ceremony the less the religion. As usual, spectacular sanctity was in the hands of the priesthood, big hands, dirty hands and avaricious hands that kept the sacred office in the family and handed it down from grandfather to father and son. The poor natives were so buffaloeed and befooled that they couldn't do anything much, big or small, without an omen (now it's Amen) and incantations of magical words chanted and enchanting. This is always the prelude to the fugue and fugitive hearer. They believed in witchcraft and practiced it. A wizard called "Tohunga" had only to stick his tongue out, roll an eye and make a face to make a healthy man get up from the table sick and go out to the dog-house and die.

## TABU



"TABU" was a magic word equal to our police enforced sign, "Keep off the grass." The word means to make a thing or person sacred. Everything a chief wore or had on was sacred, and if a sneak thief attempted to steal it he would commit a sin, and the bigger the steal the greater the sin. Fear of "tabu" swung a bigger club than Moses' Ten Commandments. To break tabu would surely be found out and punished. The culprit might be made sick or killed outright by the offended god, have his people drive him out of the tribe or confiscate his property. If he managed to give them the slip the gods would catch him and give him the worst punishment of all. This word tabu was a great word with the gods and the chief. If the chief wanted anything to eat, drink or wear, a hut to sleep in, a tree for a canoe, he had only to say "tabu," or put up a sign, and the coveted object was immediately handed over. This club was more potent than a warrior's club. Just think how it worked! Mr. Chief could come to your house and say, "Tabu—get out of here—this is mine—all the lunch and drink, your canoes, mats, wife and daughter thrown in." It was a great game, and I have known of religions this side of N. Z. and India to practice the same principle. Cortez used it, "Resolved that this world belongs to the saints; resolved that we are the saints."

## ON EASY STREET



THE Maori is well fixed today, owns land and rents it to the number of 7,000,000 acres. He lives in a modern house unless he is in the tourist business, when he occupies a whare to show how next to Nature his people were. The native houses look like thatched wood tents, small and oblong in shape, are built of reeds or wood, the roof is pointed like a good greenback V upside down, or a generous cut of pie, and has long overhanging eaves. The front looks like a dog-house with a small door, the back like a smoke house with a little window, for there is no chimney. Cooking is done out doors in the hot springs. They have natural steam laundries but prefer dirty clothes to clean linen. They had good appetites and plenty to satisfy them. There were fish and vegetables, berries, bird and dog meat and pigs when Capt. Cook came.

Their wardrobe is limited to two garments, one wrapped around the waist and the other fastened across the chest under the right arm and over the left shoulder. In war times they only wore a small loin cloth. Now some of the natives wear English clothes and as many and outlandish as they can pile on. The Maoris love greenstone as much as the Chinese like jade. Years ago they wore stone earrings and often pierced the nose and stuck a feather or piece of greenstone in it. Now the women chiefly wear greenstone "tikis," embryonic baby charms.

## MARKED FOR LIFE



HERE were two kinds of tattooing, the straight line variety found in the Polynesian islands, called "moko-kuri," and a spiral tattooing, original with the Maori, called after the inventor artist, "Mata-ora." "People who dance must pay the fiddler," and their vanity was expensive. The skin was cut with sharp shells and a mixture of oil and soot was rubbed in. It looked devilish to the foreigner but was a mark of beauty among the natives. I suppose it was to make an otherwise mild looking man "fierce as ten furies." It was a brave warrior's mark, and a brave man took literal pains, for the blood had to flow. The women were not to be outdone for they, too, had their beauty marks. They were tatooed on lips

and chin. It was black on the lips, because it was preferable to our red, and it gave them a stiff upper lip that enabled them more easily to hide their grief. Long before the paleface came to plot against them the natives had designs on themselves. They were thus marked for life, and some are remarkably proud of it, just as the sailors who carry their tattoo crosses, girls, ships and flags with them.

### PECULIARITIES



THEIR canoes were often made of one log, 80 to 100 feet long, open and carrying 150 men. There were no nails but plaited ropes of flax fibres, the bow was decorated with an ugly figurehead and the stern carved and built several feet high. The boat was usually paddled with paddles six to eight feet. Sometimes they had a flax mat sail painted black or red.

Their music is made up of minor tones that sound flat, though their voices are sweet. Their "haka" dance was originally performed by the women to encourage the warriors. The war dance was to get up steam to fight their enemies. Men made faces, raised their arms and clubs, beat the ground with their feet, kept time to their singing and worked themselves up to fever and fighting heat. They know how to talk and influence each other by voice, gesture and figure of speech. When the enemy attacked them the children ran to their mas and then went to their "Pahs," that is, their fort or stronghold near the center of the population. Pah was always strongly palisaded and fenced. War was the Maori's game and he knew how to play it. His arms were of wood, bone and stone made into spears, clubs and axes. When the war was over he wore them as peace ornaments.

They were cannibals and believed that if a brave man was killed and eaten his bravery would be theirs. The window of the soul known as the eye was always in demand to make one far-seeing.

The Maori has fallen upon evil times. What his father labored hard for he gets for nothing. The old man worked, the children rest. The ancestors were active, and the descendants are lazy and degenerate. The native must work out his own salvation or be lost. Rev. Bennett, whom I frequently saw and talked

with, is urging his people to a higher and better life, a life found not only among the polite professions, but on the farm and in the sheep-runs.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE



WE left Auckland at night on the "Makura." The dock and quay were guarded and my friends were at first denied the privilege of coming on board to say good-bye for fear they were enemies and might blow up the ship. After I blew up the young guard and proved my friends were good Americans, they came on, looked the boat over and went off. The "Makura" is a big and beautiful boat. Captain Phillips was big and his wife was beautiful and both of them musically and otherwise made it pleasant for us, especially for me, as they were willing to hear me play solos in exchange for their duets.

Next morning we sailed by the north coast of N. Z., with its sweeping, russet and yellow headlands. Two albatrosses, not as large as those we had seen near Cape Horn, followed us, flying with strong swoops. Next to the American eagle and a Kentucky fried chicken it is the finest bird I ever saw. Though we did not stop we took on a bird of passage one night. It was a stormy petrel that flew in the saloon door. He was black and white and in fit dress for the evening dress of the passengers. He had a fish-hook bill that he was bold enough to present to those who even touched him for coy attention. He said nothing about the stormy weather, as might be expected from his life on the ocean wave, but the captain's wife told me of the awful storm that had dashed in the ports and soaked the gilded ceiling and piano. It suggested our "Atua" experience, and when she said it happened in Fiji I could readily understand it. We had a good passenger list of nice travelers, and with the list of the ship both rolled up pretty well.

## WATERSPOUT!



THE following day the "Makura" was a real high roller. She leaned and listed, and bowled and rolled on her side at an angle that made it impossible to walk or stand upright. The ocean didn't look rough, but it was a "following sea" that caused flower pots and ship

bric-a-brac to dance across the decks. Rain and more rain came from the low hanging clouds, and we were feeling damp and dreary when someone yelled "Waterspout!" The only kind I knew was a fire-hose nozzle, wood gutter on barn or tin spout on the house. This waterspout was different, and appeared half a mile away in the tumbling ocean. It was a revolving water-column made by the whirling atmosphere. It appeared to be coming towards us, then it stopped and seemed to tie the sea and sky. It took various shapes of a balloon, champagne glass, giant umbrella and mushroom, and then of a pillar that propped up the sky. I saw a pillar of fire by night at Kilauea, and here by day witnessed a pillar of water. It looked half a mile high, whirled at the top like a howling dervish, boiled at its base, then broke and fell. Ten minutes later we sailed between two waterspouts, like pillars of Hercules. It is all right to view it from the deck of a big ship and in the distance, but to be in a small boat and have it clapped over you like a funnel with the water pouring down isn't funny but fearful. Now I have this to spout about and put in my spout collection of roofs, baths, geysers, whales and orators.



AUSTRALIA

## SYDNEY HARBOR



AM not too old or lazy to get up at sea to see the sun rise or set, two of the sublimest scenes in the world. For fear of missing something on nearing Sydney Heads I rushed up on deck with bath robe on body and lather on face. The rising sun, like a yellow arc-light, rose just above the horizon, poured gold over the water, copper hues over the Heads, and turned everything into a Turner sunrise. The harbor is the first thing you see, and you never hear the end of it. Undoubtedly it is a lovely land-locked place to imprison ships. There are bays that spread out like a beautiful girl's hand and hold your attention, bluffs crowned by modern castles that call your admiration, and caves, caverns, commerce and carriers to take you any and everywhere. To be honest, though I be condemned to live for an indefinite period with Judas, the harbor did not meet all I had read and heard of it. I have seen most of the world's most famed harbors, and while this is first in size it is second in beauty to Rio. Sydney's beautiful harbor has some barnyard names. My attention was attracted to the "Sow and Pigs" and "Hen and Chickens" rock formations. After you see the harbor Heads you find the big heads in the city.

The first visitor was the health inspector who came aboard and bored us. We held out our hands and stuck out our tongues like Maori figure carvings, in appreciation of his friendly visit and welcome. As we were pulling in the "Batavia" was pulling out for Java. It was covered with dark-faced and footed natives, and the Dutch island had made such an impression on me on a former visit that I wanted to accompany them. We docked, and peering over the starboard side I saw a little craft that looked like a flat-bottomed fish boat compared with the "Makura." It bore the strange name "Maitai." How are the mighty fallen! Our worst fears were realized, for this was the boat everyone had warned us against, the boat we must take home. We made for her at once. She was getting fixed up, having a new coat of paint, draperies and so forth. Making reservations for the three best first-class cabins, that we might feel respectable when she went down to Davy Jones' locker, and arranging to have our luggage put on so we could get it when we boarded her at Wellington later,



IN SYDNEY HARBOR

AUSTRALIA



COCKATOOS

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

we started up the wharf for a hansom rig to haul us up the hill, for Sydney streets "incline" to be steep.

I went to the steamer office and was fortunate enough to find a Mr. Wright, who arranged our tickets for Melbourne, Tasmania and New Zealand. I did this, for I wanted to make my sailing as short as possible on the small "Maitai."

### SEEING SYDNEY



**I**NASMUCH as Sydney is a city of over 800,000 it was not expected that a stranger could find hotel accommodation. Everybody and his wife come here Easter week to see the races, and we had the same jam experience as in Auckland. Mr. Wright was the right man in the right place, for he took us to six hotels and boarding houses before he could settle us down. When he left he gave me a small tourist folder entitled, "How to Spend a Few Days in Sydney." I had learned how before reading it—trying to find suitable accommodation for a party of four in some central, suitable, reputable hotel.

New Zealand paper was "waste paper" in the sense that Australia discounted it. I waited an hour to get a substantial answer to my "note," and what was less than due was given, as if it were a special favor for which I should be thankful. All the gold I had on leaving the bank was in my watch, teeth and spectacles.

Art, for art, was the beginning of my Sydney sightseeing. In the gallery were specimens of old artists on canvas, and plaster models whose originals I had seen elsewhere, but the work of the native artists, their scenes of bush, mountain and sea were delightful, and deserve the encouragement and financial support from men of means who too often show meanness to home talent and buy something with a foreign name and label on it.

St. Mary's Cathedral is on College and Woolloomooloo streets. I was so tired trying to pronounce the name, and made such a hullabaloo over it that when I did enter the spacious building I rested in the first seat, the last one by the door. I was unable to attend the service, but read a paragraph in the morning paper which said the church was anxious to have a slice taken out of Hyde Park that the Cathedral might be better

seen from the main streets. The city fathers didn't see it that way. I think it will be a long day before the St. Patrick's steal of our New York city will ever be pulled off in one of England's Colonial possessions.

### LAUGHING JACKASS



THE laughing jackass of the "Maud" variety is in the U. S., of the tourist everywhere, but the amusing original is in Australia. We saw a stuffed one in the Museum. He looks like a great king-fisher, as might be expected in a country loyal to the crown, wears a gaudy suit of brown, black and white, relishes a diet of birds, reptiles and insects, and takes his peculiar name from a gurgling, giggling, guffawing laugh that is so regular at dawn and dusk he has been called the "settler's clock." He has the name and game and makes you laugh to look at or listen to him. Among other exhibits were native fish, skeletons, and sixty-four species of snakes, forty of them poisonous. They would have delighted old Artemus Ward for his "snaix" exhibition.

### ET CETERA



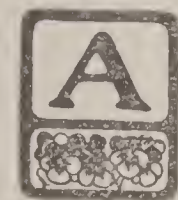
HYDE PARK was one of a number of parks I visited. Like London's it is a fine breathing spot, though only forty acres. It was very peaceful, but there was a time when it wouldn't have been safe for even Captain Cook's statue that stands there.

The National theatre, one of a dozen, presented a vaudeville bill whose mediocre monotony was only relieved by the boys who offered us ice-cream that proved to be cocoanut candy. I bit, but the bitter disappointment prepared me against further deception.

Our boarding place was a landmark opposite a pretty park with flowers and statues. There was an odd motto in the bathroom that read, "Bath three pence for hot water if you bathe more than twice." Whether it meant a day or a week I didn't know, but I had a good one morning and evening, and all the change I made was of clean clothes. The laundry was not easy of solution, even with soap and water. It took an hour's excursion to hotels and misdirected places to learn they had all the

dirt they could handle. Finally in despair I found a John Chinaman, related to a Chinaman John I had met in Canton, who agreed to do me "goodie washee quick and cheap," a promise he kept, as all good Chinamen do.

## BLACK OPALS



AUSTRALIA'S black opals are beautiful and hard to get. They must be discovered on a bicycle, for no animal or auto can go into the desert interior where the precious stones have lived and garnered the heat of earth and sky. They are difficult to get when gotten, for our American jewelers have put such a fancy price on them that a stone which cost ten dollars a few years ago now sells for thirty. I saw one, so many parts of an ounce, that was worth so many pounds. It looked like a piece of frozen fire or block of imprisoned sunbeams. It is the most striking gem in the crown colony. The cracked form and polished surface give the opalescent colors. It must be cared for or it will lose its brilliancy, for it is not hard as a precious stone. I saw a black opal at the Panama Exposition worth \$2,500. However attractive the stone, it is said to be unlucky, and I was afraid to buy it at that figure.

## STREET-CAR HOLDUP



STREET-CAR took us to Balmain, and the conductor took our fares at every few intervals between every few zones. I stayed with him to the end. When the inspector looked at my handful of receipts and asked why I failed to get a through fare that would have cost me much less, I told him I didn't know the game and the con never told me. The streets are littered with these brown tickets that give them a very cheap literary appearance. However, I got even with him. After we seemed to have looped the loop of the Circular Quay and corkscrew streets with their stores, iron roofs, factories and wharves, it was near noon. The laborers crowded the car, and I gave my seat to a mother and baby and hung to the strap. Afterwards an old lady tried to signal the conductor to get off. He failed to see her, or was too busy taking fares, so that when she had been carried far beyond her destination

and would be compelled to walk back in the broiling sun, my blood was up to fever heat. I reached above my head on the outside of the car and pulled the rope half a dozen times. The motorneer stopped, and the conductor yelled, "Who rang that bell?" I confessed I had and replied, "What's the matter with you? Can't you pay some attention to age and sex. You'd get fired if you did that in America." The old lady thanked me and got off the car. The working men, with hard hands and tender hearts, sided with me for the somebody's mother. The con scowled, pulled the bell, and we went on. When I got off the car he looked a few things he didn't utter. The Yankee reader will remember that the cars are owned by the Government, and I might have been arrested. Parenthetically I may say here this same Government puts up the fares when you go to races, prize-fights, and even to church on Sunday. Thus both sinner and saint dig up special fares on special occasions. This was no war tax but a tax on the people who had been imposed on for some time.

### A FAST RACE




THE human race is race-mad in Sydney just as it is in New Zealand, not for the mettle of the horse but the money of the wager. From ten races we selected one, the A. J. C. at Randwick. The race had been postponed twice on account of rain and a heavy track, but this Saturday was bright, and the estimated number was 35,000. Among the crowd were "his Excellency, the Governor General, and Lady Helen Munro Ferguson, attended by Captain Fane," who fain would lend dignity to the occasion. The track was fresh and the lawn around the grandstand brilliant with red flowers. The people were of more interest to me than the sport and had just as much space in the papers the next day. It was a society affair, and the charming variety of dresses, summer gowns, fancy skirts, waists, hats, shoes and gloves figured in the write-up. Many of the brave fellows who were accustomed to be present had gone to the war, and this lent a cloud of sadness to what otherwise was the gayest assembly of sport lovers we had ever seen.

From this penned-up, lordly aristocracy "L" and I hurdled over the race track to where the common people were crowding

around the "bookies." These literary gentlemen are not tolerated in N. Z., but everything goes here except the horses. It's a fine exhibition, not of horse-racing but gambling. Reed stood on a numbered pedestal, had his name on a bag, and told me he was the oldest "bookie" on the turf. Fearing this Reed might pierce my hand or prove a broken staff to lean on, I walked to the refreshment stand out of the boiling Sydney sun for a cooler. There was nothing but hot liquor drinks and people crowding to get them, and there were almost as many kinds of drinks as people. Men and women were fighting to get a drink before the next race, some to drown their loss and others to whet their courage. One poor specimen of a woman, dirty and bedraggled, holding a bottle in her hand from which she took copious swallows, kept running around offering me and others a drink, and pausing now and then to swear and make a maudlin speech. No officer arrested her, she had full suffrage to do as she pleased, and she did it. My refreshments were some California pears and real ice-cream packed in a thin flat box with a small tin spoon. This was a hot dog crowd, and I was mixing in a money-mad mob that swarmed around the "bookies."

### YOU BET

VERYBODY was gambling—it was in the air their ancestors had breathed when they staked all, even life, to discover gold. Women and children, girls and boys crowded like bulls and bears in a wheat pit, as they backed their favorite horse. Old men and young who had pinched and saved all the week were risking their salary in dread and desire to make big money. Some good people have questioned the honesty of the "bookies" and totalisator, but there is no question about the demoralizing influence of gambling here. It's a common record of disappointment, dishonesty, forgery and breach of trust. Horse-racing, fast clothes, women and drink all go together. The pulpit periodically preaches against it, but in vain. The press occasionally becomes pious and writes platitudinous editorials, but the gambling game goes on unhindered, and often both press and pulpit take chances in church lotteries and philanthropic robber raffles.

An Australian will bet any time, anywhere, with anybody on anything. It may be a running dog, flying pigeons, hurdling

hares, spiders and flies, or whether a man or woman will be the first to turn a corner, or how many there may be in a car. They will bet when the sick will get well or die, or if two people were drowning, which one would go down first.

Poor press, pulpit and Parliament! The pleasure for profit grows more fierce than ever as people become impoverished and dishonest. It is a case of money versus morals, and often most of what the poor work, sweat and swear for is spent on the track. The Government hurts and does not help, and is *particeps criminis*. Gambling down here is as much an established thing as the Church of England, and some of the churches are full of the same gambling spirit.

As we left the track for the tram I met a drunken man and woman whose several strong drinks had inspired them with patriotism and profanity. The man knew he was vile, and dared gods and man by swearing at the Kaiser with a "bloody" death. Unchecked by the passengers or conductor, the woman swore the whole German kingdom wasn't worth the death of a single English boy, and she was sorry she wasn't a man to go over the Rhine and challenge him to a duel.

### A PRIZE-FIGHT



AUSTRALIA is the pug's paradise. Prize-fights are as regular and more largely attended than prayer-meetings. The citizens believe more in the fight of fists than the fight of faith. One night "L" and I found our way to Rushcutters Bay Stadium to see a twenty-round contest. Paying extra fare on the street-car and buying a sporting paper a week old, we purchased good seats near the ring. There were some fast preliminaries, after which came the main bout between Tom Cowler, the English heavyweight, and Les O'Donnell, the Australian. What was scheduled for twenty rounds was stopped in the sixth. It was a "bloody" affair of block and duck, a left to nose and hook to chin, heavy right rips and upper cuts, until a few jabs on the nose and mouth left O'Donnell in bad shape, dazed and cut. Finally the police jumped into the ring, interfered, and made them quit. It was butcher business. I almost felt as if I were at a bullfight in Madrid. Cowler won, and Corbett, who was there and admired him, later brought him over to America, but Gunboat Smith

gave him a boilermaker's punch that was too much for him, and Cowler got all he gave at Sydney.

Here I learned of Jess Willard's victory over Jack Johnson. Had Jess appeared the whole city would have given him an ovation, for when it comes to fistic affairs Sydney is to the fight fan what Mecca is to a Mohammedan. They told me that when Jack Johnson was here he was welcomed as the conquering hero by tens of thousands, that the mob surged so that life and limb were in danger, and that he was wined and dined like a Black Prince. The welcome of a Pompey, Alexander and Caesar were revived. Crowds of men and women went wild, and the scene recalled the time long ago when multitudes came out in Apostolic times to see Peter that his passing shadow might fall on and overshadow some of them. Between St. Peter and slugger Jack's shadow I think the latter would have been preferred as the darker of the two. Sydney gives the glad hand to the prize-fighter and the little finger to the poet, painter, politician and philosopher. I believe in the art of self-defense if it is manly and not vicious. A wealthy or wise man would be regarded as a poor fool here unless he understood the manly art of self-defense. Prize-fighting is less brutal and fatal than football. Physically it does more to take bile from the liver than doctor's dope; mentally it requires more of brain skill than of brute strength, and spiritually it makes a man his self-master, enforcing chastity, temperance and self-control. Paul went to the Isthmian prize-ring and said, "So fight I not as one that beateth the air." Just before he died he declared, "I have fought a good fight," and bade Timothy remember the earth was an arena with life-long struggle against the world, flesh and devil, that saints and angels were spectators, and God would crown the victor.

### "SOAK DER KAISER"



AUSTRALIA believes in a "white country," and it was but natural to find a White City, a pleasure park or Coney Island. It was white with electric lights and pretty white girls sold American drinks and ice-cream. There were all the games of a Wonderland, but the most wonderful was called "The Bombardment of Berlin" and "Soak Der Kaiser." The former was a miniature city, toy soldiers

passed by, and you could show your skill and spleen by paying a shilling to take a shot at them. In the latter you paid a shilling for some baseballs, and when the crowned heads of Austria and Germany appeared in review the fun began. The Kaiser was the central target, men spent their strength and money, and fired away until they hit it. Then the crowd would applaud and yell "Soak Der Kaiser," and show its interest in the big war game across the sea.

### MANLY BEHAVIOR



SUNDAY was no day of rest for us. We started early for the little church around the corner and met some men in a park who eyed us inquisitively. I asked one of them where the Cathedral was and he pointed around the corner and asked me for a shilling. I expected to be held up at the church but not before, so I paid him and didn't ask any more questions. Learning in Sydney is expensive.

The city is a picnicker's paradise. Land and sea invite you to come and go somewhere. There are lots of boat slips on the Circular Quay, where we slipped in a boat for Mosman Bay, one of Sydney's prettiest sights. Sky and water were in holiday attire, boat loads of happy passengers floated by, the harbor hills were full of beautiful residences sitting on the banks and hanging their gardens and summer houses like legs in the water.

The tram took us to the Spit and took an extra Sunday fare that a fair Sunday passenger objected to. We crossed the Spit in a free punt, and then took another tram which pulled us up and down hill till we reached Manly. The Cardinal's palace and St. Patrick's college are situated here, but best of all, the beach, where religion and education are for the time being forgotten. And why not? Some of the finest beaches in the world are near Sydney, and Manly is one of the best with its hard, white sand. There was a fine surf where bathers were wading, swimming and sunning themselves in the sand. Here were costumes to take an artist's eye, of blooming girl bathers who wore no bloomers, and not much else to speak of. They sat and dug their pink toes in the sand and exposed arms and legs to sun, wind and wave. At Manly beach womanly forms are in great evidence. They lie around in the sand with their arms around



MANLY BEACH

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA



THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

AUSTRALIA

their lovers, and make love in a way that would cause the Boardwalk beauties of Atlantic City to drown themselves with envy. To the far left rose the bare headlands, to the right a rocky promontory that hugged the sea, while in front of me the waves madly dashed into each other's arms. The bay nestled in the arms of the shore, and all around me boys and girls were taking their cues from amorous Nature and improving on her bare, hugging caresses.

There was a walk with shady trees along the shore lined with chairs and benches. You might pay a penny to sit and watch the moving pictures. I noticed a loving couple sitting on a bench and tried to get their picture, but they moved to the beach and sat in the sand. I tried again, they moved once more and lay down on the sand and threw their arms around each other in true lover fashion. Then I caught them. With salt sea all around it was very refreshing. Imagine the scene: high noon, thousands of spectators, and they blind to all but each other. This is the place to lie on the sand and sun yourself, dive through big green waves that billow and bounce in from the open sea, or sit under the shade and watch the fair bathers who show absence of restraint and clothes.

### TEA WITH COFFEE



IN THE evening we visited Chatswood and the castle of Col. Frank Coffee, and took tea. He is an American, looks like Mark Twain, and can write, as some of the Sydney editors know who lied about the U. S. A. In his city office, although hurried to get his mail off on sailing day, which is "read letter" day, he gave me time, direction and information that was valuable. In his beautiful home he proved to be a prince of entertainers, showing us his estate, trees and flowers, taking us up into the tower and pointing out the country, bay and Sydney in the distance. I asked him what I could do for him, and all he wanted was to have me play the piano and give him some American flags.

On the way to the ferry we saw a crippled horse and asked a man what the trouble was. He didn't know anything except that the animal had been that way for a long time. It made me sick, but the people were used to it and allowed the poor beast to limp and suffer instead of sending him to the veterinary or bone-

yard. It reminded me of the human cripples I had seen the night before on the streets of Sydney—men and women on crutches and wooden legs, and a poor hunchback who played a flute in front of a hotel. Poor horse, poor people, handicapped in life's race!

## RELIGIOUS RELICS



THE ferry ride was glorious. Sydney was lighted and loomed up from the distant water's edge like a mammoth steamer. We reached town in time to attend one more church service. This time it was St. Phillip's Episcopal. It was the first church in the colony and the oldest place of Christian worship here, and named after the first governor of the territory. As we listened to the postlude after the service, a kind usher offered to show us some of the archives. Looking around we met the rector, the Rev. Canon Bellingham, M. A., who unlocked the wall safe and showed us a Bible and prayer book with the inscription, "Botany Bay, Dec. 14, 1786." They were brought out in the first fleet. So was the Communion service presented to the church by his majesty, George III. Americans are familiar with this George who didn't "do it." When England lost the colonies in the Revolution she didn't know where to put the overflow of her jails, and decided to ship them to Australia. Captain Arthur Phillip was appointed governor of New South Wales in 1786. As commander of the "Sirius" he hoisted his flag, weighed anchor and set sail.

The first fleet arrived in Botany Bay January, 1786, and divine service was held on shipboard. But the bay had no shelter for ships, and Phillip went northward and found that Cook's Port Jackson had a fine harbor. Returning to Botany Bay he ordered the ships to sail there. Phillip came in the "Supply," landed at Sydney Cove, put up a flagstaff and floated the Union Jack. This point of land is at the entrance to the rivulet near the present site of the obelisk in Macquarie place. Next day was Sunday and service was held by Mr. Richard Johnson under a big tree in sight of the soldiers and convicts. So the Union Jack was furled with the Christian banner in this far away South land.

Had I known the history of Governor Phillip before I left the church I would have offered a prayer for him then and there. I supposed it was named after St. Phillip of Bible name and not of governor fame. He may have been one of the "best" of Sydney's early governors, but they all were first class military despots, ruling the garrison, convicts and free white settlers with an iron hand and a heart that lacked the love of the Bible they had brought over in the ship.

We adjourned from the church to the rectory where the canon showed us his living room and library and gave us plans and advice about seeing the Blue Mountains next day. He showed an interest in my work and asked me to pray for him and his motherless children. The little visit did me more soul good than all the day's services and sermons.

### BLUE MOUNTAINS



IT WAS blue Monday and a fitting time to start for the Blue Mountains. We went a little early because the depot is far out. We couldn't get a ticket by phone, they said, because it was a democratic form of government. I found, to my sorrow, it was because of the poor phone system. On our way we noticed the littered condition of the streets. They seemed struck with leprosy or covered with chalky rain. It was the muss and mess of the tram tickets. Multiply one ride by half a dozen transfers, this by ten thousand, unload these scraps of paper along the way, and you get a very untidy and common look to the royal-named streets. The people are careless, the sweeps must be overworked, and a thousand goats could find food and to spare. It was interesting to watch the crowds coming back after their week-end Sunday. They were all smiles, dressed in caps and flat hats, and were brown, happy and tired.

Our train was made up and we made off for Katoomba, nearly 70 miles distant and a climb of 3,000 feet. At one of the stations a small boy wanted to sell me some grapes, which with cockney accent he pronounced "gripes," but I felt sure I would get some in bunches before we went much higher. I gave him a penny for his kind thought.

At Katoomba, which is not a cat's tomb, the Government tourist agency wanted something over a pound apiece to jolt us over the rocky roads. We found a boy with his own rig who

offered to do it for less. So we spent the difference in ballasting our stomachs with a hot dinner. On the way to the falls we passed stores and houses, and a cart of sheep hides that was mired, for sheep are most admired next to the scenery. We jumped out and walked down and down and on and on to see the waterfalls. There was plenty of chance for falls, but the drought gave us grief and pain for promised joy. There wasn't water enough to give a dozen sheep a good drink. I am sure my perspiration ran faster and further than the advertised cascade. At a fat man's personal disadvantage I went to points of vantage where I finally obtained a fine view of the whole Jamieson valley. There were bare cliffs, fern-clad rocks, ruined castle with a bluebeard of eucalyptus, a solitary mountain, a sad Orphan rock, the three weird Sisters and the whole gorgeous view 540 feet below. Tree and rock, sunshine and sombre appearance, fern and fall make a pretty picture that requires a small frame compared with our Grand Canyon and Yosemite. The gorges were gullies, and the falls and cascades a hand-sprinkler compared to ours.


Lured by the lurid guide-book description we urged our driver on to Leura, a mile away. Once he paused, I asked him if it was to rest the horses, and he replied that he had stopped for me to see the scenery. I asked him where it was, and he whipped up his team, and there was a horse laugh on both of us. He drew rein at Leura and we hopped out and made for the main lookout point just beyond the Shelter Shed, where we looked, with gaping mouths, at the lovely Leura gap and the Bridal Veil falls that had blown away. Since I was a married man it was unnecessary to visit the Bride and Bridegroom's cave, Lover's Nook or Weeping Rock. I was very anxious to see the amphitheatre, and holding an empty beer bottle to my eye, took in the sweep of splendid scenery. There was a big bowl in the cliffs 600 feet deep, festooned to the top with small and stately trees and whole farms of ferns and foliage. The light and dark blue of the forests, with the silver white of falling spray and the rich yellow color of cliffs, makes a beautiful picture a kodak can only suggest.

After this we went to Wentworth through the "eternal gum" blue bush forests, and by the "eternal" corrugated iron roof houses whose gutters were connected by pipes that led into

big iron cisterns. Water is scarce, and when it rains they tank up on it. Wentworth was an explorer, and the place is named after him because he went and found things that are worth seeing. We saw the 600-foot gorge, the climbing cliffs, splashing streams and running rivers. It seems Nature got her colors wrongly mixed here for instead of green leaves and foliage all is blue, and distance is not necessary to robe the mountain in its azure hue.

If you recall your geology you know that this old Blue Mountain scenery of New South Wales was not forged into fantastic shape by Vulcan but by water nymphs. Centuries of wind and snow chiselling have made the statuary and architecture of the Blue Mountain gallery. The horses were tired, the driver thirsty, and we were hungry, and entering town we raided the first chop house and ate meat pies to our own and the owner's satisfaction. We were full and so was the train. There was no room except in a coach marked "Ladies." As I was a ladies' man, and ladies were in our party, we took possession, and resolved to fall dead asleep before anyone should molest us or drive us out.

### SYDNEY AFTER DARK

INCE this had been an unusually quiet day, "L" and I went sight-seeing and sound-hearing. The latter was more interesting. Just as we were entering a vaudeville house we heard "soul-animating strains" across the street. The waves of harmony poured into our ears and the undertow tones dragged us across to the big hall. I said to the gentleman at the door, "Excuse me, this is heavenly, what does it cost to get in? He said, "Nothing." It was a private rehearsal of the Royal Philharmonic Society that was to give a war benefit. He took us in, gave us a seat, and the work of leader and chorus was excellent. After the rehearsal my musical friend gave me a program of the society, spoke of its aims and members, and informed me that Melba had sung with them and had helped them raise a big charity fund for the Red Cross. He insisted it was Sydney and not Melbourne that had been first to appreciate and bring out the famous diva.

From the Blue Mountains of the morning we went to the Deep Purple underworld. Destitution and Prostitution were

twin street walkers. Tough looking gangs of boys stood on the corners anxious to fight, and drunken men and women were more numerous than in the slums of Dublin and London. In this City of Dreadful Night tough girls of tender age hold up strangers, soldiers and sailors at the street corners. All this and more was on the main street. To get more color we took a tram and asked an English conductor from London where we were to go to see the sights. He spoke of the "Larrikins," and of thugs who would pick a fight, and when one of them had knocked you down the rest jumped on you and kicked you in the face or body; of dangerous haunts in leading thoroughfares where the demi-monde were stationed on wet and dry nights, and of corners where one could be slugged for a sixpence. He finished at the end of his run by warning us to keep on the main and lighted streets. We did, for whether it was day or night we were stared at and scowled at because we were Americans and hadn't joined the Allies. God made Sydney harbor but the devil made the city. There are some cities without slums, but Sydney in spots looks like a slum without a city. It would be a good thing for Sydney if she could force these thugs to the battle front. They could soon learn to aim and fire, for there are shooting galleries all over town, and one in particular where I tried my skill. It looked like a big sewer pipe with a wood collar at one end. Ally flags were painted over it with a soldier on either side. As this was an English target I tried to hit the bull's eye, but only wasted my pennies and ammunition.

Before we went to bed we passed a large, well-lighted hall where hundreds were singing church tunes. It was such a novelty we went in and found a Methodist service whose earnest workers were planning and praying to offset the works of the devil in Sydney.

### YANKEEPHOBIA



THE Sydney press is of great size and little sentiment, big me and little you, with few items about the U. S. except to roast us, or of anything else that does not relate to Great Britain. The editorials were savage against President Wilson for his congratulatory letter to the Kaiser on the latter's birthday and for the smallness of our contribution to the Belgian fund. Anti-U. S. feeling and preju-

dice were shown when the Australian cricket players refused to play at Bowling Green until an American flag, that was flying on the cricket field, had been hauled down, though other neutral flags were allowed. "Truth," printed in Sydney, is not allowed in N. Z., because it shows things up pretty "strong." War and the races occupy the most prominent space in the papers. It looks as if it paid best to be the sporting editor. As a rule the papers seemed to have most of our worst and little of our best in journalism. It is a difficult matter to find any paper newsy, truthful, Christian, fair, fearless and free. Though the Australian press didn't like America, it took a fancy to our old cuts of 'Frisco earthquake ruins and Mellen's baby food ads and faked them as true pictures of the horrible ruin and cruel destitution at the front.

### BOTANY BAY



FIVE-MILE trip by tram brought us to Botany Bay. It is now a picnic resort, though originally intended for a penal settlement. In 1787 the British government sent Commodore Phillip here, but the bay wasn't very deep for ships, and for fear the convicts would have a walkaway he went further north and selected a more suitable site at Port Jackson. Although the convicts were here but a year Botany Bay has long been the name for all convict settlements. Sir Joseph, of the expedition, gave the name because of the large number of shrubs and beautiful flowers found in contrast to the other general barrenness. I didn't see many flowers, and it has been denied that botany had anything to do with the name of the place. Cook wrote a log on it, and Southey some eclogues. Perhaps the only flowers were the convicts, "The Flowers of Evil" kind Baudelaire refers to in his poems.

Cook came to Botany Bay, planted his foot and the Union Jack on its soil, and Phillip planted a convict colony of 756, of whom 192 were women. These Pilgrim fathers and mothers did not come of their free will, like ours in New England, yet like them, they came on account of their "convictions." The officers of the fleet brought everything but common sense. The one Bible I saw at St. Phillip's church was packed in with 8,000 fish hooks, 700 gimlets, 700 steel spades, 3 snuffers and 3 dozen flat iron candlesticks. They forgot the cartridges for the mariners' muskets and the clothes for the women. There were no

superintendents to keep the convicts in order, and no carpenters, bricklayers, farmers or teachers. For religious instruction Rev. Richard Johnson was accepted, and the two Roman Catholic priests who wanted to come, "because half the number of convicts belonged to their church," were refused. Some things brought to the colony had better been left at home. It didn't grow very rapidly, but the rabbit race did. The 5 rabbits brought over multiplied ad infinitum, and Australia has vainly tried to exterminate them. We saw them all along the railroads. The population of Australia is only 5,000,000, and not one of them carries a rabbit's foot for good luck, so fiercely do they hate the long-eared bunny. Australia is an overgrown island. It was first discovered on a chart, settled by convicts and populated by rabbits.

Cook came here in 1770, Phillip dropped anchor here 18 years later, and La Perouse came 6 days after Phillip. Even if he had come earlier it would not have been a French possession, because he didn't come to make a settlement.

La Perouse was a famous French navigator sent by his government, in the "Boussole" and "Astrolabe," on a voyage of discovery around the world. When he found the British in possession of Botany Bay he left, and was later wrecked among the coral and volcanic islands of Santa Cruz. A graceful monumental shaft has been erected at Botany Bay by the French to his memory. "L" took a picture of it, and attempting to take one of a slab fenced in with iron spikes, climbed up, slipped, and was almost impaled. I turned pale at the thought that I might have been compelled to build another monument.

### CAPTAIN COOK



**B**URNS was our boatman who ferried us in a gas launch from La Perouse to Kurnell on the south side of the bay. He was a boy in Chicago and carried water during the big fire. Now he carries passengers. I asked him if he didn't want to go back to America. He said he couldn't because he was held by a "Dutch anchor," the Australian for wife. Landed on the other side, I walked down the wharf and up the sward to the monument erected to Captain Cook who tried to land here April 28, 1770. He had to lay over a day on account of the high surf, and proved to be a good

Christian Endeavorer, for the next day, Sunday, his ship the "Endeavour" anchored at 3 P. M. in a place which he called Sting-ray Harbor.

Dear old Captain Cook! From the time I left Hawaii, where he was killed, I had followed in his wake in the South Seas, as I had the course of Columbus in the West Indies. Born in 1728, the son of a farmer, he knew the water as his father did the land, and during his three voyages discovered lands and sunny seas so accurately that he, more than any one else, has put the Pacific and Antarctic oceans on the map of definite knowledge. He was said to have been fair and honest with his own men and square to the natives he met, for they soon learned to love him. The second time he went to Hawaii to recover a stolen boat, he got in wrong with the natives and was clubbed and stabbed to death. Another version of his death is that the lowly natives thought he was their long-lost god Lono. He didn't deny it, because of the patronage and power it gave him. During a row, when hundreds of angry savages surrounded him and his comrades, he was hurt and set up a howl. That was enough. Pain proved him to be mortal, and with angry disappointment they rushed up and killed him, stripped his flesh from the bones and burned all of it except nine pounds which they sent to the ship. His heart was hung up in a grass hut where three meat-hungry children, thinking it was a dog's heart, made a hearty meal of it. Later a few of his bones were found and buried in the sea by some of the ship's officers. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The greatest Cook who ever lived was killed, roasted and eaten by hungry savages. "To what base uses may we return, Horatio."

At Botany Bay I straddled the rocks where tradition says the bow of Cook's ship first touched. I balanced with my umbrella, slipped, and wet my feet. I am sure Captain Cook landed more gracefully. I was a mere landlubber.

## AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES



THE first Australian aborigine I saw stood on the dock fishing. He was clad in pants, shirt and hat, like any other sensible descendant of Isaac Walton. He followed me as I walked towards the Government aboriginal reservation and warned me I would be shot if I took pictures, for the soldiers were target-shooting and didn't like

visitors with kodaks. On this reservation the aborigines are supposed to be well taken care of, but I found complaint of leaky iron roofs, and one old woman without mental reservation said a bullet had just missed her and she did not think much of the soldiers or the government. The descendants of the vigorous tribe that hunted and fished around Sydney have been placed here at La Perouse.

The Australian aborigine has more than 57 varieties of habits and character. He is positive and negative in all the vices and virtues; a friend and foe; an honest thief and a truthful liar. He courts his wife with a club and is faithful until death. Fearless in battle, he is fearful of ghosts. He can make and use a miraculous boomerang, but can not make a tea-kettle or count up the number of minutes required to boil his dinner. These Sinbads of the sea carry their own vices plus the white man's wickedness. Life's story classes them in the tragedy and not the comedy class.

### A BLACK ANGEL



**I** WALKED up hill to the Australian Aboriginal Mission, knocked at the door and was met by a soft-voiced, sweet-faced woman. She was Miss Baker, daughter of the famous missionary, Thomas Baker, the brave, loving, intelligent and devoted man who sought to win the Fijians at Navosa to Christianity and civilization. He was cruelly betrayed by a chief he had befriended, and under the guise of safe conduct was cut down like an ox by a steel battle axe when he raised his hand to speak to the savages. Miss Baker took us in the little chapel room with its seats, blackboards, models and desks where the natives worship. Then she directed us towards a hut where lived an old aborigine called the "Black Angel." She was a full-blooded princess. She sat on the grass in the shade of the gate that opened into the little flower yard. There was a path to the door that opened into a small room. In one end there was a small stove and kitchen and in the other a simple bed. The walls were covered with Scripture mottoes, and a Bible lay on the tiny table. She was in trouble. Her husband had gone off on a drunk and was unfaithful, yet she was praying for him and believed he would come back. I quoted the words, "Let not your heart be troubled." Her wrinkled lips moved, her old eyes filled with tears,



ABORIGINAL WOMAN

AUSTRALIA



DANCING ABORIGINE WITH BOOMERANG  
LA PEROUSE, AUSTRALIA

and she said, "Say, that's my verse—I think of it all the time." Then she pointed to the wall where it stood out in a big motto. Her poverty was evident. I gave her some money and she went to a little tin box and opened it. It was empty. She confessed she had told the Lord that very morning she was hungry, had asked for daily bread and knew He would send it. It was this black, gray-haired, wrinkled-faced princess whom the late Doctor Guinness of London had visited and named the "Black Angel." As the angels were God-sent messengers to Moses and David, this old woman had proved to be to others. She came into the bush one day to gather sticks for a fire. The trees and bush grew thick and wild. There were strange insects and snakes on the ground, and no sound except the call of wild birds. Looking up she saw an old man who was sitting on a big stone in the grass under a tree. He looked so sad she walked up to him, shabby and plain as she was, and with a gentle voice said, "Let not your heart be troubled." It was comfort and cheer, and made him know that Christianity can put a kind, helpful spirit in the heart of a poor black woman of the Australian bush whose people have long been wandering savages.

### BOOMERANGS



MY FISHER BOY now appeared as guide. He took me to huts where natives were making little knit covers, edged with shells, for water bottles and milk jugs, as well as fans and necklaces. I met an old grandma. Her hands were idle, but her tongue was busy scolding the Government for the poor care she received. Her old man came up and I offered him some money to pose for a picture. They both stood, and then the man grew young, went through a native dance, and "L" caught him in the very act. The boy guide saw we were out for fun, and had reserved the best for the last. He produced two boomerangs he had made and was proud of, for his name was written on them. He handed me one to throw. It was shaped like an eucalyptus leaf, which may have suggested the shape and principle of the boomerang as it fluttered in the wind from the tree to the ground. He told me how to grasp and throw it. It was light, and I tried and succeeded as well as if I had thrown a bone at a dog and missed him. Then he tried and performed miracles. It went up, down and around, sailed like a bird far away and came back and

nestled at his feet. He smiled, said it was easy now, but he had practiced on it all his life. I looked at him and it in wonder, paid him two shillings for the boomerang as a souvenir, and went away thinking how much smarter some aborigines are than their civilized brothers. Here was a new illustration for a sermon. Sin and slander are boomerangs that we may throw at others, but they will return whence they came. The Australians use the boomerang to hunt with in the bush—we use it as a figure of speech.

A boomerang is a piece of hard wood bent into a curve. It is in the shape of a scimitar and, like it, can cut off the head of bird or beast and inflict a fatal wound. It is two feet long, flat on one side and curved on the other. The boy took it by the end, with the bulging, curved side turned down, and threw it as if he were about to hit something 15 feet away. It didn't go forward and down, as I expected, but whirled round and round and rose in a curved line to a great height, then it began to fly back again over his head and fell just back of his heels. He did it without knowing the philosophy; I couldn't do it but knew the reason, the motion being produced by the action of the air on the curved bulging side of the boomerang.

### TALE OF A KANGAROO



THE thing to do, if you wish to see the kangaroo, is to stop at the Zoo, for he doesn't run all over city and country as you expect him to, and the same is true of the emu and cockatoo. I had seen a kangaroo court before, but in the Zoo found a kangaroo courting. He looks like a large overgrown rat. I saw a giant one that stood up seven feet on his hind legs, balanced by his big tail behind and small legs before. He was on the jump most of the time. If he were hard pressed I suppose he could jump from ten to twenty feet in one leap. In the open they are said to outdistance the fastest dog. They feed on herbs and are a whole circus in themselves. The one that interested me most was a mama kangaroo who held her baby in a pouch. Here the little fellow fed and rested, and stuck out his head as if to say it was a better house than I lived in, or any bird in nest of a tree. The mother felt proud and brought him over where we could see him, and then gave him a baby jumper ride. The kangaroo is athletic, a vegetarian by diet, in religion a Holy Jumper, in

society belongs to the Marsupial Order, and commercially is valued for his hide and flesh. The tail of a kangaroo is famous in song and story, operas are written about him and courts named after him. He is a true Australian aborigine, and has done more than anything else to make his country famous. Next to the flea he holds the record for long-distance jumping. Physically he has a long, thick, tapering tail that helps support his body when he stands upright. His hind legs are long and have strong feet and four toes, with a clawed big toe that can kick an awful cut. His little forelegs have five fingers with strong, unmanicured claws. His head is small, nose pointed, and he has soft, woolly fur. Unless teased he is a mild, timid, social animal, but when cornered he can put up a good fight. Whether he is called a "great," "tree," "wallaby" or "rat" kangaroo, he is one of the most picturesque inhabitants of Australia. He is a good ad, appears on coats of arms and souvenirs, and in every way is fitted to lead the march in the motto, "Advance, Australia."

### A BARKLESS DOG



HE dingo is another odd citizen. I was introduced to him, and he is thought to have been introduced into Australia many years ago by fierce immigrants from islands to the North. At college we used to sing "Bingo" was his name, here it is dingo. Borneo has its wild man and Australia its wild dog dingo that looks like a fox, yet is larger and stronger. Instead of baying the moon he is accustomed to go out at night and hunt sheep, and is hunted to death. When he is in close quarters he doggedly shams death until left for dead, then takes to his heels. Dingo was quiet in his wild and native state, amusing himself with occasional dismal howls, but when he was caught and placed in a cage he learned to bark whether Barkis was willin' or not, and can give you a fine barcarolle. He lives a dog's life, and has his day every day and night. He looks like an Esquimau dog that has just returned from the barber shop with a haircut. Put a ding dong bell on his neck and he would run for pussy in the well or anywhere else.

## EMU AND COCKATOO



HE emu is immortalized by our Bret Harte as a “singular bird with a manner absurd.” He trots around with his head on the ground or erects it quite out of view. The emu is a bird that runs instead of flies. The she bird wears the pants, is larger, makes more noise, is more anxious to fight than her old man, and struts proudly about covered with feathers that make my lady’s best hat look very cheap. She grows up five feet, has a strong leg and can kick like a mule. While there are only three toes to a foot, each one of them has short claws. Unlike the cassowaries the emus wear no helmets, and they not only feather their nest but their heads and necks. She is a gay girl, lays the eggs, but makes her hubby stay home and hatch them out while she goes to her neighbors to visit and gossip, a too frequent feminine trait.

Not only was there a kangaroo and emu but a cockatoo. He belongs to the parrot family, but is more pompous and wears a pompadour. He wears feathers instead of a coat of arms and his crest is red, yellow and black. None of them are crest-fallen. The Zoo was large and well stocked, but the city had planned larger and better quarters elsewhere and moving day was not far away.

## INTERCESSION



T. ANDREW’S CATHEDRAL is a sermon in stone, and that’s all the preaching I received in this big, beautiful edifice. Still, we entered the ever open door in the afternoon, for special services were being held here for the success of the Allies’ cause. I saw a sign hanging by the inner door, and thinking it would make a good picture tiptoed in, took it off the nail, came out and held it in the sun. It read:

St. Andrew’s Cathedral, Sydney

A United

Intercession Service

In connection with the

Present War

Will be held in the Cathedral at

Midday, 1 to 2 P. M., on


Next Friday.

All are invited. A. E. Talbot, Dean of Sydney.

Would that intercession had brought cessation at the next service!

We hayseeds went to Farmer's to tea on the roof garden of a big store. The party was very select and I saw some high-up society. Like the New Yorkers the Sydneyites love to get away from business and meet a pretty friend, eat lunch, drink tea, and make a date to see her later.

### MY LORD!

HE Town Hall is a hall befitting the town. The Yankee must give credit to English official buildings and the big organs with the free concerts. Before leaving I was anxious to pay my respects to the mayor, for I felt indebted to Sydney for a fine visit. Though it was late for a formal call, I sent my card in, and was told his Excellency was just leaving for a social appointment. I was disappointed and started for the "lift." Just then an intelligent, well-dressed gentlemen in silk hat and roses, accompanied by some ladies, appeared. I stepped to one side. The ladies entered the "lift," and the gentleman insisted I should precede him. Thanking him I said I was very sorry I could not see his Honor the Mayor. He smiled and said, "Well, you do see him, and if you are the American who sent in his card I am sorry I couldn't see you, because I am late now, but come again." Before we reached the ground floor I managed to say everything I intended to, and called it a call. Perhaps this was the first time one of his American cousins had ever introduced himself in a "lift" and had so delightful and uplifting an interview. But much can take place in a short time and space. Even in religion "Between the saddle and the ground, salvation sought is salvation found."

So long, Sydney, with all thy splendor, sport, sin and sorrow, I felt as the train pulled out for Melbourne. "I am sorry to leave you," I said aloud and sincerely. A middle-aged gentleman overheard me and replied, "I am glad to hear you say that, I live here." Later the brakeman asked me if I knew who the gentleman was. I told him no and he answered, "That was Sir Albert Gould, M. P." That name sounded good to me,

and shortly afterwards I ploughed through the crowd and found him in the lounging car. He came over to my seat, kindly told me many things I wanted to know about the Government, gave me his card, told me where I could meet him at Melbourne, and offered to send me reports and a card that would introduce me into the M. P. buildings and to a seat at its sessions. I had many times said "Sir," and "Yes, sir," but this was a different sir, an M. P. sir, and I found his M. P. meant "most polite," "most pleasant."

## THE BROAD AND NARROW WAY




THE sleeper sections ran one way and the train another. The strap, intended to help you mount the top berth, was necessary to hold you in all night. It was a rough-rider trip in the dust. The car was divided into three sections, and there was an evidence of modesty and security quite refreshing. The altogether promenade of our Pullman was wanting. One compartment was for married couples, another for single ladies, and a third for single gentlemen. An official woke us up before sunrise, not because we were near our destination, but to change cars from a narrow to a broad gauge. Sydney in New South Wales and Melbourne in Victoria are jealous of each other, have different trains of thought, and can't agree to a continuous road between the cities where the only brake should be on the trucks. So it is narrow from Sydney to Albury and broad from there to Melbourne, although both cities are very "narrow" and not "broad" in not being able to get together. The station was Albury. Why not call it "All bury" and cover up their differences? We had this same difficulty in South America near the border of Bolivia and Chile, where the population is largely made up of fighters and bone-heads. I didn't expect it here, although I had heard of it. What a commentary on rivalry, and with no chance to sing "Blest be the railroad tie that binds." Are Victoria and New South Wales afraid they may transport troops against each other? Suppose a common enemy should come, what then? These cities are in the same country but in different states, just as Chicago and Milwaukee are. Imagine an American being jerked out of a sound sleep to change trains between Wisconsin and Illinois just because each state had a different gauge. Australians should


have a uniform track, and if it costs a lot of money let them divide the debt. We changed cars, but if they were attacked by the enemy there might be no time to change cars. Australia claims to be so much better than U. S. that at the risk of being called ungracious and uncomplimentary I think this narrow gauge shows a narrow, one-sided policy. In this sheep-run country some muttonhead officials must have put this railroad plan through.

At the station I noticed a sack suspended from the ceiling. It looked like a horse's oat-bag and was filled with drinking water. This was the way they cool it instead of packing it with ice. The trouble was there was drought, water was scarce everywhere, and this was the only way it came down from above.

### A NEW MENU

S WE stepped on to the broad-gauge Victorian railway we met a conductor who had put "Reserved" cards in the vacant seats, though there was no one to occupy them. We thought we would, and did, and he looked as though he would eat us up until I gave him a tip, and he smiled. Later I went into the diner, and the best thing on the menu card was, "Employees are strictly forbidden under penalty of dismissal to accept tips." When I thought of them and the families dependent on them I didn't have the heart to make them lose their position, and refrained from tipping them. Such a thing I never saw before, and never expect to see again. To announce that on an American road would mean bankruptcy, there would be no waiters or servants, and hence no one would travel. Further than this, everybody in free America expects to be paid, from the man who sells you the ticket to the one who grabs your bag and hands it to the porter, the attendant who dusts you, and the waiter who gives you a small pad of butter unless you grease his hand.

### DROUGHT

HE train windows framed a sad picture. The fields were burned to cinders by the recent drought, trees were withered and sere, and pastures empty of sheep and cattle that had been driven away for fear of starvation. Some of the Australian trees are tremendous,

250 feet high. Those along the road were small and scraggy. Some looked "blue," as if they had taken an overdose of eucalyptus, and the whole country was drear and melancholy. If the trees of the Lord are "full of sap" these withered things looked like the devil's. I heard of an Australian drought, now I was in it and could see its awful effects. We learned it was the worst in 25 years. Drought is a bad thing, and down here can always be relied on.

## MELBOURNE



MELBOURNE is much like other fine cities. It isn't necessary for us to go there to find a metropolis, but there is so much there it is unnecessary for them to visit us. We are satisfied, so are they, and lucky for them in an island, a world in itself, with cities cosmopolitan. It is the capital of Victoria, and naturally there is something to see because it is the see of the Anglican bishop and the R. C. Cathedral. After we were settled in a comfortable hotel, conducted by a Yankee and fitted with American conveniences, we boarded a little open cable car on Collins street, and with our faces to one side of the street and our backs to the other, took a caterpillar crawl up the hill.

The city is laid out like a chess board; we made some slow moves but had a game time. The white man came here in 1835, gold was discovered in 1851, and the former has been after the latter ever since. Melbourne is situated on the north end of Port Phillip bay, on both sides of the Yarra river. Its population is 500,000, there are many fine parks and gardens, it boasts a university and college, and its industries are railroads, factories, foundries and flour mills.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS



THE national museum of Victoria has good exhibits in zoology, mineralogy, ethnology and a special collection of Australian birds and mammals, as well as of South Sea and world-wide products. Most interesting is the aboriginal exhibit. There were magic sticks and sacred objects for initiation and ceremonies, for the natives had lodges

and trap doors, hot sands, rode the kangaroo, and doubtless went home in a very ragged condition. The museum had cordwood loads of shields, spears and boomerangs, and there were many implements for making fire, playthings, musical instruments, nooses to strangle an enemy, wooden vessels, nets, bags and baskets, clothing made of kangaroo and wallaby skins, and ornaments for neck, arm and head manufactured from shells, reeds and feathers. When they married they wore white instead of black, plastered their head with pipe clay, or as in some tribes, covered their locks of hair until they looked like sausages. Chaplets of whitewashed bones hung over their faces. This exhibit was a fine illustrated lesson and lecture, without words, on history and ethnology. I learned much without feeling I had to, absorbing it as it passed in review. Further objects of interest were Australia's birds, beasts, bugs and minerals.

The Library had a large, high reading room with over 300,000 volumes, dusty tomes men toiled to write, and people read by glancing at the title and skimming the table of contents. The Art Gallery boasted some ancient Masters for whom, here as elsewhere, the "M" might as well stand for "mut," and there were hopeful canvases to show the beginnings of Australian art. My lasting impressions are confined to a one shilling catalogue.

The city's buildings are splendid and spacious, and in this respect Melbourne offers the traveler a good stopover till he goes to that "bourne" whence he no more returns. We took a three mile bus ride by palaces and parks to Hobson's bay where the waves kissed the shore, and Luna park where pleasure-lunatics most do congregate.

Sir Albert Gould's card gave me a seat in Parliament. The Senate has 36 members and the House 75. It is a magnificent building and has a commanding entrance vestibule, Queen's hall, long corridors and fine architectural features. The Government and Opposition were engaged in windy debate. The Senate was wrestling with the mighty problem of the soldiers' underwear. It was a parliament of dress with heavy wit, light remarks and everything natural and human.

## "8 8 8"



NEARBY is the 8 8 8 monument that looms high. At first I thought it was dedicated to some discovery on that date, or was a pillar to some saint or soldier, but found it was erected to labor's triumph. Constantine's cross in the heavens has been supplanted here by this column of 888. The shape was suggestive, a "club" to beat down the hours and anyone who opposed high wages. It may mean 8 hours to sleep, 8 hours to work and 8 hours to play. Labor rules with an iron sceptre, determining who shall work, how long he shall work, and what pay he shall receive for his work. I wouldn't be surprised in a few years if another column was erected with the figures 10, 10, 4 as a sign that meant 4 hours only to work and the other 20 for rest and recreation.

Labor is honored the world over, and its praises should be sung wherever the din of the wheel and the ring of the hammer are heard. The capitalist is wrong who oppresses the poor and makes daily toil a bridge over which he walks to the bank to deposit dollars coined of the sweat and blood of the laborer's soul and body. The laborer is wrong who takes his employer by the throat because luck, frugality or ability has made him rich, and demands a division of a bank account that his future ignorance and extravagance will squander. This world is a home, men are brothers, and the Father in heaven has given us all the guarantees of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. It is the part of every man's burden to share the burden of another. On Calvary the Redeemer died the fittest that earth's unfit might survive. Gold, greed and graft are the world's trinity today. In politics, war and business men talk of the "survival of the fittest," forgetting that sympathy, sweetness and sacrifice are heaven's best gifts, and love is still a greater thing than faith or hope in human hearts.

## A POINT OF VIEW



THE "Block" on Collins street is the place where people block the way to see pretty girls in pretty clothes walk up and down and show how divine a thing a woman may be made, by a tailor's suit. It is the same the world over. The exhibit of humanity is more than the build-



"888" LABOR MONUMENT

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA



ings and stores of the city stocked with goods and gems. The philosopher, Hamilton, said the finest fruit earth held up to its Maker was man. I venture to disagree, and affirm that if he had made an observation at Melbourne "Block" he would have said a woman. Had the poet Pope been here he would have said, "The proper study of mankind is woman."

### A CAPITAL FARCE



THE Commonwealth Constitution Act of 1900 provided for an establishment of a Federal Capital in New South Wales, and that Parliament should sit at Melbourne till it met at the new seat of Government. From present indications the Melbourne chairs will be kept warm for a long time. The new capital seat is called Yass-Canberra. It is 900 miles square and 200 miles southwest of Sydney. The state jealousy between Sydney and Melbourne, which raged for years before the present site was decided, still rages. One side claims the site is a perfect amphitheatre surrounded by glorious hills, the other insists that it is so bleak and barren a crow never flies across the place without carrying a water bottle. I had planned to see this phantom city, but found nothing but its plans, and I was delighted to find these were the plans of a Chicago architect whose "I will" produced something far superior to the gray matter evolution of anyone in Australia or elsewhere. The place is to be called Canberra for short. It has been surveyed, but not by the tourist. The plans are on paper and its castle beauty is still in the air. For the present the whole thing has been shot up by the war.

### WORTH SEEING



REMEMBER the Alexander Drive, with its lawns, flower beds and rookeries, and the Zoo chiefly for the dusty ride to and fro. I don't know what the animals ate, but I ate my peck of dirt. The Botanical garden offers a fine sky-line view of city and suburbs, and the rest of my time was spent in paying my respects to the good Queen's statue, in watching the tramps who occupied the shady seats, and the gardener who with dry humor and hose was watering the dry flower beds. As a diversion to this quiet we took an Albion bus through a rough end of town, over rough streets, with a

sociable driver who hinted very plainly that he wished I would buy him a drink to wash his dusty throat when he reached the end of the line.

The city has glare and glitter, not only on its streets, but in the windows of its stores. Visiting a prominent jewelry store we found it stocked with precious stones, fiery opals and carved, emu egg shells. I know how to cut eggs at the table with a knife, and outline the white and yolk in designs on a plate, but I did not know that an artist could make a cameo of an emu's egg and carve it with beautiful designs of birds and animals. We take an egg, eat it, and throw away the shell. They throw away the meat, keep the shell and make it a thing of beauty.

There was a good show at the Tivoli because it was given by an American troupe that made a big hit with clean, new, snappy, funny stuff—as much unlike the average English troupe as a circus differs from a cemetery.

At the Bijou there was a play called “The Beast of Berlin,” in which Emperor William took the leading part. The audience was wildly enthusiastic, soldiers stood up, men shouted, women laughed and waved their handkerchiefs, and if I had been a German and not a neutral my feelings and something else would have been hurt.

## MELBA



AUSTRALIAN birds are said to have no song, but there is one song-bird from Melbourne that has been heard around the world—“Melba.” I had heard and met her in Minneapolis, and kissed her hand as she waved me a good-bye at the Auditorium door, saying she would sing for me at the People's Church, Sunday, because she wanted to hear my sermon on “Hobble-Skirt Religion.” It was she more than anything or anyone else who put the “Melb” in Melbourne. I had visited the Melba Theatre and was in the mood to bear her greetings from America. Learning she was at her beautiful home, “Coombe College,” Coldstream, Lilydale, I paid four pence and rang up phone number 12. Instead of her silvery reply the bass tone of the butler said she was in town at the Oriental Hotel on Collins street. To get this valuable information required half an hour, and I decided I could sooner walk to the hotel ten squares distant than get her by phone. When I did

arrive the song-bird had flown down to the jewelry store, I had recently left, to get her prize for having had the best decorated auto. I left my card with her maid, and to comfort Melba on her return wrote her a five-page letter. It required so much time that when I returned my wife wondered whether I had been lost.

The phone was responsible for this miscalculation all around. At home the phone is one of my best friends, here it is an aggravation, a murderer of time and inspirer of profanity. "Hello" doesn't go here, only "Are you there?" and so often no one seems to be there that you silently pronounce your American "Hello" with an accent of profane ejaculation. When a telephone gets out of order it takes a day or two to repair it. It has the governmental temperament, you know. An American here would go mad unless he had a private wireless. Once I waited fifteen minutes. I would ring up and say, "Are you there?" and the reply would come, "Engaged." Finally, after being told that the party was still engaged I told her it was time to get married and I was the clergyman who would do it for nothing to get rid of her and use the phone. This may be "righto" down here, but I thought it was very "wrongo." If you want to reach anyone quickly, write him a letter, don't phone. I was so provoked to lose this call, and my heart beat so warmly with passion that I hurried to the Vienna Cafe for a Melba ice-cream.

Melba's life story is interesting. This Scotch lassie was urged to study instrumental music for fear she would go on the wicked stage. She was in London once and sang so well in Free Mason hall that her critics decided to give her a square deal, urged her to a public career, so that under the teaching of Madame Marchesi of Paris, and with a genius for hard work, she sang and became recognized as the successor of Patti and Nillson. That silver, high soprano, coloratura voice of hers, though judged brilliant rather than sympathetic, has thrilled the world's heart in her characterization of "Aida," "Elsa," "Lucia," "Gilda," "Semiramide," "Elizabeth," "Elaine" and "Juliet." Melba has a sweet voice in a "sound" body. Food, drink, rest and exercise have been the conditions of her success. She needed no man to make her life a "grand sweet song," and if this Nellie Mitchell "Melba" did meet Captain Armstrong, when she was eighteen, and contract what was called "a most unfortunate marriage," she has been married to her musical art, a marriage

which only death can divorce. Sorrow and heartache make the sweetest singer.

## THE BIG NOISE



UT I did hear some music. It was at the big Town Hall, and like salvation the music was without money, though not without price, for Dr. Price was the organist. Just before the recital I heard the tuner at work. Going up to the platform I spoke to him, looked the big organ over and said, "I would like to touch her up." We shook hands across the Cs and I sailed in, tramped the lost chord under the pedals, proceeded with a flourish of trumpets, mixing up English and American airs, until I softened and slowed up with a Largo. He was so thankful that I hadn't broken up the keyboard or blown out a cylinder head that he offered to introduce me to Dr. Price at the close of the recital. The people soon came in and the "big" Dr. Price played a big program on the big organ. I closed my eyes, opened my ears, and dreamed I was in a heaven of harmony. When he stopped playing I opened my eyes and looked around to see how the audience felt. I saw Sister Susie knitting socks for soldiers. Young girls and old women were thinking of their brave boy's long, weary marches, funeral marches, and were making the heels and toes of the socks extra comfortable. No matter whether it was at the church, theatre or on street-cars, I saw women knit and knit, because their tender hearts were all knitted together in kindness.

Music divides the honor with sleep in being life's "chief nourisher." This musical gift of the Government is a splendid thing for the public. It was a great organ with over a hundred stops, and choir, great, swell, solo and echo key boards. And there was a master musician to play it every Monday, Wednesday and Friday noon for the poor, the weak and the weary. The God of ocean's bass and river's treble told man to make the organ, and when it is played by a master's hand it is the king of instruments. After the recital I went back into the organ loft and talked with Dr. W. G. Price, who sandwiched stories and friendly comment on American music, artists and organs between his eating and drinking.

## TRAIN OF GOLD



OUR own George Francis Train, the eccentric, cyclone orator, once lived in Melbourne. He was the agent of the White Star Packet carrying trade to the diggers. He stored the immigrant's luggage, and because much of it was never claimed became rich. He had a lordly tone of superiority and was oratorical whether he spoke to a visitor or a bull. He was the observed of all observers, and the stars of local attraction sank when this sun of America arose. He became very rich, returned to the U. S., ran for the presidency, declaring if he was elected he would reform the world. Uncle Sam was suspicious of reformers and turned him down, so that he lost all the wealth he made in Melbourne and died in poverty. Whatever Train was, he was no tightwad, but liberal to the poor and distressed, and he died mourned by many friends.

Australia, like most young countries, had the gold fever just as a child gets the measles. It was a land of "golden opportunities." Perhaps the worst case was in Melbourne, Victoria, where the happy gold digger drank champagne instead of water, made a sandwich of a five or ten pound note, and drove around in a four-in-hand with frail females by his side covered with jewelry enough to stock a store. Fifty years ago it was a tough town full of loafers, garroters and thieves. There were no police at night, respectable people found it safe to be at home, and the flood of crime was greater than a corporal's guard could stay. People left the farms for the mines. When a man struck it rich he came back to Melbourne, bought a Panama hat, wore a red sash around his waist, had a Colt revolver handy and sported a heavy nugget ring with design of pick and shovel on it that would do for a pair of brass knuckles. Nothing was shoddy about him, and even his horse is said to have been shod with gold. When the shining ore failed to pan out well many a man, who was a college graduate and could write a poem or paint a picture, was glad to be boots or a bartender at the hotel in order to keep his body and soul together.

## SOMETHING BETTER



THE love of money is the root of all evil," and from it grow dishonesty, vice, lust and murder and a forest full of Hell's kindling wood. All the vices as well as the virtues are represented by wealth. Whether we are good or bad depends on how we make and spend money. Don't worship the golden calf.

Some things are better than money, for the gold we spend often comes from the crucible whose furnace has been fed with human lives.

Health—It is far better to eat, drink and sleep well than to be a dyspeptic millionaire who can't enjoy a ten cent lunch or a nap after it.

Home—It is better to live in a cottage with love of wife and child, in simple pleasures, than in a hotel or club that beats out the joy that springs from simple affection.

Humanity—It is better to have a little and share it with the needy than to be a close-fisted Dives who tells Lazarus to go to the dogs for food and medicine instead of offering a hand to help.

High Ideals—It is better to have noble thoughts and purposes and some knowledge of art and science, which reforms and elevates, than to be a millionaire boor who starves his mind, fills his stomach and comes home to a big house whose chief attraction is the table, side-board, smoke-room and lounge.

Humility—It is better to feel the divine Fatherhood and Brotherhood than to boast of blood, bonds and brains and have a head and heart so full of pride that God can not crown one or fill the other.

Holiness—It is better to worship God than gold, Christ than coin and practice a sacrifice of Christianity than to share the pleasures of carnality.

Heaven—It is better here and hereafter to have the reward of heaven than the retribution of hell.

Money metalizes the heart. Money-mad men think more of heaps of gold than of God or humanity. Too many are like Bunyan's muckraker gathering straws, unmindful of the golden crown held just over their heads. Christ tells us God regards such men as "fools." In saving money they lose their souls.

## A ROUGH ESTIMATE



AUSTRALIANS are very fast to criticize the United States and to resent any suggestion which implies that their country is not the home of the finally blest. People who have not traveled outside of Australia, and are ignorant of the history of any country but their own, are hardly qualified to deny or refute a criticism or comparison which an intelligent traveler might make. But no common man can argue with a mad bull, a locomotive, a hurricane, or an Australian.

Australia is as large as the U. S., but lacks our inland mountains, big lakes and rivers. Accordingly, its land is low and dry and most of its five million inhabitants are found in the cities along the sea coast. It is a dry country when it comes to water but wet when it comes to booze.

There are more men than women, and they all seem more interested in money-making than in poetry, art or scholarship. Australia boasts some original and choice slang. A tenderfoot is called a "new chum;" a hypocrite a "wowser;" a young ladies' seminary a "heifer paddock;" instead of our hold-up they say "boil up" or "stick up;" a desert is called "no man's land;" they respectfully say of an old maid, "She lives in the Never-never country," and for our word treating use "shouting."

Their homes are their castles and their families are their clans. Schools are free, unsectarian and compulsory. Religion includes every kind of "ism" and the emphasis is placed more on doing than dogma. Labor here strikes for its altars and fires, and for everything else when it gets a chance.

Many of the politicians here are civic "Larrikins" and Parliamentary debate has often run into mob riot. Some of their misrepresentatives are less brainy and more corrupt than our senators at Washington whom they affect to despise. Australia is "white man" crazy. If she is to accomplish more she must import colored labor, Chinese or Hindus. Some countries have more people than room—Australia could accommodate ten times her present population. Gold and the press are the real yellow perils, not the progressive Jap and patient Chinese.

Wheat, gold and sheep are the Australian's terrestrial Trinity. Modern Jasons should sail to Australia if they are in quest of the "golden fleece." The word "wool-gathering"

means no idle, foolish fancy down here, for there are more than 100,000,000 sheep, 20 to each person. "There's millions in it" applies to the number of pounds of wool and mutton and the number of gold pounds for which they are sold. A man from the "back blocks" told me his wife could shear or kill a sheep and send its wool, hide and carcass to market sooner and better than he could.

## SHEEP'S CLOTHING



SHEEP'S wool makes good clothing, especially for "wolves," though Australia could never furnish enough for the world's hypocrites.

The she-wolf of hypocrisy suckles a large family.

Lovers, like Faust to Margaret, offer the hand of a friend and the heart of a fiend.

Merchants, double-chinned and double-faced, go to church Sunday, and Monday advertise fictitious sales, drive small-wage bargains and tell their lady clerks to find a gentleman friend who will tide them over Sunday.

Lawyers make a pretense of long prayers and then steal and devour widows' houses.

Politicians fawn and flatter to get votes and after election forget the common people in their personal search for graft.

Husbands and wives who are saints at home, are sinners abroad.

Kings, inspired with power-lust, kneel within their hedge of divinity and pray God to help them make a burning and bloody hell of their enemies.

Editors clothe their naked, week-day villainy with a blanket sheet Sunday of "old odds stolen forth of holy writ," and seem most a saint when most they play the devil.

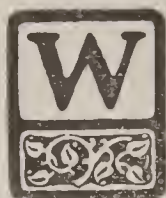
Priests and preachers, like Tartuffe, steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in and prey on their flock, despoiling women of virtue, men of money, children of education and government of its liberties.



TASMANIA

MORRILL

## A TASMANIAN RIVER



WE BOOKED on the "Loongana" for Launceston, Tasmania. The boat was crowded, and as we sailed out I stood on deck to view the receding city. As we passed by warehouses, wharves and shipping I saw an American flag flying from a six-masted sailing vessel. Off came my hat and out rang my voice, and a man standing by me said, "You're an American, and that's the first six-master I ever saw." He was Mr. Charles Atkins of the Melbourne City Council, whom a Sydney paper had recently complimented for his brave attack on political corruption. Down the river we went to Port Phillip, then between points into Bass Strait, though there was no time to throw out a line. We turned in early to rise early and get our first view of Tasmania.

The ship entered Tasmania by the river Tamar, as seductively beautiful as she of Old Testament fame who made so sad a shipwreck. We saw the lights of Low Head, and standing in the bow watched the blood-red morning clouds that seemed to reflect deeds without a name, in the English murder of the Tasmania aboriginal race and the cruel treatment of the British convicts. It was 42 miles to Launceston from the Heads and we waited for the tide. It was so pretty I wished they had tied us up to the shore for a day, for in addition to seeing the picturesque hills I might have fished or gone into the surrounding bush and shot kangaroo and wallaby.

## LAUNCESTON



LAUNCESTON is at the head of the Tamar river, surrounded by high hills, and at the junction of the North and South Eskes. It has 20,000 people, most of whom seemed to be at the landing to see us. For the time being we were of more interest than their clubs, coffee-palaces, parks, public baths, Devil's punchbowl, distillery, creek, golf links, art gallery or bowling green.

Cataract Gorge is the gorgeous show place, but our low-tide river holdup only permitted us a passing glance. This city, second only to Hobart, is the center of the state's railroad system. The way we hurried to the central station to make the train for Hobart was a caution to any stray dog or cat in the way. The Government held the train for some official's wife and

train, so we made it, and saved a seat for Mr. Atkins. Helping him served me a good turn, for when I told him there was a clergyman's daughter at Ross, Tasmania, named Queenie Fisher, who had written to me after reading one of my sermons in her town paper, he sent a telegram and she met us at Ross.

## MAID IN TASMANIA



THE train was late getting there because we were in the sheep country and it had to stop to let them cross the track. I think there were as many stops as there were in the big organ at Melbourne. Two hours late we pulled in. I poked my head out of the window and cried, "Queenie Fisher," and a young girl and her mother ran up to our car. After my caged door was unlocked by the guard I rushed out, grabbed the mother's hand, ventured a kiss on the daughter's cheek, redder than the native apple, and made a fast and friendly talk. She said she had read one of my sermons in a Tasmanian paper and was anxious to meet an American minister who could be on the front page with the pictures of the royal family.

At the different stations we met people, baggage, and crates of dead rabbits that were to be shipped for food. There was scenery of mountain and hill in the distance, and apple orchards nearby, for Tasmania is an apple land that can supply all the Edens of the world with sin, cider, pie, jam and jelly. Farms, fields, orchards and bush welcomed us till we skirted the beautiful Derwent river, along which were fields of hops, not of the kangaroo variety, but for the famous Cascade brewery. It is well known to tourists, if one may judge by the empty bottles along the track.

## HOBART HAPPENINGS



AT HOBART our hotel was the "Orient," and less satisfactory for rooms, meals and general accommodation than any oriental inn I had ever been imprisoned in in India or Japan.

Sunday morning we were in as fine spirits as the day was bright, so we took a ferry and sailed across to the little township of Bellerive with its sandy beaches, old buildings and fine view

of Hobart and harbor. People come here to see Hobart, but I enjoyed it for itself, especially the old church on the hill to which the day lent the right religious atmosphere. Mr. Atkins was a fine walker and talker. He knew Hobart and its inhabitants, and when we went back he started out to introduce us.

We followed him for a while, and then lagged while he headed on with the ladies. Reconnoitering we found the Battery with some battered cannon, sneaked by a man near the stockade and shot the camera, entered the Queen's Domain that runs along the side of the river bank and is lovely with drives and walks, and went to the Government House as far as the gardens. We were not invited in, and so went to the Botanical garden nearby with its river esplanade. It was all prettily laid out with walks, shrubs, trees and flowers, and there were fine views of the Derwent.

### MOUNT WELLINGTON



TASMANIA'S population is more than 186,000 and Hobart has over 41,000. It is beautifully situated on an estuary of the Derwent river, twelve miles from the sea, and has Mount Wellington for a background. The mountain offers a splendid drive. The "brakes" started at two o'clock, the four horses hauled a big load of us, and the higher we went the more beauties we saw of Derwent. While the horses were drinking we went by a long path to the Water Works Monument, to Fern Tree Bower, lined with shrubs and rustic seats for city dudes and rustic swains, to Silver falls, where the running rivulet is piped to Hobart, and then back to the "brake" for an Excelsior climb to the Springs, 2,400 feet above the city. Here a grand panorama unfolds 140 miles of scenery from Bruni on the South to Ben Lomond on the North.

Our driver pointed to the Springs Hotel and urged us to go in. We supposed there was a window there from which to get a better view, or a long range telescope, but there was nothing but a big dining room and a table loaded with tea cups and saucers. We sat down in the stuffy room with scores who crowded in to drink tea. When "L" and I saw the plot we didn't stand on the order of our going but went at once to the front porch. The hostess followed and asked if we were ill and would have some tea. I told her tea was rank poison to me, that the sight of it made me mad, that I was a descendant of the



HOBART HARBOR AND MT. WELLINGTON

TASMANIA



HOBART TOWN

TASMANIA

Boston Tea Party, and that if I did like tea I wouldn't waste time to sit indoors and drink it when all this glorious scenery lay before me. Poor woman, she couldn't understand. Was not all that land and waterscape scenery, and even Mount Wellington itself, a means to an end, and that end to come up here and drink a pot of tea?

A man came to my rescue and pointed out the beautiful bays, harbors and islands. I looked down on Hobart, so picturesquely situated at the foot of majestic Wellington, at the suburbs that reached out in all directions over the ends of the mountain spurs, and at the harbor, a perfect gem of the first water.

Mount Wellington is 4,166 feet above sea level. I had seen monuments to the Iron Duke, but none that so suggested his strength and symmetry of character. There is a place near the top, a rock formation shaped like organ pipes, that makes music when the wind whistles through it, of summer's treble and winter's bass. Really, Mount Wellington is not a mountain, for it is less than 5,000 feet, but so many mountains of eulogy have been piled on it that the mere reader would think it was a twin brother to Mount Everest. Still it is to Hobart what Vesuvius is to Italy and Fujiyama to Japan. Its color is chameleon-like under the sun and moon. The guide-book has compared its silhouette against the evening sky to a "monstrous plesiosaurus stretched out in sleep." To me, an utter stranger, with more careful and conservative observation, it looked more like a scelidosaurus.

At the close of this simple, secular Sunday we went to St. David's church. It was drizzly outside but bright with Christian cheer inside. The music, service and sermon were all in keeping with the sun, sea, sky and scenery of the day, and we closed our eyes and lips a little later with the words "How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend in hopes of one that ne'er shall end."

## STRANGE SIGHTS



HOBART is a Tourist Bureaucracy; you can't turn the corner without running against a tourist bureau, public or private. Our guide was Mr. Atkins, who knew everybody and thing in town, good, bad and indifferent. He was an old bookworm and curio collector, and when

I said "souvenir" he started out as straight as years before when he was a sailor and rounded Cape Horn by chart and compass. He led us a curious way to a curious street to an old curiosity shop that would have inspired Dickens with other quaint volumes. Flotsam and jetsam from all the world had landed here. There were gems, bric-a-brack, china, lacquers, bronzes, furniture, books, sea-faring paraphernalia, chains, anchors, lanterns, compasses, and hundreds of other things any old sea dog would like to sniff over. Then, too, there were chains, balls, gyves, handcuffs and other delightful heirlooms from the early convict settlers and bushrangers.

We walked up steep streets and on narrow and broad sidewalks, by little houses of one story, one chimney and one window filled with thirty-six panes of glass. We passed shingled, slated roofed stores that went up and down the hill like stairs and folded into each other like an accordeon. These were the original houses that had come down from bushranger days. It was just what you would expect in this quaintest of towns whose inhabitants are happy, hale and hearty, and regard the death of a centenarian much as we do one who has passed away in infancy or childhood. Of course, a sea-port has dives, and public men know the "pubs," so Atkins took the ladies into the Mariners' "pub" for a drink. What they drank they did not tell us, but their breath did.

Hobart is not a dead town, but it has a cemetery and some of its glorious and inglorious citizens have walked the path that leads there. It was a hallowed spot where the city fathers and settlers had lain for many years, yet it looked as if the angel Gabriel had blown his Klaxon horn and the rude forefathers had been rudely resurrected. Stones and monuments were overturned, names and epitaphs obliterated, for what business progress had called a lumbering drag had been changed into a lumber yard. Now head and foot stones are propped up with piles and posts and funeral slabs made a good base for two-by-fours. Mr. Gray could write an elegy here, but I fear he wouldn't, and the only man to do it justice would be Swift in his satire. This is a good wood yard but a bad grave yard.

We visited the Library, Art Gallery and Museum, and the last was best of all. There was a trophy room of Tasmanian tribes and minerals and of native fauna and flora that were similar in some respects to Southeast Australia, with which Tas-

mania was formerly connected. There was eucalyptus for building up the people and the ships; manna trees to recline by when you read Old Testament history; sassafras, attractive as the same named tea and drink; huon pine, the satin wood the cabinet makers pine for; celery for Nervy Nats; red cedar for lead pencils and blackmailers; pepper trees with piquant flavor and fragrance; cider trees, whose treacle sap made sweet drink for the bush men; grass that bears rice; plants of brilliant crimson flowers and tree ferns like those of Australia.

### TASMANIAN DEVILS



HERE was a fauna exhibit of insects and birds much like those of the Australian museum and of the kangaroo rat, the wombat, porcupine, ant-eater, duck-billed platypus and tiger wolf. The Tasmanian Devil has a bad name and character. Satan has a big family, with various representatives in every land, but the Tasmanian Devil is peculiar. He looks like a small bear, has a bulldog mouth, thick tail, wears short hair, is black striped with bands on his neck and haunches, is a night-prowler and loves to attack and eat the sheep. But the real Tasmanian devils were the white men, convicts and bushmen, who exterminated the Tasmanian natives.

One of the most peculiar growths of the "bush" was the bushranger. The Spanish in South America made cruelty a creed and robbery a religion, while here the bushranger deliberately robbed, killed and outraged through pure deviltry. In this race war between the whites and aborigines there was a fight to the finish. The blacks learned cruelty from the whites, and it was a siege of slaughter. Often a black skin covered a whiter heart and more gray matter than the hide of the selfish, stupid, savage whites who slaughtered them. We entered a room and saw a skeleton of the last of the Tasmanian race. Campbell should have lived here and sung another poem entitled, "The Last Man and Woman."

### WHAT IS IT?



THE ornithorhynchus is an animal with a classic name, and is so peculiar that you may call him any profane or pious thing you please, or worship him if you will, for there is nothing like him above or beneath. He is the delight of the scientist and disgust of the sportsman, a puzzle,

Sphynx, a bird and a fish. It lays eggs and is a mammal; swims in the sea or climbs a tree; can eat grass Thursday and fish Friday. It is a Jekyll and Hyde. Would you dare go out at night to catch it, and how? With fish-hook, lasso, gun, net, trap, ladder or airship? It is a multum in parvo, and the fellow who could bag it would bring home all the game at once. This "duck bill" is great game. Now you know it and now you don't. I wonder whether Noah knew it and how he classified it in the Ark.

### DEMON'S LAND



OBART has a private museum, and over its entrance I would paint the words, "Hell-horrors, hail!" The walls were festooned and decorated with hangman's ropes, whipping straps and cat-o'-nine-tails, swords and guns, keys and prison locks, balls and chains, gyves and handcuffs and anklets from 8 to 50 pounds in weight. Every piece of this iron had entered a soul and every chain was a chapter of cruelty. Instead of Van Diemen's land this island should have been called Van Demon's land, and many of its inhabitants Tasmaniacs for their unbridled ferocity. The museum was a chamber of horrors, and its climax was the skull of a cannibal convict, Pierce. Where the eyes had flashed hate were dull holes, the nose that breathed blood was a bare bone, and the teeth that had eaten his six companions, sharp and dry. Pierce's own confession of how he ate his six companions is more horrible than Clarke's lurid account of it in "For the Term of His Natural Life."

When the colonists and convicts were starving in 1812 the best jail-birds were freed to provide for themselves. They went to the bush and were joined by incorrigibles who had previously escaped and were carrying stolen firearms. The aboriginal blacks were a peace-loving people, but their men and women were so horribly outraged by these convict devils that they got even by burning the homes of the white settlers and killing the inhabitants. Convicts, soldiers, whale and sea fishers defied the law, and there were fifteen years of bloody slaughter that the governors failed to stop. The whites were lawless, and went so far as to become cannibals. When the first convict ship came here there were more than 100,000 black natives, and after 20 years only 250 were left. As an illustration of this



CONVICT REGALIA

HOBART, TASMANIA



IN JAIL

HOBART, TASMANIA

convict brutality, an escaped convict took a native's wife. The husband objected, was shot and had his head cut off and placed around her neck. When she tried to escape she was brained with a tomahawk, her head was cut off, and then the two heads were nailed to a tree just over the spot where the murder-fiend cooked his meals. The names of Kelley, Lynch, Cash, Melville and a host of others are so notorious that I am not surprised their descendants have tried to cut down their upas ancestral tree.

I had a vivid impression of what I saw and heard, but to carry one away with me to my friends I dressed up in some of the awful ornaments. There was a sensation when I came out on the sidewalk to be photographed, wearing a leather convict hat that a Port Arthur prisoner had worn, a greasy hangman's rope around my neck and shoulder that had slipped men from time to eternity, a pair of handcuff-bracelets, and an assortment of chains and leg irons heavy enough to hold an India elephant.

Tasmania, once a prison, is now a tourist's playground. Then it imported criminals and exported them, and the prison often made them worse than ever. Times have changed. The Tasmanian now makes beer, jam, soap, candles, cloth and flour. Then they raised Cain, now apples. Then their principal pastime was hunting to kill blacks, now they hunt game and markets for their products.

## HOPS



THE beer that made Hobart famous comes from the Cascade Brewery, which is situated in a rocky glen near town. Here leaps a cascade and hops are nearby. Over the entrance to the brewery were two signs that read, "Company limited" and "No admittance." But an American flag and clerical card turned the trick, and the manager sent us with a special guard to inspect the brewery and brew. It is made just like any other beer for aught I could see, smell or taste. It may be better or worse than some, and like other malt be taken for better or worse, just like marriage. Good spring water is often spoiled by making bad beer, and judged by some tourists who come here to see the brewery and then soak themselves with beer, it would seem that this cascade of cold pure water was not always put to the best use.

## A JAIL-BIRD'S NEST



THE old jail is situated near the brewery, and a prison and brewery on either hand is not an unusual combination. It is ruined and dismantled now as an ivy tower, but the wrecked walls and cells speak sadly of wrecked human lives. We entered the big enclosure of white walls, open cells and cellars. While wading around in muck and mire to get pictures the care-taker's daughter came to our rescue. She piloted us around, told us horrible stories of horrible men, and directed us to cells, chapel and gallows. The only prisoners here now were the chickens and calves she fed. I balanced on a log and stone to take the picture of two calves that were investigating my kodak, but when I looked around I found my fair guide had raised her skirts to keep them out of the mud, so there were four calves instead of two, although it is possible I may have seen double. The iron bars were gruesome reminders of grilled hearts. I stood in a cell whose walls seemed to echo the sigh and cry of those who were in prison. But death set them free, and now sun and air brighten and sweeten the shadowed cell. Escaping from these jail-bird nests we flew through this "ti" tree country to the most fashionable tea resort in Hobart. It was down in a cellar. We drowned our sorrow and then boarded the "Wimmera" for New Zealand, where we were to meet the "Maitai" for 'Frisco.

## ACROSS THE TASMAN SEA



IN THIS Eden land of apples I wanted to drink the health and happiness of Hobart in a glass of cider. This was fitting, but the ship-bar had every other drink but that. We sailed out of the pretty, picturesque harbor, the little lights grew few and dim, the searchlights showed our path in a trackless sea, Mount Wellington was silhouetted against the sky, and we forever left this lovely little island, unless we return voluntary prisoners enchanted by its beauty.

The ship "Wimmera" was long, so was the time—the boat was high, so was the sea. It took four days in a fast steamer, and not four hours in a row boat, to reach Wellington over 1,000 miles away. The gulls and albatrosses were the white wing scavengers of the deep that followed and grew fat on what we threw overboard. Captain Kelley was a good skipper, he

skipped tobacco and substituted apples, and was benefited by the change. As tobacco was more expensive he had more change for fruit. I had the honor to sit next to him, and he can have the place next to me at my table any time he drops in and makes a call. The most distinguished, world-famed person on the boat sat opposite me with his young wife. He looked young for a man of such distinction, yet there was no mistake; it was Captain Crawford, the champion cricket player. He could both teach and fit for college, yet this was his title to fame. Athletics is the chief study in many universities. Football rates higher than philosophy, brawn is brighter than brain. The Poles once made Lasko king because he won a foot race.

Another interesting passenger was polly, the pet of the fo'castle. Every morning we had a serenade from her cut tongue of the patriotic song, "Tipperary." I had heard it sung on land and sea by sailors, savages, society and soldiers, and now the birds were taking it up. She tipped off several lines. One of the most famous subjects of John Bull on board, the officers' friend and protector, was "Larry," a big bull pup fierce of exterior and friendly at heart if he thought you were true.

Thus sailed the golden hours, freighted with reading, writing, music, games and cheer, until N. Z. appeared. We sailed all morning along the West coast of the Middle island, looked at arches, caves and natural bridges, took the first and last look of Cape Farewell, entered Cook's Straits, and without the pilot aid of Pelorus Jack reached Wellington after a splendid sunset. Our old ironsides lay at anchor all night, the harbor lights blinked before us, and the moon and stars shone above us.

### TEMPEST-TOSSED



AFTER the sight-seeing in Christchurch and Wellington I have already described, the "Maitai" came in almost three days late. Her passenger list wasn't very big, yet when I saw her at the dock she had a big list, for she was built that way. Between Sydney and Wellington rolls the fierce Tasman sea, and the poor little craft had just made a terrible and perilous trip. The wireless was blown down, and gang and rail broken, her cabin, flowers and furniture upset, and her dining saloon was in most admired disorder. The steward and stewardess had black eyes, not from any fight with each other, but because they had been banged about in their

staterooms. Captain Stevens had stood on the bridge midday and midnight, and was slammed around until he was lame in leg and sore in rib. The carpenters were already fixing up the strained steering gear, and the barber said he had propped himself up in his little room and had a close shave from being thrown against his glass stock cases. An officer confessed it looked "nasty," and was surprised the ship hadn't gone down the hour she left Sydney Heads. Some passengers were so weak and ill it was necessary to help them ashore. One old lady told me she was sure they were going down, and she just kept praying that God would take care of her and the friends she was leaving behind. This was the boat that had terrified us when we first saw her at Sydney, and it was to be our cradle or coffin for the next month. There was one consolation, she was so small the Germans couldn't see her for a target, and she would soon sink with us instead of prolonging the agony.

### HARD LUCK



NCE more we were disappointed in our cabin, we paid for one thing and got another. The same thing happened on every boat. Don't pay deck cabin fare until you are in your cabin. The ship has always figured in piracy, and there is piracy on the figures it quotes you in fares. On top of this, our trunks were misplaced and could not be found up deck, down deck or in our steward's chamber. They contained our much needed thin clothing for the tropics, and we grew hot thinking how we would roast. Then we roasted the agent at Sydney for not putting them aboard, sent him a cable, and went ashore shopping, spending our good gold for poor stuff two years old in style. Returning to our cabin we saw the trunks. The lost was found. It had cost us much time, patience and money, and we were poorly disposed to kill a fatted calf and invite the neighbors for rejoicing.

The old Maori custom of tattooing is little practiced now, yet before I left port I was initiated in this mystery. The customs inspector helped me get my baggage through. There were formalities and writing. He held a pen loaded with ink just back of me, and when I turned round to answer his question the point struck me under the eye, leaving a black mark. It swelled and was very sore, and proved how mighty and sword-like a pen could be. I mingled a tear drop with the drop of ink, and am sure a drop of ink can produce a million thinks.



## EN ROUTE



RAROTONGA is 1,700 miles or more from Wellington, and we figured on five days to make the trip. Though the "Maitai" was small she seemed safe, and there was smooth sailing all the way. Captain Stevens as man, Mason, and master of the craft, did all he could to make it pleasant for us. Were it in my power I would transfer him from this old dredge boat to one of the finest and fleetest of the fleet. The Masonic greeting, like unto which Ruth gave Orpah, her mother-in-law, I impressed on the captain's cheek was sincere. In spite of this assault he kindly asked me to preach in the cabin Sunday, saying he would conduct the Church of England part of the service.

On board there was an old man, a Mr. Young, who had skimmed the milky way of the South Sea Islands and knew all that Captain Cook did and some more. He sat opposite us at the table, and was so interesting that I rested my fork by the plate, opened my mouth, and often forgot to fill it. It was the Sunday morning I was to preach. We sat in the smoke-room, he talking, I listening, and the captain waiting in the music saloon for my appearance. It rarely happens that I prefer to listen rather than talk, but this was one of the times. The captain was compelled to send for me, and when he learned why I was detained he excused me, for he knew Young of old. The sermon was the traveler's psalm, a Scripture that should be framed in every ship and known by every sailor.

## A DECK-A-LOG



THAT evening as I sat on deck looking at the log I thought of a Deck-a-log for our passengers:

I. Thou shalt not take God's name in vain because the ship folders lie about the beauties of the trip.

II. Thou shalt not expect to get first-class passage on a first-class ticket.

III. Thou shalt not covet the seat of honor at the captain's table.

IV. Thou shalt not arrange for an early bath and come late.

V. Thou shalt not spoon in public all day and night.

VI. Thou shalt not vomit on thy fellow passengers.

VII. Thou shalt not gamble on the ship's run or with decks of cards.

VIII. Thou shalt not beg, borrow and steal all the best books from the library.

IX. Thou shalt not scandalize and bear false witness about any passenger younger, smarter and richer than thyself.

X. Thou shalt not kill the rats and roaches in thy cabin at night with a shoe and wake up thy fellow passenger in the next cabin.

### MIDNIGHT LANDING



WE HAD read and heard much of Rarotonga and were anxious to get there and drive around the island, which can be done in four hours. For five days we had talked and dreamed about it, for the office manager at Sydney had urged us to be sure and come this way to get some unusual pictures of the island. Applying Burns' mouse lines to ship lines, "The best laid schemes gang aft agley"—we were 'way behind time and anchored out from the shore opposite the little town of Avarua, Rarotonga. It was 11 o'clock, pitch dark, and only one little light glimmered from the wharf. We whistled, not from want of thought on our part, but theirs, and loud and long enough to wake the dead. Finally about midnight the doctor and Governor came on a tug that towed a fleet of lighters loaded with natives, copra and oranges. After these distinguished gentlemen received their mail and papers they went back, while the native wharf rats in their red lava-lavas and laughter swarmed up the deck to help load and unload.

We were to sail at 4:30 A. M., according to orders, and that meant no sight-seeing ashore. You can believe it was a mad crowd, and to pacify us we were told there wasn't much to see anyway. But seeing is believing, and if it was too dark to see I intended to say I had been on shore, even if I had had to swim to get there. "L" and I climbed down into a big lighter loaded with crates, canned stuff, merchandise, household goods and some passengers, among whom was a native woman and child I had kodaked the day before. It started to sprinkle, but undaunted we "tugged" for shore. The moon, wondering what this late and unusual noise was, poked her head over the ragged, jagged peaks that rise three thousand feet above the sea. We were wet,

and may have been silly, but this South Sea silhouette was worth it.

Coming in we saw the coral reef with breakers going over it, and passed a wreck that had been blown on it. Our tug rolled like a barrel and I could see how impossible it would be to land at times. Dr. Baldwin and family, who had been kind and informing on ship board, were returning to their post after a vacation. He bade me good-bye at the wharf, and said it was too bad I could not see the beautiful island and the Governor's Residence.

As he disappeared along the white coral path we struck out for ourselves with the moon overhead, and a flashlight and watch in our hands, to see what we could discover in a short time. And we were successful, though the flashlight pictures could only be seen by us.

## ADVENTURES



IT WAS midnight, and a dusky girl was sitting on a bridge. As we crossed she looked the words, "O stay," but "L" said "Hurry," and I told the damsel we would see her on the return trip. The moon was a lamp to our feet on the white coral road that followed the low-lying shore. The air was stupefying with frangipanni and other fragrant flower blossoms. Trees were loaded with cocoanuts. The native houses were nestling among shrubs and fruit-laden trees. Sensitive plants shrunk from our tread. Huts and stores were built of wood, and coral stone was the firm foundation of the church. Everything was asleep but the insects which kept us company all the way. The moon played hide and seek with the clouds, and now we saw a glimpse of cocoanut trees on the left, or rugged mountain peaks on the right.

We were happy and hilarious, explored back doors and gardens with the spot light, and gathered arms full of flowers and blossoms. Tropical vegetation was wild and profligate. The libertine leaves, stems and flowers showed prodigal excess. In this silent tropical night the sound of our voices and stir of our feet seemed to waken life among the graves. Just as we were turning back we saw a light in the distance coming down the road. We stepped to one side and planned to waylay the trav-

eler. It proved to be a native dressed in sulu and undershirt, carrying a lantern in one hand and holding a sack flung over his shoulder. He stopped, startled to see two white strangers. I am sorry I cannot tell the reader he was a fugitive from justice, carrying a bag of stolen treasure or the body of some murdered or kidnapped child. Were I a novelist I could tell a good South Sea lie right here, but I am not. Alas, he was on his way to catch the ship, the sack was full of big, green, sweet oranges, and he gave us several of them. He knew a few words of English, and when I inquired the way to Commissioner Thorncraft's house, he dropped his bag at the crossroads and started through the bush towards the mountain. I made him understand I was to take the same ship, that left at 4 o'clock, and took out my watch and pointed to the hour. I felt safer here on a strange island at 1 o'clock in the morning than in a big city at 9 P. M.

### A PAJAMA PARTY



WE CAME through the bush into the open, and every step brought a more beautiful view. Since our visit with Dame Nature was to be brief she disclosed as many of her charms as possible. We began to wind and climb up the bush path at the foot of the peak. Just beyond us flickered a light, "L" ran ahead and I followed with the guide till we came to the house. A frightened figure clad in pajamas appeared on the porch and cried, "What do you want?" Puffing and perspiring, we begged him to excuse the intrusion, urged him not to be afraid, for we were only American tourists who had just arrived, were sight-seeing, and had come up to pay our respects to his Honor the Commissioner.

Then I recognized him as the man who had come aboard an hour ago. He was in full evening dress of pajamas. He urged us to come in and be seated, gave us a drink of water and excused his appearance, saying he was trying to be comfortable and read his monthly papers and letters that had just arrived. He asked about our voyage, how things were among the Colonies and America, and then began to talk about his island. We learned how the steamers came in infrequently, at all hours of the day or night, gave passengers little time to see anything, and that the Union Steamship Company had raised the freight

six cents on each case of fruit just as the Rarotongans were about to ship ten thousand cases to New Zealand.

During his remarks a figure in white came out of the side room. It was his wife, who, slipping on a banana peel and a few other things, came out to help her husband entertain. She knew how, and we rose to go, for it was far to the ship and near to its sailing time. She gave us a native colored basket full of dwarf, lady-finger bananas, and a gunnysack of luscious oranges.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS



WHEN I returned I found the girl I had left behind me, in the same place and position on the bridge. She didn't say much, but offered me a string of shells and sea beans. I preferred her for a souvenir, and though she wasn't very large I was sure there would be no room for her in our cabin. I hurried to the wharf to ask the busy purser how much time was left before the last tender went ashore. He said three-quarters of an hour, so we walked back to the road and started towards the other end of the island.

Native, white coral huts, with thatched roofs, would have looked very pretty in the moonlight, but the buildings were of stiff plans, had glass windows and iron roofs. The only things that made it seem far away were the coral road, outrigger boats on the beach, the cocoanut and pandanus trees, the reef, lagoon, rocks and wreck.

Rarotonga is an island, long and oblong. The only variety show is the variety of vegetation and natives, and their artistic and literary tastes are found in the picturesque and romantic scenery of slope and valley. The natives are simple, but the island is luxuriant. Irregular hills form the center of the island. They are called Ikorangi, Maungatea and Te Atu Kura, all nearly three thousand feet high.

There are few autos and more American buggies than native bugs. Some horses are imported from N. Z., and they have several peculiar zebra stripes. Nature plants the trees and the natives plant graves along the road, and make it an Appian Way. Some of the graves are in the yards, as in Samoa, so the children may play leap frog over them all afternoon, for school only lasts from seven to twelve. What a paradise for a school-boy in this island paradise!

## TWO SILHOUETTES



THE scene and silence were intoxicating, but we were suddenly called back to earth and the thought of our ship by two girlish voices. The girl I had first met on the bridge had brought her friend, and they were both sitting in the middle of the road blocking our path and offering curios for sale. I bought necklaces and bracelets, fans and stick pins, and tried to buy the pretty shawl on her back and handkerchief from her breast. If there had been time I suppose I could have bought everything but the robe of darkness over them. Here, as in most of the South Sea Islands, beauty least adorned is most adorned. These brown women in long, loose robes show shape to better advantage than in French corsets and European dresses. It is not good form to crush beauty and life to death. These Eve's daughters, let alone by immodest modistes, grow tall, straight, big-limbed, small-breasted and broad-waisted, so that a day or two after childbirth they are abroad as usual as if nothing special had happened.

It was late, I told them to be good girls and go home to bed for it was three o'clock, or they would be late at school in the morning. I talked with my hands behind me, and left abruptly, fearing I might violate an old Cook Island law, "If a man put his arm around a woman on the village road at night, and he has a torch in his hand, he shall go free. If no torch he is to be fined one dollar in cash and nine dollars in trade." We bade the girls adieu and went to the wharf office. Waiting for the lighter, we learned a good many things about Rarotonga.

## THE NATIVES



CAPTAIN COOK discovered this group of six islands in 1777. Their area is about 280 square miles, and this island is 20 miles around. England agreed to protect them in 1888 and N. Z. annexed them in 1901. The natives belong to the Polynesian race, and the census estimate was 12,000 in 1900. Their speech resembles the Maori's. Fifty years ago they were fierce cannibals. Now they are partially civilized and Christian as the result of John Williams' missionary labors in 1823. The natives average five feet and seven inches in height, and are healthy except for tropical ills. They

are good sea-farers, and, like the whites, work no more than is absolutely necessary. Rarotonga pleasures are football, cricket, tennis, driving the four autos on the island, riding bicycles, diving and swimming. The natives gather fruit and copra for shipment, and are engaged elsewhere in pearl-diving. Their education has been neglected but I learned from Miss Johnston, a N. Z. schoolteacher who was one of our passengers, that the N. Z. Colony was planning and conducting schools here on the lines of the public school in Auckland. The products of the island are copra, coffee, limes, oranges, cotton and pineapples. Their native food is taro, yams, breadfruit and cocoanuts.

## COCOANUTS




THE cocoanut tree sways a higher sceptre than anything else in the islands. How it rises to this proud position is a most interesting story. After the soil has been made ready, a good fresh cocoanut is placed upon the ground and left there till it sprouts. Then a hole is dug some 12 inches square into which the sprouted cocoanut is placed and covered over with a little ground. Yearning for the light it pushes up through the clods and grows, until within five years it will bear some fruit, and in eight years will yield its heaviest output of fifty pounds of dried copra for the market. When the tree is fully matured it reaches a height of from forty to eighty feet. Though it is a foot thick six feet from the ground, it tapers towards the top a branchless trunk, until nearing its full height a cluster of palm leaves is found, from which grow the flowers and the nuts. Nearly half a year is required to grow the flower and about the same to produce the nuts. This flower looks like a farmer's cabbage, and before it blooms out the thirsty natives often hang a bottle to it, tap the plant and let the sap run in it. It is sweet when fresh, but when old it drives the drinker crazy drunk. As a baby is swathed and swaddled, so the nut is blanketed with a thick fibrous sheet which the skillful natives remove by spearing it on a sharp pointed stick. No rag man need apply for this cast-off clothing fibre because it is made into matting and sinnet ropes. After the nut is cracked the native scoops out the white meat and spreads it over boards and mats to dry in the sun. It is then known as "copra" and is fit

to sell in trade to the trader, who ships it to the world's markets for food and oil.

Here is a nutty story about the origin of the cocoanut worth telling. Once a chief made love to a girl and was turned down. He was so broken-hearted that he asked the maid to grant him this one request, that since he could not live with her he might be buried near her house. The girl gladly promised, and asked him why. He told her that after he was planted his body would come out of the ground in the shape of a tree and would supply her family with a nut that would be their food and drink, and whenever she tasted the sweet contents from the mouth of the nut he would imagine that he was kissing her.

## ORANGEMEN

N CHARACTER the natives are not so immoral as immoral. They practice divorce, gamble with cards for money and drink orange bush beer. Orange beer orgies were favorite pastimes here until the celebrated Dr. James Chalmers, missionary and explorer, after ten years of hard work lifted their bodies and souls to a higher level. There were orange men who lived in this green isle who never heard of the Emerald isle. Their object in life was to make booze and drink it. Foreign rum was their choice, and when it ran out they started a moonshine plant of their own, making drinks from pineapples, bananas, and especially oranges. In secluded places difficult to get at, there were spaces from which plants and bush had been cleared. It was all shaded by trees and was a Bacchus booze resort. During these orgies the native boys sang hymns and prayed, drank between acts, and when intoxicated threw off their paru clouts and fought each other like devils. Fifty men would keep up their spirits by dancing drunk around half a dozen barrels of orange rum. What a spectacle was here when these fellows, who had plenty of land and should have cultivated it, met to make and drink orange beer! Even when sober they thought they were well dressed when they wandered about with long uncombed hair, wore a girdle of leaves, a dirty old shirt and a pair of torn trousers. Washing is "done" by beating clothes on a stone with a stick until dirt and fabric disappear. The bathers have nothing on earth or the body to do

but laugh and splash. Juliet elopes with Romeo by sliding down a cocoanut rope.

As I looked at their canoes I remembered this was the home of that industry. Big trees furnished boats for the other islands. Here the canoe was the cradle of the Maori race, and from this island over seven hundred years ago the renowned Tanui and Arawa canoes set out filled with Maoris for New Zealand.

## RARE RAROTONGA



WE LEFT Avarua, Rarotonga, and its rara avis, the bird on the postage stamp that flies all over the world and at home lays an egg as big as itself; the scenery, sights and sociability that had crowded a week into a few hours; the school and church; and the missionary, doctor and Governor who were trying to undo the vicious influence of the white trader and exploiter.

Our lighter was tugged to the ship full of natives who were to work as coal-heavers and stokers to Tahiti. Once there they were to load the "Maitai" with copra and wait for the return boat from 'Frisco to Rarotonga. One of our cargo was a fine, fat pig. He was crated, cared for and located as if he were a first-class passenger. Captain Cook's pigs' descendants are highly valued. An old law reads, "A man who steals a pig is fined forty dollars, the man who cries after a dead woman is fined fifteen dollars because it proves his guilty relationship in life, and the man who is guilty of incest is fined ten dollars." Instead of the Scripture, "How much better is a man than a sheep," the natives read, "How much better is a pig than a man."

We returned to the ship and there was no sleep for us till next morning, for it was then four A. M., and we were to leave in half an hour. We sat on deck and watched the island of our midnight marauding as it faded away, a phantom island in the wash of the moonlight and wave. I went to my cabin, and when I awoke I thought it all must be a dream till I looked around and saw the flowers, fruit and souvenir plunder.

At the breakfast table we were greeted by curious and questioning tongues. It was so foolish, you know, to go off the comfortable boat in the rain and on a strange island at midnight, and see nothing but the wharf. When we told them our adventures they bit their lips with surprise, disappointment and envy,

and when, to cap the climax, I spoke of our call on the Governor and wife, who received us in gowns befitting the late hour, Captain Stevens, Mr. Young and all the rest were ready to admit that we started out to find something and got it, and that it was possible for a live Yankee to see more and do more in three hours than a dead Englishman or Colonial in three days or weeks.

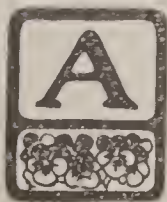
### OFF COLOR



UT from Rarotonga the sea was rough on rats in the ship and on passengers who had just come aboard. A white married man, who had left his white girl wife behind him, was taking a pleasure trip to Papeete with a buxom brown beauty. On board there was a missionary's wife who was trying to save the poor girl's soul. When I saw the girl on deck she was leaning over the rail, her heavy black hair falling over her shoulders and her breakfast overboard. As a native she was used to fruit, and in addition had eaten "forbidden fruit." As a lemon didn't come under this class I gave her one and saved her stomach, feeling the lady missionary would do her more moral good than I could.

After shift one evening the Rarotongan natives sang their native songs, ending with "Tipperary" and "You Great, Big, Beautiful Doll." As they were accompanying the songs with some gestures, I suggested they give us a native dance. They consented, and before I could dissent they plunged into it. We were in the bow with some sailors, stewards and third-class passengers for an audience. The natives only wore a lava-lava around their waists and went through wiggles and gyrations to a grunting and singing accompaniment while the chief dancer illustrated the obscene motions of an island sex dance. I wished I could forget it, and was glad the place was dark and the ladies on the upper deck could not see it. This dance deserved the prize over every Oriental orgy I ever witnessed.

### EYES



AFTER all the good and bad I had taken in I thought what a wonderful thing the human eye was, and while I sat on deck, and my friends thought I was asleep, my "inner eye" was open and I made these observations: The eye proves the existence of a divine Creator.

Physically, it is a telescope to see the sun and a microscope to study an insect.

Mentally, it is a lighthouse at the harbor of the mind where all the glories of heaven and earth drop anchor.

Morally, it is a window of the soul through which love, hate, jealousy, pride and passion look.

Nature's eyes are the sun by day and the moon and stars by night. Human nature's eyes are straight, crossed, far apart, near together, open or blinded.

Poetry sings of the blue eye of truth, black of passion, gray of intelligence and brown of modesty, but prose speaks of the red eyes of debauchery, the yellow of avarice, and the green of envy.

The eyes of the world watch the tragedy and comedy of our private and public life.

A mother's eyes were the stars in the sky which bent over the cradle, and the polestar by which we steered in later years on life's tempest-tossed sea.

The eyes of the Redeemer which looked upon Peter, with contempt for the sin and compassion for the sinner, look upon us to melt our hard hearts in a stream of contrition upon which our souls may float to heaven.

We pity Bartimæus born blind, but angels weep over the many who kill the optic nerve of their souls and are blinded with moral corruption.

God is our Father, we are His children, and not the creation of fate or force.

The eye was made for light and the soul was made for God. God promises to guide us with His eye in the way we should work and walk, and not with curb and whip as horse or mule, or with foot to kick, hand to strike or voice to shout.

God's eyes look to us in Nature, teaching us lessons of repose, cheerfulness, humility and beneficence. In Revelation, His word beams with help for every hour in need. In Providence, national, individual and personal, His eyes are a light to our path.

To understand our Father, in what He is, and what He would have us be and do, we should look up to Him attentively, study Him affectionately and obey Him implicitly. So shall He guide us by His counsel and afterwards receive us to glory when we shall see Him face to face.



## BOMBARDED



**S**ATURDAY morning we were all up early on deck to see Moorea, a Society island, with blue, lofty peaks more rugged and ragged than Rarotonga's. Palms came down to the water's edge, little villages peeped through them, and one of the mountain peaks was punctured with a hole that

reminded me of Torghatten in Norway. It looked as if the Germans had put a hole through the mountain top when they bombarded Papeete a few months before. A Tahitian told me how it was made. An ancestor of his threw his spear from Papeete through the mountain and it landed in Rarotonga, a two days' journey away. The spear was 12 feet long, and if you doubt it you may go to the Louvre and see it. I thanked him and was glad to know how it happened.

Hoping to see more of Moorea later, we entered a blue harbor and saw Papeete with its trees, homes, church and spire, ridges, flat tops and valleys. We passed near a small island where some Germans were held as prisoners. The doctor came aboard, looked at our tongues and said we could pass. On one side of the harbor was a half-sunken German steamship which the Germans had blown up by mistake. Along the water front were battered buildings that looked like Kingston's earthquake ruins. Coasting along the shore, parallel with the main street, we fastened to the stone wharf.

Natives and traders had come out of their white houses and stores sheltered by the thick foliage. The wharf was abloom with color, for work ends when the boat begins to dock. I was the first man ashore, with a message for Taro Salmon from his daughter Ena at school in Minneapolis. Taro knew of our coming and had planned to entertain us, show us around the island, and everything else he could pack in before the ship sailed at 10 o'clock next morning.

He arranged for two autos, and while they were getting ready we walked over to the ruins. One of the Markets was down and stores and shops were in heaps. Taro told us that when they were shooting up the town he jumped into his auto and went to the other end of the island. The Germans had sailed in under English colors. A small French boat fired a signal, asking what they wanted. The Germans answered by hoisting their own flag and firing on the town. They were anxious to get the coal on the wharf, but the fiery Frenchman set fire to the coal and threw it into the water, saying if the Germans didn't clear out they would kill all the German prisoners they had captured when war was declared. One Chinaman was killed, and a Tahitian, whose dead bodies had been carried in the auto we hired.



SHELLED BY GERMAN WARSHIPS

PAPEETE, TAHITI



HOME SWEET HOME

TAHITI

War is hell, and these ruins looked like it, blackened and blistered by smoke and fire. Some buildings were entirely leveled, others unroofed and many partly thrown down. The end of the Market was blown away, and with it the business, prosperity and stock in trade of innocent people. Papeete was hard hit, and the once thriving quarter looked like a cross between a cyclone and a conflagration.

### HELL'S MASTERPIECE



MARS had spent a day's vacation here. Clio, the Muse of History, had written a new war chapter in black-gunpowder type and bound it in blood-red de luxe.

The sun blushes with shame and the moon is pale with grief over a wicked, wasteful, wanton war against Christianity and civilization.

This Twentieth Century carnage is a crime against reason, religion and republicanism. It comes not as a righteous war from heaven to indicate and vindicate purity and principle, but as a rotten war from hell to please a few profligate princes and devilish diplomats.

Offenses will come, but woe unto them through whom they come. It were better that millstones were hung about their necks and they were cast into the depths of the sea.

These war-makers for pride, possession, pomp, prejudice and passion ought to be blown from the cannon's mouth, or be stript and made to fight each other with butcher knives until all were killed but one and the survivor banished to Siberia for life.

War, ordered not by the people nor by moral principle, but by the whim of princes and plutocrats, should go to hell whence it came.

The present war seems to be made up of a desire of conquest and revenge that illustrates Shelley's definition of it, "The statesman's power, the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, and the hired assassin's trade."

War means deviltry, disease, devastation, debt, death and damnation. It kills, not creates; burns, not builds; sacrifices, not sows; makes widows, not wealth; fills ships and trains with soldiers instead of cattle and grain; makes a desert and calls it peace; balances personal glory and gain against the honor of God and the good of man; makes smoke a sacrament, powder a

principle, blood a baptism, and adapts the Beatitudes for its banners and the Scriptures for its ships.

The angel's message, "Peace on earth, good will towards men," has been exchanged for the devil's, "Havoc, let slip the dogs of war."

Brothers of God's Fatherhood, made to live here and together hereafter, with the same Bible, Church, Prayer, Beatitudes and example of Christ, are called to curse and cut, to shout and shoot until the yellow wheat fields are red with blood, towering cities leveled to the ground, the song of bird silenced by screech of shell and the blue sky blotted out by a cloud of air-battleships which rain down iron and lead.

Mars mars.

To the victor belong the spoils of the spoiled victims.

Night comes with victory to one and defeat to another. One city is lighted in celebration, the other dark with hopeless heartache.

The divinity that hedges in a king is going to be trampled down, and the common people God made and Christ redeemed, are to come into their natural rights.

The physical, mental and moral imperial imbeciles who are fiercely driving their ruinous ploughshare over the map of Europe, I would like to bury in a common pauper's grave.

I hope that Death, with cannon ball in his skeleton fingers, will make a strike and bowl over the crowned ten pin-heads of Europe so that they may never be set up again.

## VENUS DEVOTEES



WE drove through the narrow streets and leafy avenues. Little houses on both sides peered from the shrubbery as did the natives with bright eyes and brighter parus. They stood wondering at our haste and then ambled off leisurely to the boat. As we sped along a moving picture was unreel of hut and village, red crotons, grass and shrubbery that climbed up to the hill top; laughing, naked children returning from the beach with strings of fish, and men and women cleanly clad in red and blue patterned parus.

Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus here June 3, 1769, and we observed many Venuses in transit to Point Venus, ten miles from Papeete. Here there is a tall white lighthouse that

shines fifteen miles out to sea, and a monument erected to Cook that looks like a hitching post enclosed by an iron fence. The sea rolled and broke in glory, while all around us were beautiful trees. We were thirsty, and though water was everywhere there was not a drop to drink, till a native knocked down some coconuts, peeled them, cut open the tops and gave each one of us a big nut full of cool, sweet juice. This was an unusual treat and the only blemish on this beauty scene was an old man whose legs were swollen with elephantiasis, a "leg"acy that has been left many a native.

The recent rains had softened the road and on our return the autos plunged through red mud. Our machine boiled water in the radiator and while it stopped to cool we stepped out and viewed the curving shore far below, with its curling waves and caressing palms, and above us the slope of hills, and crown of all, the "Diadem," 7,000 feet high.

Outside the city limits we passed a spot where the chauffeur said the native girls dance nudely and lewdly during the fete. On this occasion autos choke the roads and make passage impossible, for everybody is here to see the orgies. We had no such privilege, for it was not carnival time, the 14th of July, nor did they intend to celebrate it this year because their commerce was embarrassed on account of the war, and they felt sad instead of glad. The Bastille only fell once, but many are said to fall here every year of the celebration. They come from the other islands of the group, simple and innocent, spend their money and morals during the fete and with dress, dance, drinking, delight, debauchery and deviltry return morally bankrupt.

## PEARL-DIVERS



IN one part of the drive we watched native fishermen wading and hauling in their nets, but it netted them little and was a very poor haul. I was sorry I could not see any pearl-fishing, but Mrs. Atwater told me how she had often been at the water to dive for pearls. In French Oceania, in the Taumotu islands about a hundred miles from Tahiti, whole families go out in the morning in outrigger canoes towed by launches. A diver takes a manila rope, fastens one end of it to the canoe, ties a heavy weight to the other, and throws it overboard. When he is ready

to go down he fills his lungs with air, grabs the rope, jumps in and sinks. Once at the bottom his hands let go of the rope and seek for the shells which he places in a fish-net basket. He stays under two or three minutes, comes up for his breath and then dives down again repeating the process until his basket is filled. Then he and it are dragged into the canoe where the shells are opened. Some of the divers go down a hundred and thirty feet though many good pearl shells are picked up within ten feet of the surface. His diving suit is limited to a loin cloth and a pair of big goggles to keep the salt water out of his eyes. There is an open and closed season for pearl fishing to give the beds a chance to be restocked with shell and pearl deposits.

### A ROYAL TOMB



NE of the most interesting places to be seen is the tomb of Pomare and the royal family. It is made of coral and shaped like the lower half of a pyramid. Over the main door is a large letter "P", above this a cross and crown, and to top all, there is a cannon that looks like a French decanter. The tomb is off the main road and at the time of burial Taro told me the place was packed solid with natives who had come from the islands.

After the French protectorate, some members of the royal family, that had lain in state, were secretly taken out of the coffins and buried on the mountain by night for fear they might be taken to France. Later they were removed from the mountain and taken to the island of Huahine. There were peculiar customs and superstitions. One was that the king's clothes must be thrown into the coffin for fear of the "king's evil." Anything that had been touched by the king or that grew near his tomb was to be avoided. The Tahitians were naturally religious. Their altars or "marais," were in the groves of Ito. They were like the Druid's high shrines. The idols are gone but the altars remain. Tahitians were not cannibals though human sacrifices were offered as a religious rite.

## SOCIETY GROUPS



THE Tahitian islands are called the Society Group and the visitor to Tahiti will find various groups and grades of society. The first man to break into this captivating society was the Spaniard De Quiros in 1607, the Englishman Wallis came in 1767, and was followed the next year by the Frenchman Bougainville. All were so charmed with the ladies and gentlemen that they claimed the islands for their respective countries. Cook landed and was so infatuated that he made four calls between 1769 and 1777, and when Bligh came the following year in his "Bounty", the bounty of nature and beauty of human nature prolonged his call to five months.

The natives are strong and symmetrical in spite of their natural indolence and licentiousness, and the vice and disease that European contact has produced. The women, though small, are very beautiful. Many of the men are over six feet. The color of their skin is *café au lait* and not *café noir*. They have curly hair, black eyes, large and well-shaped mouth, beautiful teeth, well-developed chin and a good nose, except for the flat punch which the fist of beauty gave it in infancy. Men wear undershirts and parus, and the women fancy dresses to show their shape or gowns loose as their morals. They used to cover their breasts with shields made from the feathers of the frigate bird, except on public occasions when the etiquette of the foxy chief's court insisted that men and women should uncover the upper part of their bodies. They had a fine old time in those days—now this undress style may be seen by the most humble tourist if he pays the price. The chiefs wore short feather cloaks over their shoulders and the priests decorated their heads with sewer-tile-shaped hats made of wicker-work, three or four feet high. Both sexes were tattooed and embroidered their skins instead of clothes. Certain marks meant much.

The Tahitians may have lived in low houses, but they had a high bill of fare, for in addition to vegetable food of bread-fruit, jam and arrowroot, they ate fish and turtles and were especially fond of dogs. A barking dog will wear himself thin, but there was a barkless, dingo kind of cur that was tender and juicy and so much in demand that the women often nursed the puppies while they neglected their own hungry children.

When the first explorers visited the islands they found the natives divided into castes as clearly defined as the Hindu; the "huiari," the reigning chiefs of the districts, who were regarded as of divine origin and wielded priestly as well as political influence; the "raatira," or second class included the lordly or trust class who had a corner in supplying arms or building canoes; the third class was called the "tahora," made up of sorcerers and priests, and the fourth or last class was formed of fishermen, and of slaves whose brave service to their chiefs in time of war was rewarded with freedom and plots of land so that they rose into the higher classes.

The blood of a Tahitian ruler was not only red but purely royal. There could be no admixture from the high pure to the low impure strain. A prince and a princess, though brother and sister, might marry. The king's word and influence were supreme and in his absence his queen ruled with absolute authority. The king was regarded as much a heaven-sent messenger as the statue of Diana was by the Ephesians, whom Jupiter had honored by sending as a gift. His subjects carried him on their shoulders and the kind hands of his concubines gave him food and drink. After death his body was embalmed and exposed for several days on the altar called "marai," a public place of council or worship. The people went into deep mourning with tears and sacrifice and paid honors to the body that was later buried in a sitting position. Dead chiefs were also candidates for post mortem honors and if they never lost their heads in life, they did in death because their skulls were carefully preserved by their relatives.

## GODS AND DEVILS



IN Tahiti's early days there was a stone structure at Atahura that was called the "Great Marai." It was 270 feet long, 100 feet wide and 50 high, and a stone altar, at the end of it, had a top reached by a coral staircase. On certain occasions there were ceremonies of the most formal and fanatical character that included human sacrifices. A feature of this sacrifice was to disfigure the features

of the victim. His eye was gouged out by the officiating priest and placed in the mouth of the king.

They had a good assortment of gods and their chief deity Oro was never represented in imaged form. The gods of the house were symbolized by little idols made in human figure and clothed with feathers.

Under the guise of religion there was one body known as the "Areoi" to which the chief priests and upper classes of society belonged. It was a carnal club, a secret society of sensual excess, and to climax their infamous indulgence infanticide was practiced. With another name one could hardly tell the difference between the perverted principles of this society and the unprincipled conduct of the four-hundred class in our Christian cities today. The height of the horrible was reached in a costume dance called the "heiva." I learned it had been suppressed, but understood equally bad practices had taken its place which were encouraged, demanded and paid for by degenerate visitors.

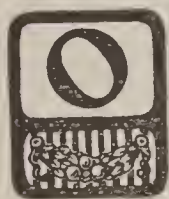
Mission work was attempted by the Spanish in 1774 and in 1797 when 25 teachers came over in the missionary ship "Duff." Pomare I. befriended them, but tribal wars brought difficulties and they fled to New South Wales with Pomare II. He came back in 1812 and renounced heathenism, and when in three years he regained his former power, mission work made good progress, a printing press was established and coffee, sugar and cotton were planted.

Monied prosperity brought moral adversity. The natives slipped back into sin. In 1824 Pomare II. died of drink, Pomare III. was buried in 1827, and was succeeded by his half-sister Aimata, called the "unfortunate Queen Pomare." Then arose a leader who said he was Jesus Christ and promised the natives a sensual paradise if they would follow him. This sensual sect was called "Mamaia." It caused the missionaries infinite trouble and there are lingering remains of its influence.

History says a French frigate came to Papeete in 1838 and M. du Petit Thouars received a promise from Queen Pomare IV. permitting the French a right of settlement. In 1842 he returned and secured the signature to a document that placed the islands under French protection and put the authority of the queen and chiefs in the background. In 1843 he came back and declared the treaties had not been upheld, deposed the

queen and took possession of the islands. It was the devil's doctrine that might makes right, a case of piracy and highway robbery and the French Government, while pretending to disapprove the steal, allowed it to stand. Some two years were spent in inducing, seducing and reducing the natives to French forms and rules. The Western islands held out. As usual England had something to say over in these waters, and France promised to go back to the protectorate plan and let the natives have their own islands and rule them as they thought best. The tide is not only in the sea but in the affairs of men, and after years of ebb and flow Tahiti with Eimeo was declared a French colony to all the world.

### BY THE WAY



OUR party was hungry and went to Lovina's for dinner. Lovina is the friendly, fleshy female whose postcard picture is known the world over. She is one of the interesting sights of the town and to miss her would be to go to Washington and not see the Capitol. After we had met, she introduced us to a meal that was most welcome. It was served on the porch with shade and fragrance all about us. It rained, but undampened, we started out in the autos again, this time towards Papara to see a wedding.

We rode through embowered streets resembling forest paths, dirty but picturesque; by houses in the shade where men and women were taking their noon siesta, not on settees, but flat on their stomachs, like so many children; by barracks and jail where natty French soldiers kept guard over the prisoners who sighed for the Fatherland; and by Pomare's old palace where instead of royal voices we heard the click of typewriters. Then we swept along the Broom Road where the humble class used to sweep the road in front of the approaching chief and jump like frogs to keep out of his way; by wayside creeks where the family washing was being done by pounding the clothes on stones till the natives were in danger of breaking the garments; and by pools where we could see water nymphs not catalogued in Bulfinch's mythology. We stopped at a fishing village and went down to the shore. We entered a plaited pandanus hut where a native was changing his clothes; saw outrigger boats on the beach propped on stilts because the tide was out; and



FISH BOATS AND BASKETS

TAHITI



DOUBLE CANOE AND BIRD OF FETE

TAHITI

noticed big baskets woven of fibre and shaped like cocoons or fishline floats. They were fish-baskets with a little door on top. Hooligan would have been happy here. It was a happy scene of trees, fruits, flowers and climate and the natives must have been very happy until civilization butted in, as too frequently happens, and debased place and people instead of making them divine.

## WEDDING GUESTS



IN this land of love, where the natives flirt with their eyes as naturally as they swim with their hands; and in this place of Arcadian retreats by riverside, in secluded bowers and under fragrant trees where Daphne groves invite Don Juan and Haidee amours, we met a merry mob coming on in advance to prepare a wedding feast while the bride and groom were being married. There were a hundred at least from all over the island. The best men wore a wedding garment of pant and shirt instead of lava-lava. Their heads were bedecked with sprays of green and flowers and they were carrying a big wicker demijohn filled with wine. Women were dressed in Hubbards all the colors of their native coral lagoon, and their heads were wreathed and loaded with fragrant frangipanni, hibiscus and Bougainvillea. Some of them wore little round straw hats on one side of their head that were more picturesque than our fashion plates. We paused long enough in the road to see this procession and get a picture, then hurried on to see the ceremony. On the road we passed other wedding guests in carriages and autos who were bringing their wedding gifts of fruit, vegetables, meat and drink. They brought gifts from the East and West, and Nature not to be outdone, gave a wedding "shower" of diamond raindrops for more than an hour.

## A DOUBLE KNOT



IN Papeete it takes Law and Gospel to make two people one. We came to a chief's house where a French flag was floating. He was not only chief but justice who asked the couple and friends the formal questions and required the proper parties to sign the legal documents. Mothers and children, fathers and sons stood on the porch and

looked on as witnesses. We were not invited in, but uninvited, walked across the road to a grass shed over a hundred feet long. Within it there was a big, double racing canoe that had won a prize at the last carnival. War canoes were double or single, arranged with sails or outriggers and were often twenty to seventy feet long. If they carried the images of the gods, they were carved with strange figures and hung with feathers. There are plenty of pigs, boars and rats on the island, but very few birds and I felt I had made a discovery when I found a red bird, as large as a roc, measuring five feet from wing to wing. It was nesting in the canoe. Sad to relate it had floated in the carnival and not in the air and was perched on a stick.

Years ago the natives loved and paired off and were like the patriarch, "who took the woman to his tent and she became his wife." Now the proper thing is to make her his wife and then take her home. The justice had finished his ceremony and the half-married, happy couple sprang into their auto and drove to the church, with us after them. They entered the church, stood up while we sat, and the ceremony, very much like any other, was given in a tongue I could not understand. But they did, and when they had listened to all the obligations, and said the "yes" that means so much of joy and sorrow, the friends signed another paper and the newlyweds came out, followed by young men and girls all dressed in white. Unangelic "L" rushed in with his kodak, raised his hand, beckoned them to stop and they did, once on the church steps and again before the outer gate.

### THE WEDDING FEAST



ONCE more we followed them along the road and into the bush, where the wedding feast was spread on long tables under some sheds. They were loaded with mangoes, oranges, pineapples and bananas. Under another long shed the crowd was being introduced to the bride and drinking her health and making little speeches. Just imagine all this in a jungle of palms and flowers and the rain falling on us who stood outside. I smiled, bowed, kissed my hand and wished their joy might be sweet and beautiful as their island. One of the lady waitresses sympathized with our drenched condition and motioned her hands, as I thought, to



NATIVE WEDDING

TAHITI



SUNDAY MORNING MARKET

PAPEETE, TAHITI

go away, but she meant we were to come in. To make sure I stood out side where I could walk and look around. The kitchen was in the open under a tree. A hole had been dug in the ground, lined with red-hot stones, food had been wrapped up in leaves and all covered over with grass and weeds until it was cooked. We saw them lift out the roasted pigs, fowls, sweet potatoes, taro and yams and it looked and smelled "yum yum."

This was a strange wedding and I felt strange because I had no hand in it. It recalled some of the wedding scenes I had witnessed in other parts of the world and a number of strange knots I had tied in my own land.

### SOME STRANGE MARRIAGES



IN lion's dens, cages and arenas at carnivals, theaters and fairs, I always prayed with one eye open, cut the service short when a lion rubbed against me and sniffed at the calf of my leg, and once when a very gallant groom let the bride enter the cage first, I protested, and made him the "leading man." When asked if it was not dangerous to be married in a lion's den, I replied, "Yes, or out of it."

A wedding in "high life" on top of a 150-foot electric tower at Wonderland, while the band played for us and the searchlight on us.

On the stage in a crowded burlesque house, married the leading man and lady with chorus girls as bridesmaids and the orchestra playing popular airs.

Two professional dancers who tangoed into the parlor while I played rag time on the piano instead of a wedding march. After the ceremony they waltzed out to Strauss instead of marching to Mendelssohn.

Russian dancers in costume in front of a Russian village at a carnival. The custom of kissing the bride by those present was dispensed with since there were 10,000 present.

Four couples made one at once in an Exhibition building.

Married a run-away couple on a moving train with conductor, porter and passengers as witnesses. This was one of the most costly "trains" a bride ever had.

A hurried wedding in a "chugging" auto so the couple could catch a train.

“Hitched up” elopers in a buggy while the groom held the girl’s hand in his right hand and the lines in his left.

Tied the knot on an excursion boat on the Mississippi river with captain and first mate as best men.

Beat the stork in a race to a poor girl’s home, where with the doctor and nurse as witnesses, I married the repentant boy and girl a minute before the child was born.

Married a couple at a maternity hospital. The girl’s father, who a short time before had been ready to shoot her, her lover and then kill himself, acted as one of the witnesses.

Married a young father and mother in a hotel room with their week’s old baby in a cradle by their side.

Performed a leap-year wedding in jail. The bride secured the license, believing that married life more than anything else would reform her lover.

In a police station tied the matrimonial knot for two elopers, among officers and detectives, who had just brought in a gang of thieves and relieved them of their booty and guns.

United a man who broke his parole from the “pen” to get married. Because of the wedding he was sent back to jail before he could get home.

Married a Chinaman to a Russian in a house before an altar adorned with lacquered vases, flowers and incense. A sailor interpreter was the prompter and poked the groom when it was time for him to say “yes.”

In a law office gave a church gospel ceremony that joined a white woman to a brown Chinaman.

Married a Jap to an American girl and wired Gov. Johnson of California that it would do more for God and Uncle Sam than the alien land bill in a thousand years.

Wedded a Gentile to a Jew who was willing to have me perform the service if I gave one-half in English and the other in Hebrew and used the words “Jehovah in Eden” for “Christ in Galilee.”

Re-married an old grandpa and grandma, who had been divorced for 13 years. Fourteen of their grandchildren were present at the ceremony.

Paused in a train of thought on the lecture platform to marry a couple who were headed for the platform of a train at the Union station.

Conducted a service at high noon and wore colored glasses, not because of the blinding light, but because of the bride's diaphanous drapery which made the opening words of the prayer, "Oh, Lord" seem more profane than pious.

Believing a Friday wedding was a "hoodoo" the couple waited till one minute after midnight for me to make them one.

Married a woman to a man her jealous husband had shot. He further revenged himself by committing suicide, leaving her free to wed the man he had used as a target.

Once I almost married the best man to the bride. As I was about to pronounce them husband and wife, the rattled husband to-be pushed him to one side, saying "She's mine."

## MOVING PICTURES



TARO next took us to his plantation where he halloosed to some of his native boys. They ran out in singlets and lava-lavas and knocked down cocoanuts, cut off bananas and gathered bread-fruit and vanilla beans for us to take to the ship. I noticed some of the shapely coconut palms had tin girdles round their trunks half way up. It made a stylish belt and was to keep the rats from climbing up and eating the young nut. One rat was right before me and did a trapeze act with tail and feet to show me how it was done. Then for fifteen miles we raced to Papeete by smelly shrubs, coral reef, curved bay, swaying palm, fantastic hills and the old fort where the natives once made so brave a stand.

After dinner on ship with our new made royal blooded Tahitian friends, Tati and Taro, we called on the American Consul who told me his hands were full of perplexing political matters, and then went to the movies. There were two picture houses a square apart from each other, one for low and one for high class natives, with appropriate prices. It was an American film in two parts. We saw the first part at the society movie, then the orchestra played for ten minutes, during which time a boy ran down to the other house and returned with the second part. You see one film has to do for two houses and the houses have to move some to keep a continuous show. The American film surprised me, but I was more surprised when I went outside and watched the natives buy cuts of pie and ice-cream.

We went to the other theatre where the common people were having an uncommonly good time.

## MARKET MORALS



OUR chauffeur was there who had showed us nature by day and offered to show us human nature by night. He proposed to take us out in an automobile at four dollars an hour and promised to furnish us native lady company as long as the money lasted. This was his plan. We were to buy the liquor and he was to take us out of town where the girls would dance in nude, native simplicity if they were drunk, not otherwise. They are better than some white sisters in America who dance with depravity when sober. But the natives had been corrupted enough by the whites and I didn't care to be morally responsible for their behavior. We didn't go.

The Market place at night is where bad beauties meet and market their morals. As I passed by, two brown girls gave me a wink and gesture, hummed a love song and were quite "Frenchy." Speaking of their morals, it has been said that some proselyters forced the natives to embrace them as well as their religion. When Captain Bligh came here in the "Bounty" it was the beginning of blight and moral poverty. He introduced the Apples of Sodom, vice and disease as well as the bread-fruit tree. The poison spread. France came and made a specialty of violating the Seventh Commandment until Papeete was called the sink-hole of the Pacific. She received the vicious from the other islands, made them more wicked and sent them home as apostles of wrong-doing to convert and pervert other islanders to the evil of her ways. The result was a venal, vicious and venereal character, a Society Island group that became the synonym of dirt, disease, scrofula, syphilis and elephantiasis. The early natives knew what fidelity meant even though they did not practice chastity according to our standards. Among our passengers who landed here were two white, wealthy men who had come up from New Zealand and Australia to spend their vacation in a Papeete debauch. One of them gave me the address of a procurer at a leading hotel who could get me anything I wanted. Later I met him at the boat trying to drum up trade. Here as in Europe or America, it is not un-

common for the hotel to take a man's money and permit him to take any woman to his room without asking any questions.

These natives were anciently heathen and imperfect, but they were happy, hospitable, strong, sober and relatively modest. If lovers did live together, they took care of their children. Now the state looks after the "little unfortunates." France's remarkable excuse for grabbing the natives "for their good" would be a joke if it were not so ghastly. Under the guise of helping them, they helped themselves to their country, wealth and morals, soddened them with vice and soaked them with alcohol. The French are not the best colonizers and too often are bad in morals and methods here, in Martinique and elsewhere. There is too much red tape, too many useless officials who court corruption and bid for bribery. In Palestine wives and concubines were on a certain level of equality, here the "outcast" has only a mother for a parent, the fond, loving father having fled. The one most sinned against suffers, and the seducer escapes. If this seems a dark picture, you have only to compare the sweet and lovable Tahitian of half a century ago with some of the Frenchified natives now. The names of the streets make you think of Paris. It is Rue this and Rue that, but what you most rue are the German ruins of buildings, French roués and ruin of native custom and character.

The crowd around the Market place was soon dispersed by the police who told them to move on, and we made for the wharf where we separated and tumbled into our bunks, for we were to tumble out at 4 a. m. to see the early Sunday shoppers.

## SUNDAY SHOPPERS



SUNDAY is the big sport and shop day here. The best bargain sales in food and clothing are from 4 to 6 a. m. Think of the hour! With us it is the time for the milkman and newsy, but for them it is the cool of the day, the harvest of their week's work. They come from all over the island in canoe and carriage to buy, sell and exchange, goods, glances, love and hate, if they have any. But we found more heat than hate in Tahiti.

Stumbling through dark streets and over the ruins of the shot up town we came to the Market place, surrounded with hundreds of rigs much as a Grand Opera house might be the

first night. It was the best opera bouffe I ever saw. All kinds of natives in all kinds of clothes were selling all kinds of stuff. There were fresh fish, finny, freaky and funny with grotesque designs on them and brilliant colors; mussels, lobsters, clams, shell fish, crawfish, pigs and fowl; yams, plantains, bread-fruit, mangoes and papayas tied up in bunches, ripe and sweet for the price of a franc; melons, berries, oranges, bananas, pine-apples and cocoanuts, strung on a cord or packed in little green baskets made of cocoanut leaves. You could buy the freshest of eggs and sweetest of sugar-cane or wreaths of white, red and yellow flowers sweet as frankincense at a franc each. They offered us shells for necklaces, or to wear around our hats, and mats, fans, fabric and braided straw to make hats.

Some of the sellers sat outside on the walk with lanterns. They were dressed up to attract trade and were as attractive as the goods they had to sell. I wanted to buy up the whole lot. We saw some who had bought their supplies, carrying them on a green bamboo which was balanced over their shoulder. There was a fat woman walking with a watermelon under each arm, another bargaining and arguing as if it were a doctrine of theology and there were younger people, laughing, talking and meeting sweethearts and friends. The boys were tall, erect and handsome. The girls in their bare feet were small and had well shaped hands and limbs, with flowers tucked in their long black hair which hung down their back.

I walked back and forth, in and out of the Market and in all the world had never seen such market scenes as this. As I left, I looked up through the ragged roof where the German shells had made skylights, and there hung the new moon like a banana and the stars like clusters of grapes. With the coming of the dawn is the going away of the people. The sun dispersed the dusk and the dusky natives. As it rose over the mountains, the moon and stars faded away, the hills that had been hidden showed tree and shrub, and the peaks stood a mass of ragged rock clear cut in outline against the red and yellow sky. But the sunrise on the ruins was like the flush of life stealing over a heap of skulls.

## A CELESTIAL PARADISE



**P**APEETE is a Celestial paradise for the Chinamen who are the gardeners, store-keepers and husbands of the half-caste natives. They have large stores and do everything and everybody who may be a stranger. One Chinaman asked me just double the value for one of those funny, white-brown, straw hats that are light as a feather and that you wear perched on the back of your head. I bought one and wore it there, but never since.

We had been up long, done much and were ravenously hungry and adjourned to a corner Chinese café. The ladies balked at going in but when they saw "L" and me sitting by the door with a pint tin cup of black coffee, a tin basin of white sugar, a long roll of French bread and feeling finer than Omar Khayyam with his loaf of bread and jug of wine, they came in and said, "Some more of the same please." The tired natives who had journeyed far and had finished shopping, sat around these plain tables, eating, drinking and chatting. My bill was half a franc and I had twice as much for the money as I ever received in Paris.

It was growing hot and we grew hotter when we remembered we had failed to buy any of the straw fans for which the town is noted. The stores were closed, but I knew I could get anything at Lovina's and I went to her hotel. I drank a cup of tea with her and she found me eight fans of fancy color, design and shape. A fellow passenger was very anxious to buy a fan but was a Sunday fanatic and wouldn't. I put my purchase under the Bible head of mercy and necessity.

Prettier than Lovina's fan was her daughter Dora. I wanted her picture just as she darted across the room, a phantom of delight in some graceful diaphanous drapery. She said, "Wait", I did, and she returned clad in a Jap kimono. I couldn't get my arm around her mother, for her waist line was too great, but did around the daughter as the picture proves. It was a sin and shame that the ship didn't stay over another twenty-four hours. I might have secured other photos, book and lecture material, but the "Maitai" was billed to go and I had to go. And go we did by foot and auto to what remained unseen and unvisited.

"L" and I had seen about all except the famous "upa-upa"

dance. The original was of lewd gesture and amorous contortion, a vulgar wiggle and human nature dance. What we saw was denaturized like alcohol, and less fiery. The natives wore shell tiaras, or wreaths of flowers around their heads, for whether it be his posture or imposture, a Tahitian is always artistic and poetic. It was a South Sea calisthenic exercise. They stood on one leg, threw out an arm and placed the other arms and hands on their breast. The movement was a wiggle of feet, legs, hands and arms and is often accompanied by native music that seems to have been written and adapted more for the feet than the ears.

When the sun came up we entered the Cathedral and watched the worshippers in their Sunday clothes and fine, brown straw hats. This was the only thing that appealed to me or that I could understand except the music. The Tahitians have imported many French and modern airs. Their own "hymmes" are quaint, striking and musically monotonous. They are learned by ear and passed on from choir to choir. Some of them have a fugue movement that is begun by the women who strike a high note and sustain it till the men join in and merge it into a harmony. Through all of it there buzzes a drone like bass.

It was hard to leave Papeete because of its history, scenery and new made friends. We found ties that clung to us like the cocoanut and pandanus trees to the shore. Tahiti is one of the loveliest of the South Sea Islands, a dreamland where it is always summer and you may smile the year round.

On the wharf I found shells, not German, that Taro and Tati had brought us, besides sample bunches of fruit, oranges, bananas and cocoanuts that filled our room and flowed up on the hurricane deck. We took on the mail in a hurry and nearly left two females who had been shopping. We said "Ta ta" to Taro, Tati and Tahiti as the ship carried us away from these lovely islands and islanders, where "the coral waxes, palm grows and man departs"—this Eden that God has done so much to make a heaven, and man to make a hell.

Once more we sailed out beyond the lagoon, our bow cut the wine-colored waves, the mountain Diadem, crag and gorge faded in the distance and we drifted by coral islands whose palms looked like nymphs with sun-shades over their heads. It was the last land till we landed at 'Frisco.

## ISLAND DEFINITIONS



S the last of these South Sea Islands sank below the horizon, I asked myself what an island was. It is a body of land surrounded by water, but the land is so small and the water so big it is often hard to discover. When it is once found it is a nice place for a shipwreck, penal colony, place of banishment, setting for poem or novel and background for a picture. It is a meeting place of the lines of poets, steamship companies, latitude and longitude and cables. On an island you may grow fruit, flowers, whiskers and sentimental. Concerning its beauties, tourist bureaus unite with ancient Greek and Roman writers in mythical and fabulous accounts. It is a paradise of missionaries, merchants, mosquitoes and beach-combers; Nature's sanatorium for the sick; a home for ease and invalids; an oasis in a watery desert where Bibles and booze are imported; a garden where flowers, fruits and European vices flourish; a reservoir of rain and a furnace of heat; a land flowing with lava and kava; something nice in a calm and nasty in a storm; a rendezvous of the fair sex, insects and church sects; a sporty place that gets next to the sea and is boxed by the wave; something you sail to in fair weather and avoid in foul; a resort visited by hurricanes, tourists and plagues; a rubbish reef strewn with the wrecks of ships and souls; a location on which to build a church spire or lighthouse; land that takes Protean shape in clear or cloudy sky, and rises or sinks, changing color and form; the top of a submarine causeway; an idler's Eden; a refuge from unkind neighbors, tax collectors, peddlers and politicians; a cannibal's country-seat surrounded by coral reefs.

The South Seas made a general impression on Stevenson, but a "Wonder Book" larger and more wonderful than Hawthorne's, with traditions and myths, remains to be written. The South Seas taught me some new A, B, Cs. Here is my antipodean alphabet:

## MY ANTIPODEAN ALPHABET

Atolls  
Beach-combers  
Copra  
Dances

Egotism  
 Fruits  
 Gambling  
 Hurricanes  
 Idleness  
 Jealousy  
 Kava  
 Licentiousness  
 Missionaries  
 Natives  
 Outrigger canoes  
 Pearls  
 Quiet  
 Racing  
 Songs  
 Tapa  
 Union Steam Ship Line  
 Volcanoes  
 Wrecks  
 'Xploitation of natives  
 Yaws  
 Zoology

## ELBERT HUBBARD



T Tahiti the newly erected wireless told us of the Lusitania's unknelled, uncoffined, but not unknown dead, and as our ship ploughed her way for thirteen days through the wide waste of the Pacific waters, every swell and wave looked like a grave. To me the blue sky was clouded, the sun red with crying and the moon pale with grief at the "deep damnation of his taking off."

Elbert Hubbard was my associate pastor in the People's Church and my personal friend.

Some years ago he came up at the close of a sermon, grasped my hand and said, "God bless you, Golightly, that's just what I needed—come over to the hotel this afternoon and talk it over with me and Alice," I did.

Just before I went to Australia and the South Seas, he wrote, "I would like awfully well to go with you but I am



ELBERT HUBBARD AND G. L. MORRILL, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



up to my ears in business. I hope you have a splendid time and come back with a big cargo of ideas."

Elbert Hubbard was a man, "take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Physically, he was tall and striking and had worked with his hands in field and factory until his body was the strong servant of a will that could do easily, well and happily whatever he undertook.

Intellectually, he could think, write and talk, originally, logically, dramatically, critically, or sympathetically in his "Little Journeys," "Fra," "Philistine," "Consecrated Lives," "Love, Life and Work," "Health and Wealth," "A Message to Garcia," and "Great Teachers."

Socially, with one or hundreds in salon, club or on lecture platform and circuit, he was the soul of wit, humour, satire, pathos, kindness and good cheer. For years he has set the joy-bells ringing in the soul, planted flowers in life's wilderness way, and lighted and kept burning the stars in sorrow's dark night. The sound of his voice, glance of eye, ring of laugh, smile of face and hand-clasp made merry hearts which did good like medicine.

He was a man of marked contrasts and could be light or lightning. He played all the feelings in the scale of human nature from the treble of joy to the bass of grief. He was gentle as a rose-leaf or granite as Gibraltar; a snow-flake or an avalanche; a dew-drop or a flood; a zephyr or a hurricane. He could be calm as the sea when it steals to the coral shore and kisses the reef, or as furious when its big waves hiss and thunder, hurling wreck and ruin against the rocks.

My "Fra" friend had kindly written of me and my work in the Philistine, often quoted me in the Fra, but he wanted me to visit him in his home at East Aurora and lecture. He met me at the Roycroft Inn with open hand and heart, gave me the Beethoven room, placed my table near his, took me around to see his books, pictures and curies and when I played the big piano he swung his hat, laughed, clapped his hands and said, "I like music, Golightly, and I like you."

He showed me the workshops where magazines were printed, books bound, wood carved, brass hammered and leather graved. I was introduced to many of the youth of the city in his employ who looked upon and loved him as friend and father,

We walked under the trees and drove out to his farm, during all of which time his talk and laughter were as bright as the sky overhead and as sweet as the flowers and grain round about. He presented me to "Miriam," his daughter, and "Alice," his wife whom he had crowned with his "White Hyacinths", declaring with lover-like enthusiasm, "I believe that Alice Hubbard, in way of mental reach, sanity, sympathy and all around ability, outclasses any woman of history, ancient or modern, mentally, morally and spiritually."

He introduced me the two evenings I spoke in the Roycroft Salon, and his way was so gentle, and his words so kind and complimentary that when he sat down before me to listen, it was easy to feel my best and do my best.

Hubbard was not perfect and if he had been I would not have loved him and he would not have liked me. He never claimed to be perfect. Like all big and unusual men, he had big and unusual temptations and faults which little souls never have and never can appreciate or forgive. We rejoice in the brightness of the sun even if it has spots, and delight in the Psalms of David, though the life of the royal singer was stained with adultery and murder.

Among the beautiful Roycroft books he gave me, inscribed with kind words, is one of great comfort to me in this hour of personal loss. Written on the title page are these words:

"To G. L. Morrill

My Dear Friend: You say that if I join your church you will never put me out, no matter how bad I am. This is an inducement—why should we put bad people out of church or refuse to associate with them? If there is any virtue in us, perhaps we can make them better. You have made me better; also you have made me laugh. Love,

ELBERT HUBBARD,  
Minneapolis, Dec. 1, 1910."

### THE "MAITAI" DERELICT



**T**HURSDAY we crossed the Equator, our warm old friend, Friday was cooler, Saturday a little rough and then our ship suddenly seemed to take a dislike to us, or didn't care to go to the U. S., and stopped. Of all places to stop! No island, tree or ship was in sight and at

the last two ports, where all these things were in evidence, she couldn't or wouldn't wait. Here the homely "Maitai" realized the classic quotation, "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." We wondered what the matter could be. It could be anything, but not one of the officers told us anything. Some of the passengers were frightened thinking she was on her last sea legs and would go down. One woman got a life preserver ready, others placed valuables in their money belts and waited developments to see whether values would go up or down. Some thought more of fishlines than life-lines or lines written and sealed in a bottle, and planned to catch a shark before he caught them. It was funny to note the indifference or anxiety of the passengers. There was nothing to do but wait till the boat went on or down. Luckily there were no German guns near or the "Maitai" would have made a mighty good target. After two hours' persuasion the boat consented to try and hold together until we reached 'Frisco a week later. Amid the prayers of the passengers and caths of the sailors she moved again.

The "Maitai" has had her day, but has not ceased to be. Small, stuffy, smoky and smelly as she was, the worst thing about her was she always listed but never turned over, floated, but never sank. She had made hundreds of thousands of pounds for the company and was still used in pounding dollars out of the tourist. Any ship is a prison, but the "Maitai" would have made a "Success" as a convict ship. She had no upper decks, the staterooms were like vaults and the bunks like coffins; the steering chain crossed the one deck so that if you promenaded you were forced to walk up and down a platform in stepping over it. The first-class was worse than the second and not as good as third on some boats. The aisles were like prison corridors and the rattle of the ash cans and braying of the donkey engines made life hideous to us in our cell-like cabins. The difference between our bunk and that in a cell was that a prisoner could sleep in his while our passengers were so "listed," that when she struck a sea they had to prop themselves in to keep from rolling out.

Every morning a steward baited a trap to catch some of the stowaways who shared our cabin. They were rats that squeaked and shrieked "in fifty different sharps and flats." One hot night as I lay on the old cabin floor, with my head on the sill for a pillow, I saw a roistering rodent sneak along

the passage, and while I was wondering where he was going, he hurdled right over me. I gave such a jump that not even the Pied Piper of Hamelin could have brought him back. Mr. Rat had sampled everything in the nearby pantry and longing for a change, had visited us every night. He ate the top of my wife's shoes for an appetizer, ate the tongues of "L's" shoes for a side dish and nibbled the straps of my valise for dessert. He enjoyed it so much that night after night he brought his ratty friends with him until we placed the bill of fare so high he could not reach it. He paid the price at last, I heard the trap snap, he gave a squeak and scratch and was dead as Polonius. The ship folder reads, "There is much in life on ship board that appeals to one." This was one form of life I didn't care much for. However, the passengers were all good fellows. There was every shade of political and religious belief and artistic and scientific theory. We were all friends and had to be. The advantage of a small ship is that misery likes company.

Sunday came with the swish of the waves and a sunshiny sky bringing rest, peace, health and happiness. In the morning I preached in the first cabin, made an address in the evening to the passengers in the second and would have gone to the third had there been time. Service at sea is unlike any other. There is an inspiration in the surroundings, and the thought of only a plank between you and eternity makes you serious. Even the fast set slows down.

## PANAMA EXPOSITION



THE night before we entered 'Frisco harbor our hearts pumped faster than the engines and we were in the harbor long before the "Maitai." When we awoke, we were anchored for the doctor. The sun came up and gilded the Exposition buildings, and water, island and sails looked as enchanting as the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus.

It didn't take long to declare our baggage, though the officials are more strict here than at New York. Since we had no buggy fruit, contraband natives or black opals, we were soon free. The land was solid under our feet, the flag entered our soul and we were soon out at the Panama Exposition.

Don't worry. I saw "Stella" on the "Zone" and all the

other stellar attractions; brought greetings to the Maoris, Samoans and Hawaiians from their friends; heard Sousa and the Boston Symphony and saw the whole alphabet of attractions from A art to Z zone. The 'Frisco Zone is not the temperate, but the torrid with its Cairo, Samoan and Mexican dancers and dainty, diving damsels. Among the surprises was Dick Ferris and his actress wife, fair Florence Stone. I kissed her on the "zone" and squared it with Dick by rubbing my unshaved face against his smooth chin.

A Saturday night and early Sunday morning rounds convinced us that 'Frisco had much godless territory in addition to her Barbary coast. The savages of the South Seas would blush at the cabaret dancers we saw at the Black Cat and Spider Kelly's. Fair is foul and foul is fair, for 'Frisco flames with the scarlet letter that makes her the Red Light district of the U. S. Saloons, joints and gambling hells are open six days and Sunday too, on the Broad road that leads to death.

The 'Frisco Fair is the world's eighth wonder, a fitting memorial of the Big Ditch I went through in 1914. Comparisons are odious. I had seen the Centennial at Philadelphia, the Columbia Exposition at Chicago, the World's Fair at St. Louis and the Paris Exposition in 1900, and I think for situation, splendor and substantial exhibit the Panama Exposition leads them all in the best of everything up to the last minute. Let Milton sing the praise of the gates of Paradise, I sing the praises of Uncle Sam's canal and the Gatun gates that opened a paradise to the ships of the world. This great exhibition is a paraphrase of Bishop Heber's lines:

"Westward the course of Expos take their way,  
The other shows already past,  
The Panama's will close the pageant of the day—  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

### HURRAH FOR U. S. !



THE Shasta Limited showed unlimited scenery and its Mt. Shasta is a gospel in stone as much as the shastra in India is the law of the Hindus. In the morning Mt. Lassen puffed up and smoking, seemed to say, "Tell the tourist it's unnecessary to visit the South Seas to see volcanoes. Look at me." We settled at Seattle long enough for

my press friend Hunter to drive us around and view park, lake and Olympian range fit for the gods. At Victoria we saw the German stores and buildings Canadian rioters had wrecked, and went out to Esquimalt to visit the British battleship "Kent." I talked with one of the sailors who described the engagement that sunk the "Nurnberg." The Canadian Pacific swung us from Vancouver to Glacier, Field, Louise and Banff in the Canadian Rockies that make the mountains of New Zealand look like foothills. Winnipeg on Sunday was worse than a cemetery because the dead ones were not buried, but we took a lively trip to Deer Park and later saw the "dear" pile of Capitol rock that stands a monument to city graft.

It was May 30th, our Memorial Day. As the Soo swung us across the Canadian border into the little U. S. town of Noyes, I made a patriotic noise. I reached Minneapolis next day in time to ride horse back in the G. A. R. parade as an American citizen and son of a veteran. When I looked at Old Glory, that stands for liberty, bravery, honor and duty, and listened to "My Country 'Tis of Thee," my heart beat time, I thought the world would yet keep step to the march of American civilization, and I repeated Webster's words, "I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American."

# **"TO HELL AND BACK"**

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¶**THE NEW YORK WORLD**, one of the world's greatest newspapers, devoted a whole page to a review and write-up of G.L. Morrill's book, "TO HELL AND BACK—MY TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA." It said in part:

*"Rev. Golightly Morrill is an author of repute, whose previous works include "Golightly 'Round the Globe" and "Upper Cuts." His latest volume, "To Hell and Back," bound appropriately in black and flaming red, is a VIVACIOUS disapproval of South America. It is dedicated point-blank to the Devil. There is nothing cut and dried, and nothing mealy-mouthed about it. Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root are among the notables who have recently looked over and variously reported upon our sister continent, South America. But evidently these distinguished tourists missed their opportunities. The Rev. Golightly Morrill has now been over the ground. Like another Dante he returns to tell the tale—etc., etc."*

This article was illustrated with colored cartoons by Gordon Ross, picturing Mr. Morrill's adventures and experiences in Peru, Chile, Falkland Islands, etc. The review ended by quoting one hundred lines from different chapters of the book to show their spice, wit and wisdom.



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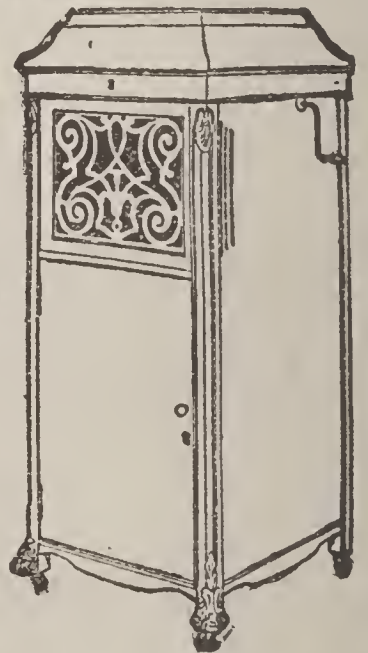
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at the New Vogue store. You will be repaid by the most interesting exhibit of new fashions courteously shown and offered at prices consistent with quality. The Vogue productions are noted for authoritative style, for grace and beauty of design and for the mark of distinction always present whether in garments moderately priced or the most costly Parisian creations and adaptations.



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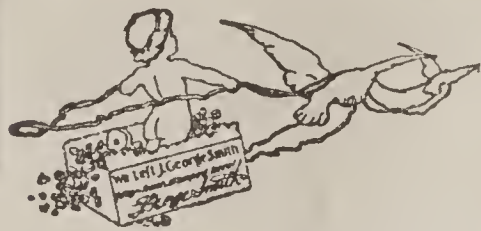
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The "*Reflex*" trade-mark in the above package is your protection and represents the best possible value in Incandescent Gas Mantles either Upright or Inverted for the price asked.

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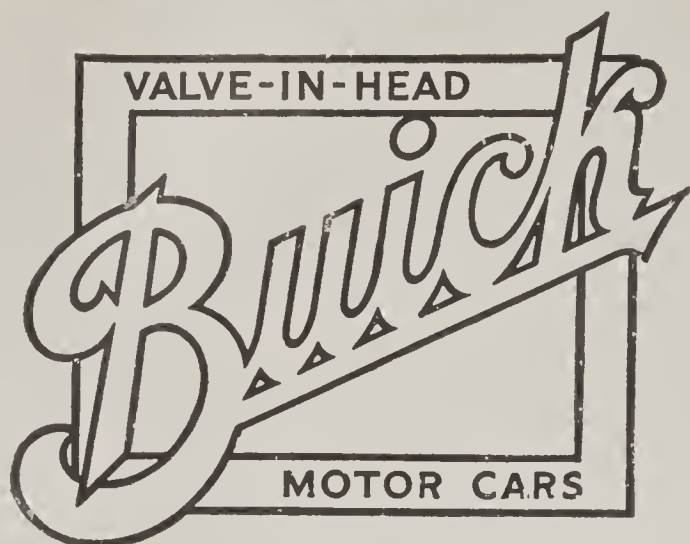
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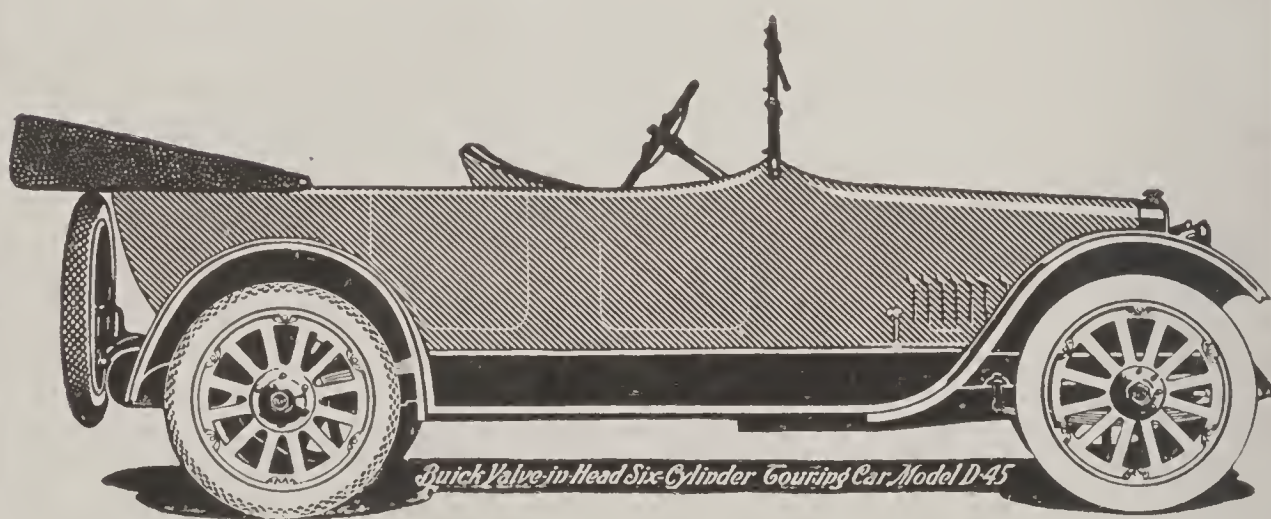
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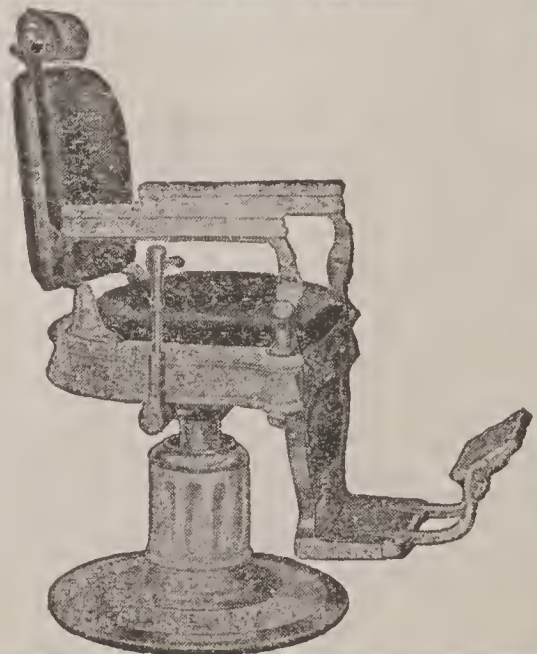
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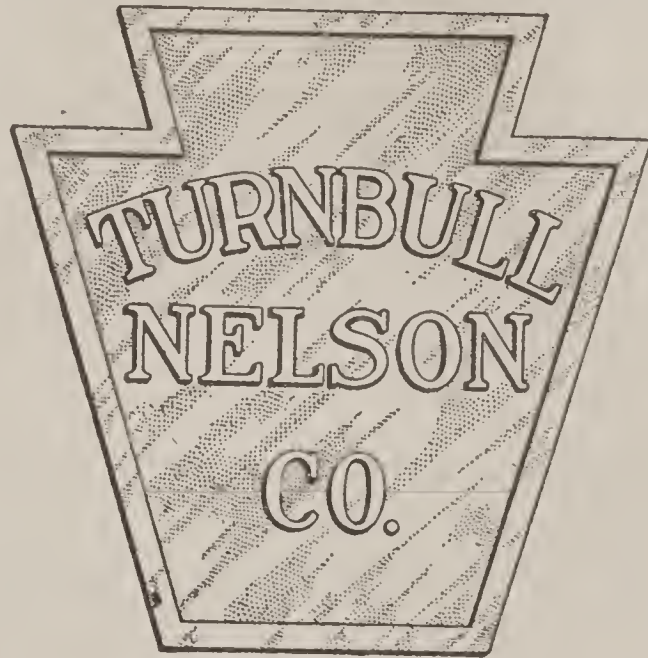
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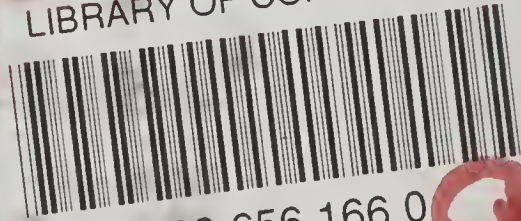








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